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HUNT

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MAGYAR •
POETRY

W. M. N. LOEW

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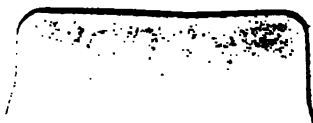
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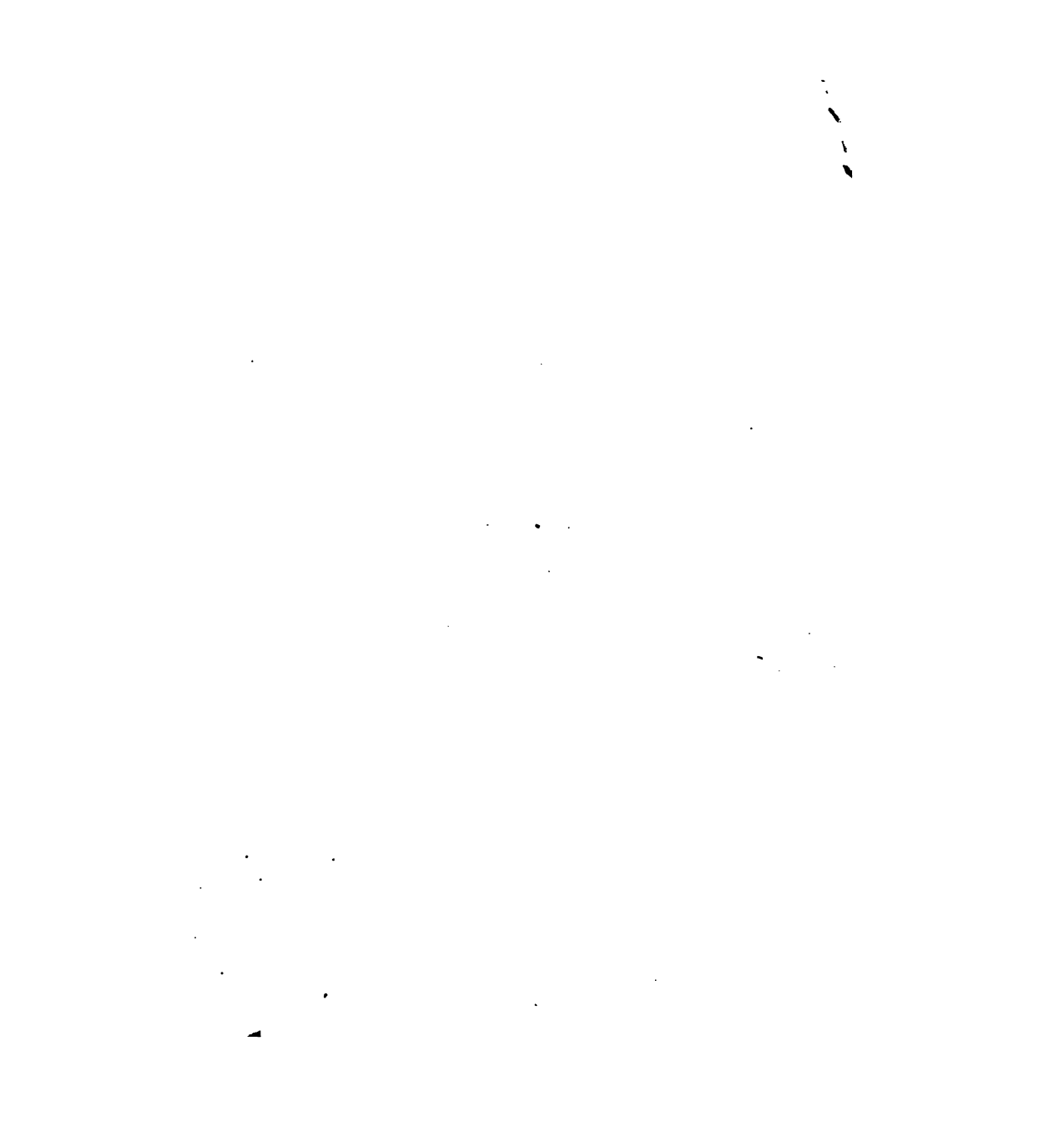
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Yours with patriotic greetings
H. G. Davis. 99. Wm H. Low.

MAGYAR POETRY.

SELECTIONS FROM
HUNGARIAN POETS.

TRANSLATED BY
WILLIAM N. LOEW
[of the New York Bar].

AN ENLARGED AND REVISED EDITION OF THE TRANSLATOR'S
FORMER WORKS:

"Gems From Petöfi," 1881.
"Magyar Songs," 1887.

"Freedom and love
Are dear to me;
My life I give,
Sweet love, for thee,
My love I give
For liberty."

—*Alexander Petöfi.*

AUTHOR-TRANSLATOR'S EDITION.

1899.

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money.

NEED

LA-1000

TO

ROSALIE LOEW,
A. B., LL. B., Counsellor-at-Law,
MY BELOVED DAUGHTER :

AND TO

ELLEN LOUISE ROSE HOLLANDER,

HER FRIEND,

AND

THE WIFE OF MY DEAR FRIEND
ALEXANDER HOLLANDER,

I GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

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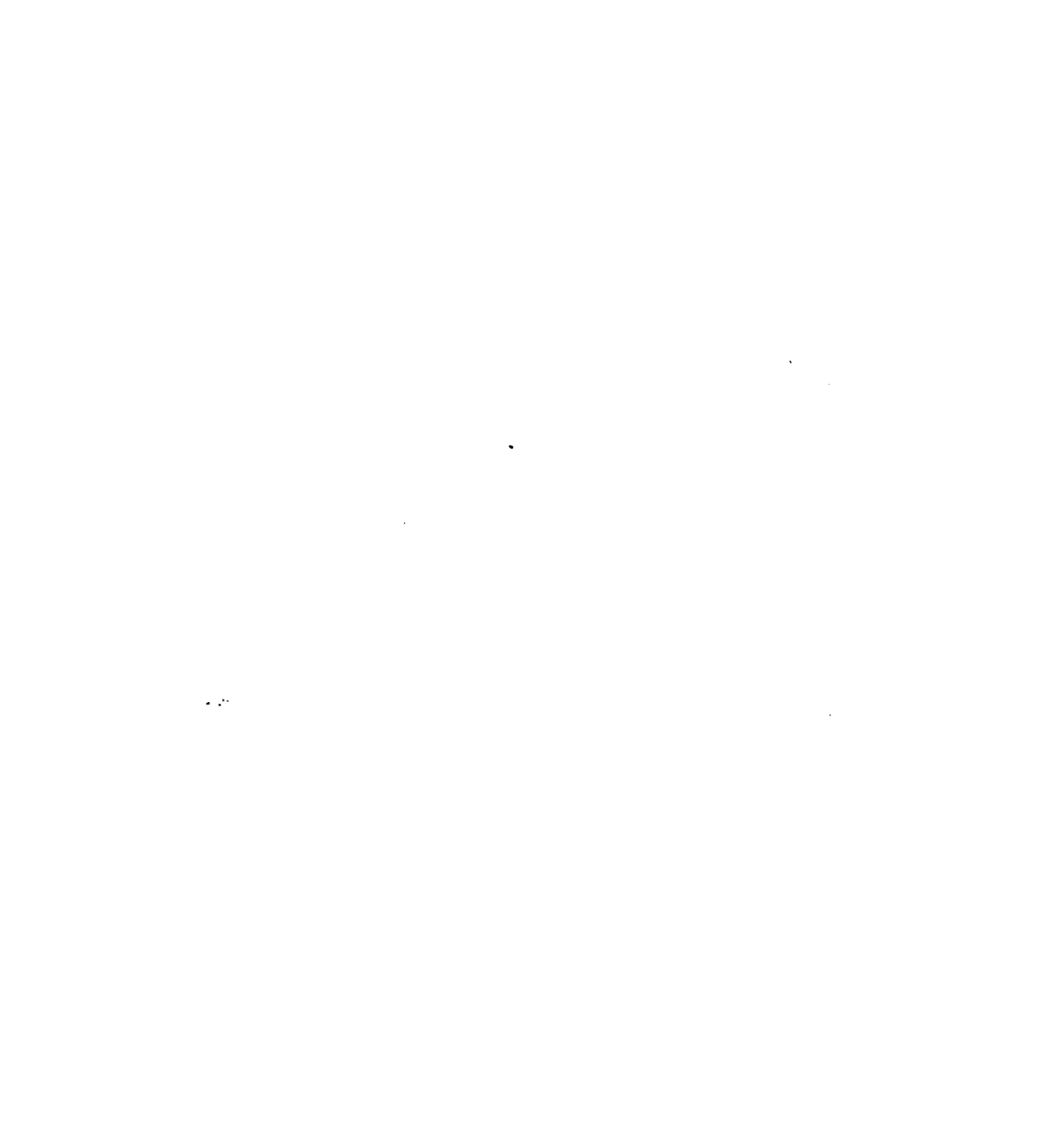
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PREFACE.

I distinctly, emphatically disclaim any recognition as a poet. In my most ambitious thoughts I have not dared to pretend to be a God-born son of song.

I love my fair, dear, glorious native land, however, with the passion and devotion that a true Magyar is bound to give her.

As a token of this love, I attempt to add to her glory by making her beautiful songs known to America.

I believe I serve even my adopted country by doing so.

The poets of Hungary deserve to be known the world over.

To students of foreign literature I open a broad field, full of treasures of elevated and noble thought, full of purity, beauty, splendor and grace of true, genuine poetry.

To my Magyar compatriots in the United States I tender with this volume a most welcome reminder of the old home.

In the "Introductory" I give, in addition to a review of the poetical literature of Hungary and a eulogy on Petöfi, a few original poems.

One was written by the late John Moran, one of the most tuneful bards who ever sang sweet song; one by my daughter, whom to praise I do not dare, although

I burn with a desire to do so; one by Florence Folsom, a gifted poetess, to whom the task fell of revising this work before it went to press, and to whom I now publicly convey my thanks for her splendid work; one by myself, a Millennial Ode, a quasi bird's-eye view of Hungary's life of one thousand years.

The preparation of this volume gave me infinite joy and pleasure. It enthused me. I grew rhapsodic over it. It kept me young.

I have lived in the city of New York thirty and some odd years. The preparation of this volume, each poem, each stanza, each line, each word, each letter reminded me of the dear home, and brought before me her history, her woes, her joys, her natural beauty, her greatness and her glory.

Miss Florence Sage, an American lady residing at Terre Haute, Ind., an enthusiastic admirer of Magyar literature, language and music, translated a number of Magyar songs into English, and, recognizing their excellence, I added a few of her translations to those of my own.

If the work kindles the flame of love of home in the hearts of the Magyars in the United States, if the work causes the English-speaking peoples to look to Hungary—on account of her poetry—with appreciative acknowledgments, then I have done well; then, indeed, I am richly rewarded. WM. N. LOEW.

New York, March, 1899.

SONNET.

By John Moran.

What worthier tribute could thy children pay,
Land of the Magyar, set on suffering's height,
Then bring thy hidden charms to all men's sight,
And to the world thy wealth of song display?

We know thy gracious record's long array,
Thy plains from heroes' graves with verdure bright,
Thy clear, sweet streams ensanguined oft by fight,
Thy peaks o'er which dawned freedom's militant day.

But those who sang with mutable voices clear,
Of war, of love, of freedom, of desire,
And tuned in turn the slack strings of thy lyre
We fain would know, and hold their music dear,
Echoing it back from this far hemisphere,
Where love and freedom fetterless respire!

FIFTEENTH OF MARCH.

By Rosalie Loew.

This is a hallowed day; to-day we kneel
In silent admiration, and in thought
Of mankind's heroes; and to-day we feel
The ardor that was theirs, who loved and fought.

We know the passion and the high desire
Of those who made America the home
For wanderers of the earth. Theirs was the fire
Whose flames wrote freedom on all earth's high
dome.

Not less, because not only them we praise;
To-day we sing the brotherhood of man,
And they our brothers are, who walked the ways
Of blood, and dared to brave the tyrant's ban.

One round millennial period of strife—
Still patient while their country was their own,
So lived the Magyars—till their strength was rife,
And serfdom from its hold was overthrown.

To-day we bring their heroes laurel wreaths—
And pray to learn that right and might are one;
While vainly in our hearts the longing seethes,
To tell our pride in Hungary's greatest son.

This is a hallowed day; we kneel to-day
In silent admiration and in thought;
And prayers and tears and thanks we mingled lay
On altars built to them who freedom wrought.

TO MAGYARLAND.

By Florence Folsom.

In my veins the blood of many, many a country flows
and glows—
Far, forgotten, dim, the sources whence my stream
of being rose;
Through the golden soil of Egypt—tawny, sullen,
sluggishly—
O'er the feet of her Colossi rolled I onward to the sea!
Date-palms threw their flickering shadows o'er my
all-receiving tide;
In my silent, swallowing current voluntary victims
died—
Noble youths and stately maidens, consecrated, purified!
Past the lonely hills of India, through her ruined
ruby land,
By hid steps of her red temples—secret, murder-hiding
bland—
Wandered I in ceaseless seeking; through the Orient,
glory-fraught,
Still my own, my native country, mine own race and
tongue I sought.
Out beyond the mist I ventured; and the stir of towns
was caught;
Ay, the strength that revelled through me, puny humans
sold and bought,
Taught me in their mills to labor, round and round
and round again—
On my heaving breast I bore them, paltry bubble-
boats of men!
In me sank sad Woman madly; starving Genius,
pariah Sin;
Still my arms I opened widely, still they rushed and
huddled in!
Poverty, Disgrace, Uncleanliness—these my wandering
waters stained
Till the land of Vörösmarty and of Petöfi I gained!
There the blood of heroes mingles with my brow-
baptizing wave,

There the women, pure and faithful, purely love their
 masters brave;
 There the soldier in the tumult of the battle flings on
 high
 To God his prayer for triumph—to God his parting
 sigh!
 Not strange to me thou seemest, O land of Hungary,
 And Fatherland, beloved thou evermore shalt be!

ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

Millennial Ode, A. D., 1896.

Wm. N. Loew.

One thousand years—broad span of time—have seen
 In Magyarland, the winter's snow and frost
 To melt; and smiling comes fair springtide's queen;
 A thousand times the summer's glories, crossed
 By autumn's days that fruitful dawn, serene—
 A thousand years have seen it tempest-tossed,

The field of freedom, faction, blood and fame;
 Her rivers rise from countless heroes' gore.
 Whose hearts aglow with the aspiring flame
 Of love for God and home; most firmly swore
 The nation should be free of tyrant's claim,
 From Carpath's peaks to storm-swept Adria's shore.

One thousand years have seen a heavenly peace
 From myriad horns of plenty o'er the land
 Rich blessings pour; the mighty victories
 Of art and science—manly labor's hand—
 And works of peace and works of war increase
 The nation's worth and make it truly grand.

One thousand years ago, when classic Rome
Had ceased to be the mistress of the world;
When Greece no longer was fair art's fair home;
When Spain's fell sins and sons had not unfurled
Her flag o'er sinless lands of which no tome
Aroused the thrice accursed greed which hurled

A hemisphere into abyssmal woe;—
But why complain? This greed was but the key
A world to free.—When Alfred struck the blow
Which made the English of Dane robbers free;
When Russia was no realm of sun and snow,
Nor yet the Swiss had planted freedom's tree;

When Teutons and the Gauls the iron robe
Of war had donned, and when knight wanderers
bold

And brave and true began to change the globe—
But nay, no Galileo had yet told
His theorems; and Herschel's—Newton's—probe
Had not yet pierced hypotheses of old.

One thousand years ago! The printer's art
And Martin Luther's bold protest had not
Yet stirred the core of mind and heart;
Swift arrow flew from bow, no powder's shot
Was weapon then, and in the world's quaint chart
Steam had not placed one new discovered spot.

And Arpád came one thousand years ago
And took possession of the fair domain
Where Danube blue and yellow Tisza flow,
And founded his proud nation's royal reign;
The nation which to-day with pomp and show
Displays a thousand years' imperial gain.

Around the world a song of blessed themes
Of sacred praise vibrates, of praise sublime;
And what before was only dreamed in dreams,
To us is given to see in God's good time.
And all the world with heartfelt love esteems
The Magyar land, far famed in writ and rhyme.

One thousand years! Wide open throw the doors
Of Fame's great temple, built of souls now fled;
And where o'er silent, unresounding floors
The cavalcades of heroes gently tread;
While all the world its meed of praise outpours
To those who died and yet are never dead.

Arpád, the mighty leader, making vow:
"The new-found land forever must be free."
Saint Stephen prays: "No more my land shall bow
Before false gods, but faithful Christians be."
Saint Ladislaus and Coloman show how
Truth, faith and right are kin to liberty.

Here Louis, great, the fearless knight who made
His nation truly great; there comes the brave
John Hunyadi, who, with his matchless blade
The daring Turk severe chastisement gave;
Mátyás, whom half a continent obeyed,
Well named the Just, as just to sire as slave.

And in the mighty pageant, sad and slow,
Rákoczy, Báthory, and Zrinyi come,
Who bravely bore the nation's saddest woe.
They march as they were called by beating drum;
They and the braves who fell, that Europe's foe,
The Osman tribe, should to their strength succumb.

How shall we praise him who the iron gate
To open undertook, the Danube spanned
And changed the land into a modern State (*)
And him, the wise and pure, who thoughtful
planned
Our ancient laws and rights to vindicate,
And bring new life and peace upon our land. (*)

And he, the tuneful bard, who fighting died;
Who sweetly sang of love, but sweeter still
Of liberty; (*) and he, our greatest pride,
Whose very name makes mankind's heart to thrill
With blissful joy; whom we have deified;
Whose name eternal pages echo will. (*)

All, all are here, who gave their lives for thee,
Oh, Magyarland! each from his niche of fame,
Their life was song; and now, their souls made free,
Once more shall sing; inspired by freedom's flame.
A world the song can hear—a world can see,
Yet few respond in glorious freedom's name.

But thee, Columbia, thee our Hungary greets,
Around whom noble sons shall ever throng;
They, too, have fought, and with their warlike feats,
Have made thee free and great; for them our song
Doth live; and where thy son our brother meets,
There glows the living spark of friendship strong.

Grasp thou our hand; thou western queen afar,
Thou, where the throne of freedom's God doth stand,
Give thanks for us, that still our country's star
Is lighted from fair freedom's burning brand;
And raise thy prayer that God shall bless the scar
Of heroes who have died for our fair land.

¹⁾ Count Stephen Széchenyi.

²⁾ Francis Déak.

³⁾ Alexander Petöfi.

⁴⁾ Louis Kossuth.

MY SONGS.

Alexander Petöfi.

Oft am I sunk in deepest thought,
Although my musings bring me naught;
My thoughts o'er all the country fly,
Flit o'er the earth, soar to the sky,
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are moon-rays of my dreamy soul.

Instead of dreaming, better 'twere
If for my future I should care;
And yet I ask, what care have I,
Since God doth guard me from on high,
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are mayflies of my care-freed soul.

But if a lovely maid I meet,
My thoughts to inner depths retreat;
And then into her eyes I gaze,
As on the lake fall starry rays.
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are roses of my love-bound soul.

If mine her love, my joy wine crowns,
If not, then wine my grief well drowns,
And where the wine in plenty flows,
There gayety right swiftly grows.
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are rainbows of my misty soul.

Yet, while I hold the glass in hand,
The yoke oppresses many a land;
And joyous as the glasses ring,
Yet sadly bondsmen's fetters cling;
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are clouds that overcast my soul.

Why do men dwell in slavery's night?
Why burst they not their chains in flight?
Or do they wait till God some day
Shall let rust gnaw their chains away?
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are lightning-flashes from my soul.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI
AND
A REVIEW OF THE POETICAL LITERATURE
OF HUNGARY.

The year of the Hungarian Revolution, 1848-49, has in a more eminent degree than any other historical event, directed the attention of the world to the land that was the home of Petöfi. And of the many distinguished men with whom the world became acquainted by that event there are few perhaps more admired by Hungary herself or who come recommended to the notice of an observing student with more interest than Alexander Petöfi.

Whether considered as the brilliant genius who grasped the lute of the Hungarian people and imparted to it a more harmonious and sweeter tone than it perhaps ever had; or considered as the young warrior, a chieftain of liberty throughout the world, who raised his sword in the struggle for freedom and fell a victim to his valor and heroism; or considered as a nation's great poet, who was equally great as a dutiful citizen; in any case his story is calculated to strike the attention forcibly and to hold the admiration and sympathy in no common degree. The character of the times in which he lived, the cause he served, his own adventures his deep devotion to the muses during all his life, his participation in a glorious war, the amiable qualities and fine taste developed in his writings, and, above all, the influence of his songs over the nation, all offer to the essayist a more fertile theme than usually falls to his lot in recording the lives

of the poets, and one to which he would love to devote the time it deserves.

Both language and versification present themselves more fully and vigorously developed in the writings of Hungarians published since the beginning of the last quarter of the last century than in those of all previous time. And this progress is a matter of no surprise if we note the multitude of circumstances which concurred at that time to favor poetical thought. Francis Toldy, beyond doubt the very foremost Hungarian literary historian, calls the period then begun the "age of second prime." He defines this period as extending from the year 1772 to the year 1849, dividing it into three periods: (1) The epoch of rejuvenation (1772-1807), commencing with the appearance of Bessenyei and extending to and including Alexander Kisfaludy. (2) The epoch of the purifying and beautifying of the national idiom (1807-1830), a memorable period in the history of Hungarian literature, covering the labors of Francis Kazinczy, of Charles Kisfaludy, and partly of Michael Vörösmarty; and finally, (3) The Széchenyi period (1830-1849), in which Hungarian language, poetry and science, as well as Hungarian national life and politics, developed to a high degree, surpassed only by the eminence attained by the country during the last few years, 1865-1898.

This division is not merely the dictum of one man. The nation has adopted it, and the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, the foremost scientific-literary body of the land, celebrated the centennial birthday of rejuvenated Hungarian literature in 1872.

In speaking of those days Toldy says that Hungarian patriots saw with regret that the traditional tongue was beginning to lose its hold upon the masses. The more educated classes ignored it almost entirely and the Magyar language was in danger of dying out and utterly perishing. The chosen few knew only too well that when once the language of a nation is sacrificed, the nation's fate is sealed; and with a hearty will they undertook to rescue and revivify the ancient race and tongue.

George Bessenyei became the leader of the school which undertook to imbue with fresh life the degenerated race. He stood at the head of a noble army of literary warriors, who did their work well, so that when, after Bessenyei's first appearance, Joseph II., the Austrian Emperor, Hungarian king de facto, not de jure, inasmuch as he never took the oath of allegiance nor was crowned as such, ordained the adoption and use of the German language not only in the administrative, but partly also in the educational departments of Hungary, the nation was found wide awake. A healthy reaction had set in, producing the most beneficial results, and the first systematized attempt to Germanize the Magyar nation became an ignominious failure. Another attempt to wipe out and to crush Hungarian nationality, and one more dangerous than the first, perpetrated by Austrian Emperors sixty odd years later, culminated in that heroic, bloody struggle in one of the encounters of which fell the hero of this sketch—a powerfully wielded sword in his hand and with an inspiring battle hymn on his lips.

During these more than seventy years of struggle (1772-1849) to place the Hungarian nation on a healthy, sound basis of national life, to restore the Magyar language, and to establish with its aid a Hungarian literature of merit and value, Hungary presents the striking and peculiar appearance of seeing its national life almost exclusively resting on the shoulders of its authors and its poets. Count Emil Dessewffy, a prominent Magyar national economist, said the truth when he called the litterateurs of those days the "soldiers of the national cause." It is truly remarkable that, almost without any exception, every statesman and politician of that period to whose share it fell to battle against the despotic encroachments on the national constitution by Austria, or to battle for reform and advancement within, is a poet or an author. The exceptions are the stalwart sons of the vármegyék (comitatus-county, vice-shpans and notaries, etc., etc.) who did the actual fighting. Nowadays politicians and statesmen are entrusted with this sacred task, but, from the early days of this century

up to the breaking out of the great revolution in 1848, her literary workers were the guardian angels of the nation's cause, protecting it by watching over the nation's language "and tending it with the same piety, with which the vestal virgins kept up the sacred fire to which the destinies of their country were bound forever" (Francis Pulszky).

George Bessenyei (1742-1811) is the acknowledged founder of the present school of Hungarian literature, and his greatest merit, his foremost claim to the gratitude of his country, lies in the fact of having brought the conviction to the mind of his contemporaries that a nation can be civilized only with the aid of its own vernacular tongue. The period between Bessenyei and Petöfi covers the most interesting epoch in the history of Hungarian poetical literature. It is with a certain degree of self-denial that we abstain from giving its specific history here, but this would outrun the limits of the present task. We content ourselves therefore with a mere cursory review and leave the thirst for knowledge awakened by these lines to be satisfied by the perusal of works more broad and more comprehensive in their scope than are these brief explanatory remarks. What a glorious task one would have in fully describing the labors of Bessenyei and his disciples or of the members of the so-called French school of Hungarian literature, Baron Lawrence Orczi, Abraham Barcsay, Alexander Baróczi, Paul Anyos, Count Joseph Teleki and Joseph Péczeli, which school if it did not lead the poetry of the nation into its higher sphere, that is, the national establishment of a standard of the pure and beautiful, has, nevertheless, by enlarging the poetical horizon and wealth of thought, by correcting the technique of versification, and finally by establishing the refined prose fiction, yet did a great deal to lead that poetry into the pathways of advancement.

What a grateful task it would be to write of the "classical school" in the ranks of which Benedict Virágh (1752-1830) occupies a high place. Here we would meet with the names of Gabriel Dayka, Francis Verseghi, Francis Kazinczy, the poems of all of whom

conclusively show that among all modern languages Hungarian can most successfully compete with the classic beauty and the majesty of expression and form of that of Rome. They introduced the hexameter of the epos and the various forms of the ode, etc., into Hungary's poetry, where since then they are nursed with loving care.

Continuing, our labor should soon meet with the name of Michael Vitéz Csokonai (1773-1805), whose charming songs must ever remain a highly-valued treasure of the Hungarian people. After a brief introduction to John Kiss, to David Baróti Szabó and Andrew Dugonics, we would meet with that mighty genius and brilliant mind, Alexander Kisfaludy, whom the Hungarians love to call their own Petrarch. It is Alexander Kisfaludy (1772-1844) who can be considered to have established an entirely new national poetry. The power of his language, the beauty of his lyrical genius, his refined taste, his rich creative fancy and his national, patriotic spirit marked an epoch in Hungarian poetry.

"Himfy's Love," his foremost poetical work, is a lyrical novel, or, rather, a long series of pictures of a heart overflowing with the purest and holiest of loves. His "Tales from Hungary's Past Ages" are equally noble creations, which have the additional merit of being the most faithful pictures of the character, the virtue and the thoughts of the Magyar people.

Still engaged in our labor of love, we would soon once more recur to Francis Kazinczy (1759-1839), whom we have already mentioned as one of the founders of the classic poetry of the Magyar, which he and his colleagues, Daniel Berzsenyi and Francis Kölscey, elevated to its highest perfection. We would commit a sin of omission did we neglect to record the fact that this inspired poet, Kazinczy, was one of the great leaders of social and political reforms in Hungary, and that the work of purifying the Magyar tongue and beautifying the language found in him the ablest and the most influential sponsor it ever had. The poetry of his day is almost entirely bare of all mere political significance; and love, friendship

and the joys and cares of life are its themes. Only here and there resounded an ode reminding the patriot of the glory and the greatness of the nation's former days; and especially Berzsenyi's odes have historical import in the earnestness of zeal and devotion with which he calls on his country to learn the past, to understand the present and thus be enabled intelligently to meet what fate the future may have in store for it. To this school of poetry belong Paul Szemere, Alois Szentmiklossy, Michael Helmecky, Gabriel Döbrentei, Andrew Fay and a long list of others, such poets as every civilized nation possesses in large numbers, till at last we arrive at the triumvirate of lyrical poetry, Charles Kisfaludy (the brother of Alexander above named), Joseph Bajza and Michael Vörösmarty, three great stars in Hungary's literary firmament.

Charles Kisfaludy (1788-1830), one of the most prominent founders of Hungarian dramatic poetry, is a lyrical poet of great power. No Magyar poet has known how to draw from rural objects so many tender and melancholy sentiments. A turtle dove, a hind, an oak thrown down, a fallen ivy plant strike him, agitate him and excite his tenderness and enthusiasm.

He has another excellent quality; that of painting to the ear by means of imitative harmony, making the sounds bear analogy to the image. He breaks the sounds, he suspends them, he drags them wearily along, he precipitates them, sometimes—in short sometimes they roll fluently along, sometimes they pierce the ear with an abrupt and striking melody. After Kisfaludy's death (1830), Francis Toldy, with ten friends, the foremost poets of the period, founded the Kisfaludy Society, originally with the intention of publishing his works and from the proceeds erecting a statue to his memory. The works were published, the statue was erected, but the most noble statue to his honor is the society itself, which, remaining in existence, became, and is to-day, a most influential and beneficial literary organization, the yearly publications of which form a rich literary treasure.

Joseph Bajza (1804-1858) is the grand master of Hungary's lyrical poetry. Melancholy and the most

delicious sadness, a distillation of pains, griefs and martyrdoms, subdue all his thoughts, but knowing that by continuous repetition they must become burdensome, he adopted the method of personifying his various conceptions of sorrow and sadness and letting these creations of his fancy give expression to their feelings. Thus he gives us the heart-rending complaints of a bride whose bridegroom died, of a mother who lost her child, of an exile, of a widow, of a fallen soldier, etc., etc., poems which bring all our faculties of soul and mind into harmonious action. In his political and patriotic songs he rises to the commanding heights of the ode and displays a burning soul, strong and sublime in its love for the fatherland, strong and sublime in its hatred of the nation's enemies.

Michael Vörösmarty (1800-1855) is "the noblest Roman of them all," the king among Hungarian poets. He not only gave new aims to the nation's poetry, he created an epoch. His poetry possesses many high qualities, noble thoughts, pure feelings, beauty of form and perfection in rhythm and rhyme, simplicity of expression, liveliness and tenderness of emotions, luxury and smiling amenity of fancy. He loves nature, spring, mountain and rill, etc., but he loves most his Hungarian fatherland, the greatness, the glory, the welfare of which is dearest to his heart. His "Szózat" (Appeal), "Főti dal" (the song from Fot), "Liszt Ferenczhez" (to Francis Liszt), "A vén cigány" (the hoary gypsy), are masterpieces of poetical literature, bearing comparison with the most excellent productions of Longfellow and Tennyson. He is at home in every poetical form, and his patriotic epos, "Zalán futása" (The Flight of Zalán), gives a poetical history of the foundation of the country by Arpád, in a manner that thrills the reader. Equally great is he as a writer of romances and ballads, as a dramatic author and as a Shakespearian translator.

Having done justice to the immortal genius of Vörösmarty, we must mention Andrew Fay, the genial fable writer, the Magyar Aesop; Paul Szemere, the Hungarian sonnet writer; Gregorius Czuczor, an epic

poet of high rank and a popular bard of still higher grade and who merits especial mention for having been the first compiler of a modern Magyar dictionary; Gabriel Fabian, a translator of the ancient classics; John Kriza, the great compiler of the Magyar folk-song; Michael Tompa, one of the very best of poets of modern Hungary; John Garay, whose ballads and lyrics are justly praised; John Erdélyi, philosopher, critic and poet; Alexander Vachott, whose gentle poetic soul became clouded by reason of the political storm in his beloved land; Julius Sárosy, Gabriel Kazinczy and Julius Greguss, all three true sons of song, the last named the translator of Camoens; Emerich Madács, whose suffering soul created but one magnificent and truly grand masterpiece ("The Tragedy of Man"); Baron Joseph Eötvös, who, however, is greater as a novel writer, philosopher, statesman and journalist than as a poet; Joseph Szekács and Béla Tárkányi, two very meritorious poets; and we have then arrived in the very midst of the period in which Alexander Petöfi lived.

And yet, before entering the chapter "Petöfi" we love to tell, we must name two mighty giants of Magyar song, both hoary men now, who for a lifetime carried the torch of the Magyar high, and to whom a whole nation looks with supreme pride as leaders of thought and savants and great masters of song—the William Cullen Bryants and the Henry W. Longfells respectively of Magyar literature—we mean Charles Szász and Paul Gyulai.

Poets of merit and of genius usually rise to the level of events passing around them. The compositions of Virgil and Horace in Rome correspond to the dignity, majesty and greatness of the empire. Dante in his extraordinary poem shows himself inspired by all sentiments which the rancor of friction, civil dissension and the effervescence of men's minds stirred up. Schiller, especially in his dramatic poems, rises to a level equal to the elevation to which the human mind was rising at that period in Germany; Shelley and Byron were both exponents of the move-

ments of their day, and Petöfi could be no exception to this rule.

We have already seen that during the years heretofore covered by our review, a struggle of supreme importance was carried on in Hungary. No nation on the European continent carried on similar struggles with more fierceness and determination, or with a more earnest devotion to the cause of freedom; nor were any such surpassed in the importance of the issues involved. It was a desperate struggle for constitutional life and advanced culture; nay, a nation fought bravely for its historical existence, to be secured not only by victories attained through the clashing and crossing of swords and the thunders of cannon, but by the gentle influences of the nation's culture and civilization, art and science, industry and commerce; and in fine by a pure, beautiful and rich language—spoken and appreciated by all inhabitants of the land. This awakening of the national spirit was the reply that the nation gave to Austria's bold attempt to bring Hungary, notwithstanding her ancient constitution—this mighty pillar of civil liberty—under her absolute control.

Francis Kazinczy, Baron Nicholas Wesselenyi, Count Aurelius Dessewffy, Francis Kölcsey, Count Stephen Széchenyi, Count George Apponyi, Francis Deák Louis Kossuth, Baron Joseph Eötvös, Gabriel Klauzál, Bartholomew Szemere, Edmond Beöthy, Ladislaus Szalay, Anton Cseregy and others, too numerous to mention, had done noble work. A nation intellectually and politically a relic of past centuries they changed into a modern state with culture, civilization and advanced political thought; into a state which developed rich economical resources, all of which caused the world to look with sympathizing amazement at the handful of Magyars on the banks of the Danube and the Tisza. It was the result of their labor that the spendthrift Hungarian magnates became industrious, dutiful citizens, freely relinquishing ancient privileges and freely assuming burdens, having the welfare of the country at heart; that the serfs were made free; that universal suffrage, no, not uni-

versal, but a liberal, general right of suffrage, was introduced; that the language of the country was by strong enactments secured; that the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and the Kisfaludy Society and other institutions of learning were incorporated; that a long series of internal improvements were begun and carried out; that newspapers were started, schools opened, home industry developed; that the very healthiest life was made to pulse in the veins of the nation.

In these momentous years of national agitation there grew up Alexander Petöfi, born at Little-Körös, in the county of Pest, during the small hours of the New Year's Day of the year 1823. He was the elder of the two sons of a respectable couple named Petrovich. His parents, tolerably well off at the commencement of their conjugal union regarding worldly circumstances, found themselves after a while—owing partly to distress caused by the elements, and partly to the advantage taken of their good nature by some designing "friends"—so much reduced in their affluence that they had to quit their comfortable home in search for an improvement of their condition in various parts of the lowland (alföld) without ever finding any. Old Petrovich (Petöfi is the Hungarian translation of this name of Slavic origin, which our hero adopted in his later years) carried on the honest trade of a butcher and seems to have been a good-hearted and good-natured man of the people. The mother of Petöfi was evidently one of nature's noblewomen. Several of her son's poetical effusions, wherein he gives free vent to the most tender feelings of love and gratitude toward her, stamp her as such a one. Petöfi received his first elementary instruction at various primary schools, almost all of them evangelical parochial schools, they being by far superior to other schools of the period. His education included lessons in music and drawing, and though he attained to no perfection in either, they must have had a beneficial influence over his aesthetic feeling and taste.

In his fifteenth year we find him at the evangelical

"Lyceum" at Selmecz (Schemnitz). Here he made great advances in grammar and the study of language, which were of great use in unfolding his genius and character. He soon became remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression, and he read with much pleasure and improvement Hungarian historical works and Vörösmarty's poems. It was in these days that he wrote his first poems, which were well received by his colleagues. The praises of his schoolmates and friends inspired him with a strong desire to excel in writing poetry, and he fondly hoped to see one of his verses in print. He knew not, however, how to ingratiate himself with his teachers, and when it was discovered that he was a regular visitor to the theatrical performances of a German strolling-players' company then performing in Selmecz, and this in spite of a strong prohibitory rule of the school, he fell into sad disgrace in the eyes of his worthy teachers, and the report was sent home to his father that Alexander was an irretrievable dunce and a good-for-nothing fellow. His poor old father, believing himself to be disappointed in his most fondly cherished hopes, was almost stricken down with grief over his son's "fall" and sent him a sharp remonstrance, which so hurt the latter and made him so sick and sore at heart that he decided to abandon his studies and leave Selmecz.

He soon carried out his intention, and one night he left Selmecz, wandering aimlessly about the country till at last he reached Pest. Here he forthwith went to the theatre, believing he would find there all his ambitious soul longed for. But only a very subordinate position as "super" could he secure, and for some time he led the life of a vagrant, without, however, corrupting his morals and the noble purity of his soul. His father soon found out his whereabouts and came to Pest to take him home, but the proud, haughty son evaded him and went rather with an uncle to Asszonyfa, a little village in Vas County. Here he spent a few months, reading the ancient classics and writing poetry. The peaceful, quiet life which had dawned on him here was of short duration. For some trifling

cause he fell out with his uncle, and, going to Soprony (Oedenburgh), he enlisted as a volunteer in one of the infantry regiments stationed at that town, expecting that his regiment would be sent to Italy and he be thus enabled to get acquainted with the classic soil upon which his favorite poet, Horace, trod. In this, however, he was sadly disappointed, for, instead of being sent to sunny Italy, his regiment was garrisoned in some out-of-the-way town of Tyrol; and only after some years of hard service as a private, doing all the menial duties required of such, suffering from exposure and want, and bearing all sorts of abuse from illiterate, vulgar, petty superiors, was he in 1841 discharged from the onerous service to which a rash step had subjugated him, through the aid of a humane regimental physician, who took great interest in his poetical effusions, which had never ceased during all this time.

In May, 1841, he once more trod upon his native soil. He visited—constantly tramping—some friends at Pozsony (Pressburgh), Soprony, Pápa, and ventured to knock again at the parental door. He stayed home for a while, and there was only one thing which interfered with his pure enjoyment of domestic life, to wit, his father's earnest desire that he, the son, settle down to the honorable calling of a butcher, which insinuation poor Alexander, to the great distress of the old man, repudiated with great horror.

We soon meet him in Pápa (county of Veszprém), industriously studying and still more industriously rhyming and versifying, even winning a prize for a lyrical poem, "Lehel," which was offered by a literary society composed of the students of the college. Then follow years of struggle for histrionic fame, of appearing here and there as member of this or the other strolling company, and of enduring everywhere failures and disappointments.

In 1843 he again came to Pest, but with a name somewhat known, for the poems the newspapers had heretofore published under his name Petrovich, or the nom-de-plume "Pönögei Kis Pál," and finally under the adopted name "Petőfi," opened to him the

doors to literary circles, which at his former visit to the capital had been securely closed against him. The first employment he found on coming to Pest was an engagement to translate foreign novels into the Magyar. Of these, he completed two, i. e. "The Aged Lady," a French novel by Charles Bernard, and the well known "Robin Hood" of George James. His insatiable desire to become an actor of fame led him again to the stage, but he again encountered failures, and, after remaining during the winter of 1843-1844 in Debreczen, suffering there almost for the want of daily necessities, he at length received a call to return to Pest, to fill the position of assistant editor of *Eletképek*, a literary journal, edited by Adolphus Frankenburg. Arriving in Pest, he soon succeeded, with the aid of Vörösmarty, in finding a publisher for his poems, the "National Club" (*Nemzeti Kör*), consenting to buy his manuscript. Emerich Vahot engaged him then as assistant editor of his *Divatlap*; but not before Petöfi had once more made an effort to secure recognition in the service of *Thalia* and *Melpomene*. He again appeared on the stage, and this time on no less a one than the "National Theatre" at Pest, but his appearance was again futile. This last failure cured him of his stage fever, and he finally abandoned all thought of becoming an actor. His poetical works followed now in rapid succession. Volume after volume of the most delicious poetical fiction was published by him. About this time he wrote his "János Vitéz" (John the Hero) and his "A Helység Kalapácsa" (The Village Bell-Ringer), and his only, but remarkable novel, "A Hohér Köttele" (The Hangman's Rope). (Prof. Rasmus Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, has translated this work of Petöfi into English.) It was also about this time that Petöfi wrote two dramatic poems, "Zöld Marczli" (Greenhorn Marc), and "Tigris és Hyaena" (Tiger and Hyena), none of which, however, left any visible traces on the literature of the nation. It was at this period also that he devoted much of his time to foreign literature, and translations from Beranger, Shelley and Byron followed in quick succession. His in-

dustrious and fertile genius planned the publication of a Magyar translation of the dramatic works of Shakespeare, and he associated himself for this purpose with Vörösmarty. Petöfi's first translation was "Coriolanus," while Vörösmarty's first effort was "King Lear." The coming revolution prevented these two great minds from completing the task begun, but many years later, the Kisfaludy Society fathered the idea of Petöfi and Vörösmarty, and, completing the translations, gave to Hungary a most excellent rendering of the greatest dramatic genius of the world.

In the month of September, 1846, Petöfi married Julia Szendrey, a young lady of remarkable beauty, of noble mind and of the purest soul, which happy union had the most beneficial influence over his muse. He was in the zenith of his fame; all the country read and admired his poems, while his popular songs (Népdalok) were being heard from "Karpeth's Mountains to Adria's shores." They were sung in the salons of the proudest aristocratic magnates and in the huts of the humblest peasants; they were the favorite songs in the concert salons, and were the songs with which the artisans accompanied their labor; the farmer, the sturdy son of toil sang them while he industriously handled his scythe and sickle; the merry reveller in the public house, or the one sick at heart, who tried to drown his grief in wine, the student full of joy and vigor, the maiden of hope and happiness; the mother sitting at the cradle of her beloved one—all, all sang his beautiful songs, which had become, and which yet remain, the treasures of the people, as no other popular songs of any poet or of any nation have, or probably ever will become. As long as the human heart in Hungary pulsates for love and freedom, the two divine subjects of Petöfi's songs, they will be cherished with reverential affection by a grateful country, in whose heart he and his songs will live forever. The distinctions crowded on him were numerous. One comitatus elected him as a "Táblabíró" (Honorary County Judge); ancient cities granted him their freedom, and at almost every place he visited, the people honored him with processions and fetes.

And yet he had then fulfilled only a part of the mission to which fate seems to have selected him; to inspire the nation with his songs to that great and glorious struggle on which it was about to enter.

The great struggle going on in Hungary during these years has been repeatedly mentioned heretofore. We have also stated that Petöfi could be no exception to the rule which makes poets of genius rise to the level of the events which pass around them. Petöfi's poems are pure mirrors, wherein one can plainly see the struggle of the times going on. They awakened a national spirit, which turned with feverish devotion to home affairs; the conviction that it is the duty of every "Magyar to be a Magyar," to love the fatherland and to watch with scrupulous care over the fatherland's language, industry and commerce, etc., and above all over its freedom—all this is plainly visible in all his poems. That boundless spirit of liberty which enlivened them all, stamped its mark even on the forms of his poetry, and they are truly "free, as the eagles of the air." Petöfi describes in a superbly beautiful poem "Dalaim," "My Songs," the character of the various kinds of his songs. Let it be permitted to us to state here that the only great poet with whom Petöfi can be most successfully compared—"a Scottish bard, proud of his name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service," Robert Burns, gives also in a poem of his own, "The Bard's Epitaph," the best picture of his own mind. "Petöfi is the Burns of the European Continent," writes to us a valued friend, Prof. Rasmus Anderson, a great admirer of the Magyar poet, and this is a strikingly true comparison, and yet though we are the most ardent and devoted admirer of the "Ayrshire Ploughman," we honestly believe Petöfi to be superior to the author of "Tam o'Shanter." All that they had in common was their humor, their melancholy, their piety, their anger, their passion, their homely sagacity and sensitiveness; but Petöfi's splendid and perilous richness did not overflow, and never, never did he write a sentence which the most sensitive or prudish

or childish nature could not safely read. Petöfi is always pure.

Had Petöfi lived longer his poems would not have been more deserving of contemporary praise or the perusal of posterity. His earliest flowers show us what the fruits of his genius would have been, and yet he is grand and sublime, although he never reached even the autumn of his life. His style is unaffected, his thoughts ingenuous, the language he uses, though often employed upon lowly subjects, never sinks into poverty or meanness; he is full of the lights, the shades, the colors, the ornaments which the place and the subject require. His feelings and sentiments are not new, but are set forth in a manner of his own, which makes them seem so. The flowers with which he strews his poetry seem to spring up spontaneously; the lights he introduces seem to fall like unconscious sunshine to adorn the spot where he has placed them. His versification, simple, clear and flowing, has purity and music. The pause of his verses is always full of beauty; the closing melody of the sentence gratifies the reader as he rests. If love is the subject of his songs, then they are full of fire and yet full of soft, mellow tenderness; if he makes family feelings the subject of his songs, they are full of dignified vivacity and inmost devotion. His delicious landscapes show harmony of hues and brilliant imagery, and are of the greatest value for the thoughts and the feelings they are apt to waken. Sometimes he rebukes with scathing irony the faults and shortcomings of his fellow-men, and in his popular songs he gives full vent to his less serious and more easy moods. His poetry is a picture of his own life. He makes the reader the confidential friend of his thoughts, hopes, desires, and tells him about himself with an open, manly frankness which makes him soon the object of our love and esteem.

Then came the memorable year 1848. Many of Petöfi's poems heretofore written contain revolutionary sentiments—they all breathe the air of freedom—but on the 15th day of March, 1848, he opened on be-

half of the poetical literature of Hungary the great struggle known as the "Revolution in Hungary." The song with which he did this is the "Talpra Magyar" ("Magyar, Arise"), which became the foremost war song of Hungary. As a national hymn it is surpassed only by Vörösmarty's "Szózat" ("Summons"), both of which songs are as dear to the Magyar's heart as "The Star-Spangled Banner" is to the true American. Then followed in quick succession a long array of inspiring war songs which steeled the arms of the nation. He became a member of the National Diet (Országgyűlés), the electors of the town of Félégyháza honoring him with an election. His parliamentary career, however, was cut short by the events following, and in September, 1848, he entered the Hungarian army and was assigned to Bem's army corps in Transylvania. The old Polish General became infatuated with the spirited, brave young man and appointed him as his secretary and aide-de-camp. His duty consisted chiefly in writing war songs, which were then read to the soldiers, and in composing the various "calls" and "manifestoes" that events necessitated. But in the actual fight he was also bravely at his post, and in many a battle did he distinguish himself by his valor and bravery. Excepting a few weeks' interval, during which time he enjoyed for the last time the blessings of his happy home, he was present during the entire of Bem's Transylvanian campaign. At the battle of Segesvár, on July 31st, 1849, he was last seen, and it is now settled beyond doubt that he fell there and was buried in the great common grave where, after the battle, all the heroic dead found their eternal rest.

Petőfi died as he hoped and prayed to die. In his "The Thought Torments Me" he eloquently sang:

When every nation wearing chains
 Shall rise and seek the battle plains,
 With flushing face shall wave in fight
 Their banners blazoned in the light:
 "For liberty!"
 Their cry shall be,
 Their cry from east to west,

Till tyrants be depressed.
 There shall I gladly yield
 My life upon the field;
 There shall my heart's last blood flow out,
 And I my latest cry shall shout.
 May it be drowned in clash of steel,
 In trumpet's and in cannon's peal;
 And o'er my corse
 Let tread the horse
 Which gallops home from victory's gain
 And leaves me trodden with the slain.

* * * * *

For the better—for the best—characterization of Petöfi we will now give two extracts from his prose writings, published many years after his death. The first is taken from the "Diary" that he faithfully kept during the last year of his life at home; the second taken from a letter written by him to John Arany, then his greatest rival and later the poet-laureate of the nation:

"* * * I am a republican, body and soul," he writes on April 19th, 1848. "I have been so ever since I have learned to think, and I shall remain one until I breathe my last. These strong convictions, wherein I have never wavered, pressed the beggar's staff that I carried for so many years into my hands; and these strong convictions place now in my hands the palm of self-respect. During the time when souls were bought and paid for in good cash, when a devoutly bent body secured the future of a man, I shunned the market, bowed to no one, but stood erect and froze and suffered hunger. There may exist lyres and pens more magnificent and more grand than those I wield, but surely none exist which are more stainless than mine, for never, never did I hire out even a string of my lute or but a stroke of my pen;—I sang and I wrote that to which the God of my soul prompted me, but the God of my soul is liberty!

"Posterity may say of me I was but a bad poet, but at the same time it must also say of me that I was strongly moral; that is, for it is one and the same thing, that I was a republican: for the motto of a

true republican is not: 'Down with the Kings!' but 'Pure Morality!' Not the crushed crown; no—the irreproachable character, the upright honesty are the foundations of the republic; * * * without these you may storm the thrones as the Titans the heavens, and you will be repelled with lightning; with these, however, you shall fell the monarchies to earth as David felled Goliath."

"But I am a republican out of religious conviction. The men of monarchies believe not in the development, the advancement of the world, or else they wish to check them—and this is infidelity. On the other hand, it is my belief that the world develops itself; I see the way which it follows. It moves but slowly, it makes a step every hundred, ay, sometimes even only every thousand years. Why should it hurry? Is not Eternity its own?" * * *

To Arany he writes thus: "Thy letter came but to-day into my hands. God knows how many hands it had to go through before reaching me. But this is my own fault, for in my exultation I forgot to let you know my address. Yet I am accused of having a prejudice against poets; that is, to be plain, that I recognize no one, outside of myself, as a poet. By God! this is a dastardly slander. It is true, men without talent, or with but limited talent, who imprudently push themselves forward, I cannot bear; I crush them, if I can, beneath my heels; but before the genuine talent I bow and I idolize it. Thy letter caused me great, very great joy, and I read thy poem so often that I know it by heart. I copy it and send it to Tompa. What a good fellow he is! But, then, see, Arany, Petöfi, Tompa * * * upon my soul! a splendid triumvirate, and, if our glory may not be as great as that of the Roman Triumvirate, yet our merit, I doubt not, is just as great, if not still greater, than theirs. And our pay? A village parish, a village notaryship and a Metropolitan 'what you may call it'—nothing. * * * But it matters not. I am a man without any pretensions, and I content myself with it, and even if I die of hunger I shall live to the day of my death, and beyond that I care not for my fate.

For the funeral expenses let somebody else care.
 * * * Truly, a sorry profession, this Magyar authorship! I could get some kind of office, but I fret at the thought of it, and thus nothing else remains but 'eat, my boy, when you have it!' * * * Ah, it really pains me when I think what a Bedouin was lost in me, but from my inmost soul I believe that, in our country, too, the time will come yet when the pagans who worship liberty, and not merely the Christians, devoutly bowed before the only true Lord, can succeed in making a living." * * *

No man ever loved his country more devoutly than Petöfi. His popular poetry was with him not a mere form of versification, but it was an indivisible part of his whole being. He loved all that is pure, noble, elevating; but his purest, noblest and highest aims he found in the grandeur of his nation. Be this grandeur visible in the healthy and pure morals of his people or in the singleness of their aims, the honesty of their desires, the nobility of their labor, or in the nation's purpose of freedom—his tuneful lyre was always doing service for these divine, heavenly causes. "Herein"—says Baron Joseph Eötvös of him—"lies the great influence his works exercised, and herein are to be found the greatest merits of his literary authority."

As long as one of the noble Magyar race shall be found in the Magyar Puszta, so long will Alexander Petöfi, Michael Vörösmarty and John Arany remain the nation's great songsters, who will, through divine songs, for all time, exercise a most wholesome influence over the Magyar nation's life and over the Magyar people's love for all that is pure and noble, for freedom and independence.

WM. N. LOEW.

POEMS OF LOVE.

*“ My heart is filled with tuneful lay,
As lilacs on the lilac spray ;
Alike are songs and heart both filled
With passion strong and love that thrilled.”*

JOHN RUDNYANSKY.

I LONG TO SEE YOU ONCE AGAIN.

Paul Gyulai.

I long to see you once again,
Beneath the garden's shady green;
Once more to hear your words of cheer,
Flowers to pluck with you, my dear,
And happy be as we have been.

I long to see you once again,
As you, on autumn misty days,
Sat rocking me, awake, it seems;
Yet, though awake, you were in dreams,
While tenderly on me you gaze.

I long to see you once again,
As oft before you watched for me;
My pulses then were wont to stir,
And, although calm your greetings were,
Your inmost joy was plain to see.

I long to see you once again,
As in the summer's balmy eve
The garden's moonlit paths we tread,
And on my breast you leaned your head
And softly said, "Oh, do not leave!"

I long to see you once again,
As when we at the house-porch said
Each unto each the last good-by,
And, looking back, the first time I
Knew what it was hot tears to shed.

I long to see you once again;
That moment's sight would cure my pain,
My sufferings I could forget,
And cheerfully, without regret,
For you bring back my youth again.

WHY CONCEAL?

Victor Dalmady.

Confusion, though the eye is clear;
Unrest, though the mind's sincere—
A jealous thought, yet trust supreme,
Sad waking 'mid a beauteous dream;
Silence or succinct reply,
Speech which faltering, can't belie,
This denial with confession,
Maiden, this is—love's expression!

The feeling which you guard with care—
To cope with naught on earth may dare;
For, though your lips may not proclaim,
Your face and eyes confess its name.
Then reveal it; if afraid,
Speak not; whisper it, dear maid;
If that be bold, then press to mine
Your mute red lips—I will divine.

THE DARK EYE.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Fair past denial is the azure eye,
Naught should I say its beauty to decry;
But each glance of the dark eye brings to mind
The deep, dense night with stars the clouds behind
Reminds me of the lover's knightly ways,
And of the happy lover's olden days;
For unto me the midnight bringeth light,
And in the noonday I am oft in night.

Look at me, sweetest rosebud, now;
My dark-eyed fragrant violet thou,
For the dark-gleaming eye I sing;
As lovely as a raven's wing;
A mirror 'tis in which I gaze,
In which my soul's reflection plays;
And peace is mine as when doth rest,
A flower upon a virgin's breast.

MY WIFE AND MY SWORD.

Alexander Petöfi.

Upon the roof a dove,
A star within the sky,
Upon my knees my love,
For whom I live and die;
In raptures I embrace
And rock her on my knees,
Just as the dewdrop sways
Upon the leafy trees.

But why, you surely ask,
Kiss not her pretty face?
It is an easy task
To kiss while we embrace!
Many a burning kiss
I press upon her lip,
For such celestial bliss
I cannot now let slip.

And thus we pass our day,
I and my pretty wife,
Beyond all rare gem's ray
Is our gay wedded life.
A friend—my sword—it seems
This love likes not at all;
He shoots his angry gleams
Upon me from the wall.

Lock not on me, good sword,
With eyes so stern and cold,
There should be no discord
Between us, comrades old.
To women leave such things
As green-eyed jealousy;
To men but shame it brings.
And you a man must be!

But, then, if you would pause
To think who is my love,
You never would see cause
Your comrade to reprove.

She is the sweetest maid,
 She is so good and true;
 Like her God has but made,
 I know, a very few.

If thee, good sword, again
 Shall need our native land;
 To seek the battle-plain
 Will be my wife's command.
 She will insist that I
 Go forth, my sword, with thee,
 To fight—if need, to die—
 For precious liberty!

THE ROSEBUSH TREMBLES.

Alexander Petöfi.

The rosebush trembled when
 A bird on its twig flew;
 My own soul trembles when
 I think, my dear, of you,
 I think, my dear, of you,
 My darling, charming maid,
 Thou art the richest gem
 My God has ever made.

When swollen the Danube is,
 Then it doth overflow;
 My heart, with love replete,
 Does now for thee just so.
 Tell me, my dearest rose,
 Art thou to me still true?
 Not even thy parents, dear,
 Can love thee as I do.

I know thy love was mine
 Neath last year's summer sun;
 But winter came since then—
 Who knows what he has done?
 And shouldst thou love no more,
 I pray God bless thee still;
 But, if thou lov'st me then,
 A thousandfold he will.

LOVE SONGS.

Alexander Kisfaludy.

I.

As the stag whose wound is deadly—
 From the hunter's shot so true—
 Flees too late, his blood runs redly
 Till the streamlet takes its hue;
 So thine eyes, which, past relieving,
 Pierced my left breast, now I flee;
 Wet the ground with tears of grieving,
 Falls each step most painfully.
 All is vain, the farther faring,
 Deadlier doth the venom spread;
 All the more my heart 'tis wearing,
 I but flee to doom more dread.

There, where my early days were spent,
 A streamlet issues from the hill;
 Full often there at eventide
 Happy content my life did fill.
 As joyous as its banks between
 Gayly that rivulet did flow,
 So toward eternity, unseen,
 My days of life made haste to go;
 Within the bounds of innocence,
 Just as the stream its course pursues.
 They flowed;—Alas! all passes hence,
 The good, the pleasant, we must lose.

II.

The world, indeed, looks otherwise;
 I view it in another way;
 Things are transformed before my eyes;
 My poems suit a different day.
 My feelings find a channel new,
 My soul doth take a varied flight,
 My being fresh aims must pursue;
 Yea, my whole nature changes quite.

Because within me love has moved,
 Because I also am beloved,
 For other times have come to me,
 Since now my own, my all, is she.

Behold this rose! while budding new,
 Its breast is closed and folded tight;
 While this one, which in bloom we view,
 Expands its bosom to the light.
 My rosebud sweet, like to the first,
 Thou wert a youthful maiden fair;
 My sweetheart now, to full flower burst,
 In Hymen's garland woven fair.
 The third one, all its petals dead,
 Is full at breast with seeds to shed;
 When thou art like it, thou to me,
 Though rose-bloom fade, most fair wilt be.

TO MARY.

Paul Gyulai.

Thou art not with me, though with thee I am;
 In vain do dreams convene; in vain comes night;
 There glows the starbeam of thine eyes so bright,
 So lustrous there it shines, transfusing calm.

Thou art not with me, though I am with thee;
 Vain in confusion, vain in quietude;
 The sweet voice in my heart doth still intrude,
 Till loud it beats in tremor or in glee.

Thou art not with me, though I am with thee;
 With thee in unison and all alone;
 And, in companionship when we are thrown,
 Mutely I love thee, and none other see.

Thou art not with me, though I am with thee;
 And blissful happiness transports my soul;
 Until again great sorrows o'er me roll,
 I curse. I bless, I wither as a tree.

WHAT IS A KISS?

Ludwig Dóczy.

Marietta, draw thou nearer—still more near;
 One must not boldly speak, that all may hear.
 'Tis understood alone by those who lean
 To listen, what a sweet, true kiss doth mean.
 Therein there is no right, will, or intent;
 Exchanging not, they mutually present—
 Born of a minute, as though suddenly
 Two sparks should catch and cause a flame to be.
 Sweet is the kiss if sleep thy sweetheart sway;
 What she might give thou tak'st in stealthy way;
 But sweeter still if from the pouting lip
 Denying and delaying thou dost sip.
 But sweetest 'tis when both athirst do feel,
 And, giving, each from t'other fain would steal.
 Yet, if desire exists where no claim lives,
 It dares to take, but feels not that it gives;
 Indeed, such kisses, which by hundreds thrive,
 Not wedded yoke but sweet love keeps alive.
 Even this is sweeter when earth's envious eyes,
 Like falcon's, watch thee and thy honeyed prize.
 The moment comes, thou feelest "now or never!"
 Arms fly to arms, lips cling as though forever
 Each would be first and each be last in bliss;
 Each one is kissed and each doth warmly kiss.
 Just as a diver to the depths doth leap,
 So doth desire plunge in the moment's deep.
 What rapture can a brief span not conceive?
 If not forbidden, 'tis no kiss, believe!

FAIR MAIDEN OF A VILLAGE FAIR.

Alexander Petöfi.

Fair maiden of the village fair,
 How love I thy resplendent eyes!
 Resplendent? No; the phrase is weak.
 And all my warm intent belies.

How often have I written, said:
That I have seen a pure blue sky;
Yet false it was, none such I saw
Until I gazed into thine eye.

Did'st thou not mark my raptured gaze,
With what devotion on thine eyes
I hung, as on the crucifix,
Enrapt, doth hang the saint that dies!

And thou could'st my redeemer be
In truth, yet have no need to die;
My ardent breast thou would'st embrace,
Nor on a pulseless body lie.

What folly is it that I say?
Love I can ne'er expect from thee!
Where is the maid her love would grant
Unto a poet, poor, like me?

For God hath made the poet poor;
And this is fit, for, mark my words,
No plumage, many hued and gay,
Bedecks the sweetest singing birds.

How can the simple poet, then,
Expect a maiden's heart to gain?
Maids justly long to shine down here;
As stars of earth they wish to reign.

Thou, little sweetheart, art my star,
And none can say me nay that I,
Who may not wear thee on my breast,
Shall yet pursue thee with my eye.

I with mine eyes shall follow thee;
Through life I will pursue afar;
And if from thence thou send'st no warmth
At least look down on me, my star!

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Andrew Pap.

I do not ask you not to dream;
That were a useless task, I deem.
Her sweet song to the nightingale,
Its buds and leafage to the spring.
And unto youth its visions bright
I know the gods in season bring.

I do not ask thee still to dream,
However sweet thy visions seem;
The radiant sun must ever set,
But with the morning riseth new,
And so a maiden's golden dreams
Will run their course and end it, too.

To keep unvexed I bid thee not;
Dreams ever disappoint, I wot;
For all who on the earth now live,
And all who since the first have died,
Have borne this cross and often been
Of disappointment sorely tried.

I ask thee not what cannot be;
Enough will come in dreams to thee;
Thine eyes, so beautiful and bright,
Are favored in God's sight, I ween;
And yet their sweet, beseeching glow
Can alter not the world's routine.

Love, dream thy dreams, and from them wake;
Though disappointment thou must take.
My only wish for thee is this:
Long be thy dreaming time increased,
Tardy may thy awakening be,
Thy disappointment be the least.

LENKE'S SONG.**Joseph Bajza.**

Near the town a forest,
In the wood a glade,
In the glade a grave lies,
'Neath a poplar's shade.

There a gentle streamlet's
Murmuring is heard;
There where zephyrs whisper,
Sounds the chirping bird.

Odors sweet are rising
From the beauteous scene;
Rosemary and roses
There have plenty been.

O'er the hill the sun dawns,
O'er the hill descends,
Through the woods at sunset,
Still my pathway wends.

Soft winds gentle sighs waft,
Sorrow's soul are they;
In the streamlet flowing,
Float my tears away.

Only I, no other,
Know who's buried there;
Know that she here resteth,
She who loved me dear.

Gentle streamlet, quiet
Rush thy path along;
Singers of the forest,
Hush your swelling song.

Zephyrs, sway more gently,
O'er the tree's green breast,
That my love beloved,
Peacefully may rest.

ALTHOUGH NOT FAIR.

Charles Szász.

Although not fair, by no means fairest; yet
 Upon the wide expanse of this world's sphere,
 And though thy charms may wholly pass away.
 I still will hold thee dear.
 Though I may see thee growing pale and wan,
 And mark thine eye forego its lustrous hue;
 Yea, though the roses of thy face may fade,
 This heart is ever true.

Thou still art young, and still within those eyes
 The magic lamp of beauty burns always;
 Thy locks are like a charmed silken veil;
 Thy brow is thy proud praise.
 All that is gracious and most fair on earth
 Dost follow thee where e'er thy footsteps fall;
 These charms I see not; but thy heart,
 Most noble above all.

For I well know oblivion surely waits
 On all whom earthly charms arrayed;
 Death follows close in beauty's wake;
 The fairest rose must fade.
 But only the pure spirit's lofty flame
 Is gilt of heaven, and doth last for aye.
 As in the lighthouse high the light, despite
 The storm, doth burn alway.

REVERY.

Michael Vörösmarty.

For thy love
 My brain would pay the toll;
 Each thought of it, I bring
 To thee on fancy's wing;
 I'd give to thee my soul
 For thy love.

For thy love,
On yonder mountains high,
I'd be a tree, and dare
My head to storm-winds bare;
Each winter willing die
For thy love.

For thy love
I'd be a rock-pressed stone;
Within the earth, its flame
Shall burn my trembling frame;
I'd stand it with no groan
For thy love.

For thy love
My soul I would demand
From God; with virtues I
To deck it out would try
To place them in thy hand
For thy love.

BLUE VIOLET.

Gregorious Czuczor.

Violet, blue violet flower,
Thou hast blossomed fair to see;
Shall I pin thee to my hat,
Or upon my breast wilt be?

But my hat is mourning black,
And my heart is veiled with woe;
Sorrow girds me as an isle
Round whose shores the waters flow.

Blue the eye and blonde the locks
Of my dove who knows not dole,
Thee to her I'll give, perhaps,
With a kiss she may console.

A COMPLAINT.

Alexander Vachott.

She is forever gone,
 Who was my all, my own;
 The lovely earth-maid joined
 The angels round God's throne.

Since then it pains me sore
 To view the heaven on high;
 Because I see her home
 Beyond the star-sown sky.

The brook I also shun
 That glows with cooling gleam,
 For plainly her abode
 Is mirrored in its stream.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

Joseph Lévy.

Without each other, once it was that we
 Could not of any rapture find a trace,
 Till, on a blissful life's far-stretching sea,
 Our shallop floating forth, we did embrace.

Hope was the sail unfurled to catch the breeze;
 Love was the barque that floated on the tide;
 Yet now it is adrift upon the seas,
 Yet now its course no ruling hand doth guide.

Both of us stand upon the shore thereof,
 So very cold, so quite indifferent;
 The flower-chain of the anchor of our love
 Lies sunk beneath the waves where down it went.

Thou leanest, happy thoughts at thy command,
 Upon thy husband's shoulder, close to him;
 I, from the beach before me where I stand,
 Mark, o'er the ocean, the horizon's rim.

REMEMBRANCE.

Paul Gyulai.

I often, often think of you,
Oh, fairest, sweetest angel mine!
And, o'er my soul, like stormy waves,
What time by nights the tempest raves,
I feel the stress of pain malign.

Mutely and passionately dear
I held you with a fervor true;
With fears and longings manifold,
With feelings sacred, pure as gold,
Such love the heart cannot renew.

A mere confiding child I was,
And you but played with me, no more!
I deemed the teardrop in your eye,
The tremulous hand in mine let lie:
A deep and secret import bore.

'Mld brilliant fetes my heartfelt songs
You buried with triumphant joy;
Upon my hope you sat your feet
And ruthlessly the petals sweet
Of its fair flowers did destroy.

I am alone! I am alone!
With whom in bliss could I abide?
New disappointments, now, in truth,
Cannot affect my heart's lost youth,
Whose future love's deep grave doth hide.

Ah! If I could but weep again,
My tears for you I still would shed,
And, like a pilgrim at the shrine,
Find rest in thought of you, once mine,
Still call down blessings on your head.

WONDER NOT.

Paul Gyulai.

Wonder not, wonder not at me,
Because a child I came to be;
'Tis love who now with me doth play,
With whom I sport from day to day.

Bright butterflies I shall pursue,
And such, dear little maid, are you!
When you on beauteous wings flit by,
Why should I not to catch you try?

Far up where even the bird both tire,
I'll rear a fairy castle-spire,
And on winged steeds with speed, I ween,
I'll take you there to be my queen.

With childlike readiness I weep,
When worldly vexing cares I reap;
Yet, great as then my grief may be,
A soothing nurse you are to me!

And at your kiss and in your lap
My smiles efface my tears, mishap;
Your voice doth gently o'er me creep,
As fairy tales that lull to sleep.

A child I always shall remain,
For childhood's blisses never wane;
Love, love, who now with me doth play,
Shall do so ever, day by day.

DYING LOVE.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Low burns the flame of love
Upon the sacred shrine;
The flickering light thereof
The faintest sigh would quench.
And never more relit
Shall this flame be again?
Within the breast it quit,
For now, extinguished quite,
Lies lifeless what in life
Gives men most blissful light.

The bitter, heartfelt pain
Upon love's sacred shrine,
And tears that fall as rain
No powers can succeed.
A small tear, yet a sea,
In which a life's desire
Is buried utterly.
The tear rolled down, and numb,
Cold, joyless, evermore
The void breast doth become.

The beauteous memory stays
Upon love's sacred shrine;
Pictures of bygone days
Repeatedly reflects;
Years pass, the gladsome guest—
These pictures of the heart—
Fades from the fickle breast,
And thou, with heart long dead,
And fearing most thyself,
Of death hast sure no dread?

AT THE END OF SEPTEMBER

Alexander Petöfi.

The garden flowers still blbssom in the vale,
Before our house the poplars still are green;
But soon the mighty winter will prevail;
Snow is already on the mountain seen.
The summer sun's benign and warming ray
Still moves my youthful heart, now in its spring;
But lo! my hair shows signs of turning gray,
The wintry days thereto their colors bring.

This life is short; too early fades the rose;
To sit here on my knee, my darling, come;
Wilt thou who on my breast doth now repose,
Not kneel, perhaps, to-morrow o'er my tomb.
O! tell me, if before thee I should die,
Wilt thou, with broken heart, weep o'er my bier,
Or will some youth efface my memory,
And with his love soon dry the mournful tear?

If thou dost lay aside the widow's veil,
Pray hang it o'er my tomb. At midnight I
Shall rise, and, coming forth from death's dark vale
Take it with me to where, forgot, I lie,
And stanch with it my ceaseless flowing tears,
Flowing for thee who hast forgotten me,
And bind my bleeding heart, which ever bears,
Even then and there, the truest love for thee.

YEA, BE PROUD.

Charles Szász.

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee,
Haughty as the cavern stone;
Bending not to the most plaintive
Prayers of lovers making moan.
As the marble statue's bosom
Never heaves a sigh of care,
Be thou cold, mute as the roses
Woven in thy braided hair.

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee;
Be not timid as the dove,
Seeking when the tempests lower
Sheltered nest within the grove.
Be a falcon brave, whose pinions,
Wind borne, soar to heaven high
O'er the sea; yet through the tempest
Calm is he with danger nigh.

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee;
At your feet here let me pine;
Self-willed show thyself and callous;
Let thy weakness none divine.
None must see thee show surrender,
"Heartless" let their verdict be;
Still, my soul, before thee bowing,
Crowns thee ever queen of me.

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee;
But when we a moment gain—
Free from curious eyes together
When alone we two remain—
Then—then let not pride engird thee
Like a heavy coat of mail,
But to this fond heart which loves thee
Yield thy heart. Let love prevail!

IN WILHELMINE'S ALBUM.

Francis Kölcsey.

Every flower of my days
Which the fates may bring to me,
Grief-sown, joy-sown though it be,
Grown in glad or grievous ways,
In love and friendship true,
I dedicate to you.

Every flower of my days
Twine I gayly in my hair;
Now the sky is dull, now fair;
Spring new roses still doth raise,
While with me dwell ye two;
Love and friendship true.

Every flower of my days
At my grave in time shall fade;
When I rest in hallowed shade,
Where no pain or sorrow preys,
Love and friendship true
I then shall find in you.

MY LOVE.

Alexander Petöfi.

An hundred forms my love at times doth take,
And in a hundred shapes appears to me;
Sometime an isle around which billows break,
The seas—my passions that encircle thee.

And then again, sweet love, thou art a shrine;
So that I think my love luxuriant falls,
Like leafy bowers, verdant and benign,
Around the church's consecrated walls.

Sometimes thou art a traveler, rich and great,
And, like a brigand, on thee breaks my love;
Again it meets thee in a beggar's state
And, suppliant, asks thee for the alms thereof.

Or thou art as the high Carpathian hills,
And I the thunderous cloud that shakes thy heart;
Or thou the rosebush round whose fragrance thrills
The nightingale, whereof I play the part.

Thus my love varies, but doth never cease;
It still remains imperishably sure;
Its strength abides, but with a greater peace;
Oft calm, and yet with depths that will endure.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Ah, God alone can tell
My sufferings how great
My body's and my soul's
Peace I have lost of late.
Dreams fill my head by day,
The night finds me awake;
I hardly cease, when I
Anew complaint must make.

It is my sighs alone
Which keep my life in me,
Although my anguished breast
They rend most terribly.
I can but pine and yearn
As if it were ordained
That I should long and burn
For what can't be attained.

Ah, if this yearning all,
May but my heart's love be,
Then woe this little maid;
Then, woe, indeed, to me;
Since one who could return
Such love as I bestow,
Faithful in life and death,
Lives not on earth below.

PRETTY GIRL.

Gregorious Czuczor.

Purling streamlet, tell to me,
 Doth my sweetheart bathe in thee?
 Do thy pearly beads delight
 Bubbling o'er my love so white?

Velvet sward, O, say to me,
 Doth my sweetheart rest on thee?
 Doth her heaving, snowy breast
 Breathe the fragrant rose with zest?

Gloomy forest, answer me,
 Doth my sweetheart roam in thee?
 Do the winds that southward go
 Dare on her fair cheek to blow?

Birds that in the plain rejoice,
 Do you hear my sweetheart's voice?
 To her lips do blithely leap
 Carols from her feelings deep?

Nightingale that sad dost trill,
 Ne'er thy note her ear should thrill;
 Did she hear thee, she would vie
 With thee, and, heart-broken, die.

THE TRESSES OF THY JET-BLACK HAIR.

Charles Szász.

The tresses of thy jet-black hair,
 Thy charming smiles and sweet,
 The splendor of thy eyes so fair,
 Of gemlike tears the seat,
 The whiteness of thy forehead high,
 The rose upon thy face,
 Not from my mind or heart could I,
 Even if I tried, efface.

If dreams the midnights bring, I see
Thy face which they have brought;
My restless soul still turns to thee;
Thou art my only thought.
Thou comest to me while I sleep,
My true love, full of grace;
Wake, to thy windows now I creep
By stealth to see thy face.

The tresses of thy jet-black hair,
Spread over me at night;
Around me weave from sun and air
A veil, thine eyes so bright;
But, when the day doth come, I break
With lute-songs on thy dream;
For tress and veil, as presents take
My love, my lute-songs' theme.

WOE HIM.

Joseph Komócsy.

Woe him whose heart has never known
The bliss that love imparts;
Eternal unrest is to him
Who never felt love's darts.

Or like to one who sees the sun,
But yet is ever cold;
Or one who ne'er their fragrance felt
The while the flowers unfold.

Both joy and sorrow have been mine,
And yet, dear God, be blessed,
For love, sweet love, its bliss and pain.
All these I have possessed.

A FLOWER I WOULD SAY.

Paul Gyulai.

A flower I would say
Thou art to me, but nay;
For though thy fairy face
Shows rose's, lily's, grace.
Yet, thee I call not so;
Can flowers feel? Oh, no!
Dear maid, remain what now thou art,
My loving and beloved sweetheart.

Shall I call thee a star,
The eve's bright crown afar,
Watching o'er dreams so sweet,
With secrets fair replete?
I call thee not a star;
Stars cold, though brilliant, are,
Dear maid, remain what now thou art,
My loving and beloved sweetheart.

The dawn thou art, I'd say,
Which, when it brings the day,
To heavenly smiles gives birth,
While dewdrops fall to earth.
The golden dawn, alas,
However, soon must pass!
Dear maid, remain what now thou art,
My loving and beloved sweetheart.

Ay, be a flower, which
Makes me thy lover, rich,
A star; which spreads a light
Through my ill-fated night;
A dawn, with joyous tear,
—Dewdrops—for thee, my dear;
Throughout this life, O, let me call
Thee what thou art, my own, my all!

A FORGOTTEN SONG.

Alexander Endrödi.

A thousand roses bloom around,
Their odor pleasures bring;
The zephyr sighs, the song bird's heard;—
I, too, a song will sing.

If I could but remember it,—
The song so sweet and fair,
And yet, alas, I know it not;
I cannot find the air.

The song bird sings again, again;
The bird forgets no lay;
It loves, and to its loving mates
It sings its love all day.

Sweetheart, if thou wert only here!
Methinks I see thy face;
And at the thought the very flowers
Seem sweeter in their grace.

All nature's wrapped in peace and joy;
The clouds, the sun, the shade;
And sweet the breaths of forest rise,
Like incense, newly made.

Methinks this added peace and rest,
Sweetheart, thy shade has brought;
Thou art with me, and lo, I sing
The song my soul has sought.

THE KISS.

Joseph Kiss.

The poet, Yussuf, did love most, I vouch,
These three: the song, the maid, the couch.

The maiden must be young, but old
The couch might be, if soft, he told.

The maiden must be full of fire,
And passionate the tuneful lyre.

Such was the wisdom Yussuf spread.
A youth once came to him and said:

"Great master, hear my song, I pray;
Thou shalt but judge, not praise, the lay.

My heart inspired the song! You know
The heart that loves will overflow."

But Yussuf interrupts and says:
"A poem true needs no preface;

Commence." The youth begins and reads;
His voice grows strong as he proceeds:

"Bulbul's sweet secret, say, what is
The sweetness in the loving kiss?

In tree-tops sweetly coos the dove,
But sweeter sounds the kiss of love.

And heavenly bliss descends at night,
To on my sweetheart's brow alight.

Consuming thirst of soul, love's breath,
Love's kiss is life, love's kiss is death."

Just then a stir,—the youth doth pause,
Yussuf Ben Ali's nod's the cause.

A curtain had been drawn apart,
And Leila, Yussuf's fair sweetheart,

On wings of love flies to his breast,
To kiss, caress; be kissed, caressed.

They kiss and kiss, and kiss anew—
The youth's amazed; what's he to do?

Fair houris fill his thoughts. It seems
As though he's lost in lovely dreams,

Until aroused by Yussuf's voice,
Who hides, at first, his love's best choice:

"Great Allah's ways thou seek'st in vain!
Practice the kiss, but don't explain."

HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO DIE.

Johanna Wohl.

How I should like to die!
That I, beloved friend,
Once more could for thee send,
That thou might'st then be nigh
While I glance in thy eye
Ere cometh my life's end.

How I should like to die!
While death o'erspreads my face.
My soul flies into space.
To graft such pictures, I
Upon my soul will try
As death shall not efface.

How I should like to die!
When my last earthly bliss
Might be thy parting kiss.
My soul therewith should fly,
Not toward the heavens high,
But in thy heart's abyss.

TO A LADY.

Paul Gyulai.

Whoever may have caused my heart to bleed,
I would not feel the pain; it's ever sore;
If but, sweet love, it had not been your deed,
Yours, who my guardian angel wert before.

With love I watched over your childhood's days;
A brother—yes, a father was to you;
With joy I saw you at your gleeful plays;
I loved you as a friend, pure, good, and true.

The beaming lustre of your laughing eyes,
Your winsome nature, ever sweet and bright,
To me, by fate pursued in cruel-wise,
Oft solace brought, and made my burden light.

You wounded me with mockery and sneer!
Throb not, my foolish heart; chilled heart keep still!
That gentle hands should strike blows so severe!
But you are young, and this my passions kill.

You still but dream, you know yet no deceit;
No deeper sorrow has yet come to you;
You therefore cannot know, how hard to meet
In this wide world a friend faithful and true.

Life's lessons, when you learn, you soon will know
False friendship; love that is a mockery;—
But no one may, I pray e'er treat you so
As you yourself, my friend, have dealt with me.

TO FORGET.

Joseph Lévy.

To forget thy face
Do I vainly try.
I cannot forget,
Or bid thee good-bye.
Every tree and shrub
Whispers low thy name;
Breeze, flower, and bird,
All repeat the same.

From the clouds above
Thy grief looms o'er me.
In the tremulous dew
Thy bright tear I see.
The lightning's quick flash,
And the meteor's light
Are the glowing smiles
Of thine eyes so bright.

Mountain, grove, and vale
All in vain appear.
There is not a spot
But thy face shows clear.
It smileth on me
Like a dream of grace,
Seen at morning still
And in every place.

Thou goest with me
Whereso'er I go;
When thy footsteps fall
Straight the blossoms flow.
O, heart of my heart,
Oh, my Soul's soul, I
Could not forget thee,
Or say good-bye!

YE STARS, BRIGHT STARS.

Julius Kéri.

Ye stars, bright stars that shine on high
Love is a shooting star from sky;
Up in heaven, on earth below,—
On hill and vale it causes woe;
The shooting stars cause men to sigh.

I, too, had once a most bright star;
It shot afar, and dark the night.
The bells ring out their saddest dole,
Dig deep the grave; flown is her soul;
My star, my love, all buried are!

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Joseph Hevesi.

Hark! there strikes the midnight bell!
My weariness I can't dispel.
May sleep soon hold me in its spell!

I soon will lie upon my bed,
And lay to rest my weary head;—
Come, dreams, your wings be o'er me spread

At last I lie in sweet repose;
My heavy eyelids now I close,
And conjure up your face, sweet rose.

And while awake and sleeping, too,
And while your loving face I view,
I whisper low: "I love but you."

HUSSAR SONG.

Gabriel Döbrentei.

My mother wept that I did once insist,
Though young, among the hussars to enlist;
Weep not, my mother; all is well and right,
I'm with the brave, who for their country fight.

'Twas sad to bid my Julia good-by;
Her heart was almost broken by her sigh.
Sweet Julia, do not weep; for all is right,
Here with the brave, for our dear home I fight.

It may be, e'en, that now my mother's dead;
That Julia another loves instead;
If this be so life has no more delight,
Though, with the brave, I for my country fight.

If this be so I can but weep and moan;
No balm has for my sorrow and grief grown;
Alas! this fate weighs down full many a knight,
My comrades, who with me went forth to fight.

Mother, sweetheart, if you are still alive,
To be of good cheer, then, you ought to strive;
For he you two love best takes but delight
For his good king and fatherland to fight.

Brave I go forth, and to my csáko's band
A laurel wreath be placed by victory's hand.
And may the camp aloud acclaim with joy:
Good and true Magyar fire burned in the boy.

GLORY.

Ludwig Dóczy.

Onward! forward! good cheer is mine;
The world is good to me.
My days of sorrow must decline;
Of ghastly nights am free.
A loser I in love affairs.
In game of life I won;
My brown maid no more for me cares;
A blonde to me doth run.

This woman fair, dame fortune she,
Betrays a love intense;
She sends her page, fair fame, to me,
To gain my confidence.
Her dainty messenger begins
To play upon my lyre;
With life renewed, I sing a lay,—
One full of hope and fire.

As if I never had you seen,
False maid, thy picture fades;
Methinks I see afar a queen,
In cloud and mist arrayed.
What heroes try, with might and main,
To reach, proud victory.
A wreath, instead of rosy chain.
In place of love, glory!

Lost youth of mine, the sparks supply:
The fire shall burn again.
There's work for me beneath the sky;
There's life beyond to gain.
My life's work is yet to be done;
All's well by fate's decree;
I could not gain the love of one,
The millions, though, love me.

And cedar-like I stately grow,
And, like an oak, am strong;
Unbent by fiercest stormy blow,
Admired by the throng.
Of course, death ends my earthly frame;
My name will never die,
For when my strength breaks down, my fame,
Eagle-like, soars on high.

Proud dream, deceptive thought, I know
My heart does naught but pine;
I feel my sorrow, feel my woe,
Great misery is mine.
My soul to dreamland soon will pass,
From 'neath the tomb I'll cry;
I fought, I conquered, but alas!
Unloved, not happy I.

A SONG.

Géza Zichy.

When I am dead, I will come back
To the earth each night;
But I will not come as a ghost,
Clad in ghastly white;
With the break of golden dawn, I
Will become a lark.
And my flight above thy head, my
Sweet love song will mark.
Balmy zephyr, gently blowing,
Will be made of me,
Covering with loving kisses
Neck and lips of thee,
Will become the scenting blossom
Of acacia sweet;
Spending odor, fade, and fall then.
Loving, at thy feet.

SONGS.

Joseph Markus.

I.

The sighs we breathe, where do they go?
To no one is it known;
The sharpest eyes shall not espy
To where our sighs have flown.

The sweetest secret of our love
The starry night doth weigh;
The song bird shall not sing of it,
Stream's murmurs not betray.

Let no one know but you and I
What bliss 'tis to conceal;
And even we our happiness
Unconsciously shall feel.

II.

Think'st thou of me, and if thou dost,
Is morning then or eve,
Is it sunrise. is it sunset,
When I thy thoughts receive?

The golden dawn of morning doth
My gilded hopes express;
The sun that wanes conveys to me,
Dear love, forgetfulness.

Beloved one, in thy heart's blue sky,
Am I a rising sun?
Is o'er the day, tell me, have I
Finished my daily run?

TO FORGET.

Cornelius Abrányi, Jr.

We must not love each other any more;
Not love each other, though, beyond all thought
"To part," is all that's left for us in store,
And since, then, to forget each other sought.

And since then I forget you, day by day;
I shun the places where we ever met;
One only thought is in my mind alway:
Learn to forget, forever to forget.

Each day common event follows event;
In none am interested I, and yet
My heart follows them all with close intent;
I simply learn forever to forget.

Extensive travels oft will change a man;
Into his mind and soul new thoughts are set.
I travelled much, impelled by that one plan,
Thee to forget, forever to forget.

If sometime my wild spirits leap with joy,
If woful thoughts bring sorrow and regret,
My joys, my cares, all but one thought convey,
Thee to forget, forever to forget.

We must not love each other any more,
We part! We say good-bye with deep regret.
See! faithful keep my word of heretofore;
Do nothing else but constantly forget.

Thee to forget I nevermore shall cease;
Not till the sun of my life shall have set.
When death, at last, shall bring eternal ease,
Within my grave I'll know how to forget.

FROM SECRET SONGS.

Louis Csáktornyai.

I asked of heaven's fair child, the moon,
To bring me reveries,
That I, forgetting ill, may dream
Beneath the blooming trees.

Bring consolation unto me,
Ye stars that shine so bright;
So shall I feel that mercy reigns
Above this realm of night.

I prayed the sun to give me, too,
Bright smile and radiant joy;
That in my heart be no waste place
Where grief finds no alloy.

I asked the minster's marble shrine,
On which I bowed in care,
To hearken and to succor me,
Now 'whelmed in dark despair.

The flower, the grass, the leafy tree
I prayed to bring me balm;
And you, so near and dear to me,
My sorrows kindly calm.

And yet, from all the answer comes,
Alas, your prayer is vain;
No balm may heal a heart betrayed
Nor cool its fevered pain.

IF MY TEARS.

Coloman Tóth.

If my tears to gems should turn
Which those eyes in secret shed,
Not on clay, that little maid,
But o'er pearls her way would tread.

If my thousand sighs should change
Into violets round her feet,
Then my little girl would rest
On a couch of violets sweet.

If my love became a sun,
Nevermore would there be night;
O'er my girl-rose I would shine
Everlasting, fervid, bright.

APPROACHING STEPS.

Emerich Gáspár.

Approaching steps I 'neath my window hear;
Soul-stirring thoughts they rouse and hope and fear.

Now nearer to the hearth I bring my chair;
Of all save waiting is my life grown bare.

A fever stirs my heart into its core;
It lasts until the footsteps reach my door.

Then fainter grow the footsteps' raps;
I shed a tear and into day-dreams lapse.

POEMS OF NATURE AND SENTIMENT.

*" In springtime's field I stand,
Above sigh zephyrs bland ;
I feel as though I trod
The very House of God."*

JOHN ERDELYI.

THE WINTER.

Charles Szász.

I.

The winter comes, cold days we feel.
The wind is bleak, the snowflakes fall,
Frost-flowers upon the panes conceal
A fair day-dream to paint for all.
Untouched by wind or frost am I;
My heart, my room are warm and dry.

A good fire burns upon the hearth,
A cheerful light upon the board;
Of kiss or word I know no dearth;
My knee supports my love adored;
I sing her songs and in return
My soul with love she makes to burn.

Our hearts, our rooms, now let us close,
Because without the earth is chill;
And if its ice-breath on us blows
Our very hearts the cold may fill,
Till on thy lips fond words will freeze,
And on my lips the jocund glees.

Without the warmth of sun and mirth
This world, indeed, were good for naught;
The darkening sky enshrouds the earth;
Night's gloom o'er all will soon be wrought.
No other lamp have I for night
Than my heart's ever ardent light.

II.

Art cold, my little one? Stay—on the fire
Fresh logs of wood I speedily shall throw;
Watch how the flames pursue each other higher;
Hark how they roar! Like waving tongues they go.

Give me your little hands in mine, my dear;
How cold your fingers; how benumbed they feel!
Deep in my breast, now let us place them here,
And soon the warmth its ardor will reveal.

Thy forehead droops and bows continually,
Like to a lily swaying its pure crest;
Sleep surely now is overpowering thee;
My angel, say that thou a space wilt rest.

Why should'st thou now exert thyself to wake,
When heavy grows thy weary little head?
Its pillow on my shoulder let it make;
No one can see thee, therefore have no dread!

Thus calmly, gently, here my jewel sleep;
My soul's sublime, now peaceful, resting star;
Like to a pearl beneath the sea so deep,
A gem by mother-pearl inclosed afar.

And while thou sleepest I shall try to solve
The riddle which I think of, as of thee:
Can'st thou, who, for the world's light dost revolve,
Bear love so warm, so truly deep for me?

A LAUREL TREE.

Emil Abrányi.

Lo, how the little garden is laid waste;
How still and sombre all things seem around;
Each plant is withered or to rankness grown,
While deadly light doth batten on the ground.

Like flowing tears the petals of the rose
Continue still to fall from off the tree,
As if a soft entombment to prepare,
Where soon its head must surely come to be.

The pointed spirals of the lily's stem
Lie bent and sadly broken everywhere;
The lovely tulip's cup now empty droops,
Missing its need of daily skill and care.

A burial place for all its beauteous blooms
This pleasant garden has become at last;
And o'er the tombs as stones the bare trees stand
In mourning for the glory that is past.

One tree alone in all its green array,
The verdant laurel, still uprears its head;
In vain decay makes slow but sure advance,
The laurel is not numbered with the dead.

Undaunted by the hand of age or time,
It lives, majestic, earnest and secure,
While all around it every other growth
Is either dead or doomed to not endure.

Thus ever stands the poet's deathless fame.
While every side the world's delights decay.
And like neglected flowers, wither there
And one by one in silence fade away.

Glory and wealth and pomp and name pass by;
All soon are dust and are entombed in night;
Only the poet's name for aye endures
And grows, forever green, forever bright.

HAIÐE.

Alexander Endrödi.

Haidé, the Sultan's sweetest daughter,
Strolls in the garden 'neath the trees;
She listens to the streamlet's murmurs,
And to the whispers of the breeze.

To take a rest she stopped just where
A shady bow'r cuts off the lane;
When, lo! some one gives her a kiss
And quickly disappears again.

One scream:—"Quick, quick, the daring slave,
Seize him! His cloak is made of blue!"
The chase arouses all. Fell death
Must be the impudent slave's due.

The Sultan sits upon his throne,
Aroused in him his wrathful ire;
"Lead him in here, the daring dog!
His punishment be swift and dire!"

When he's brought in Haidé stood
Nearest her father at the throne;
His cloak is blue—but, oh, his eyes,
Impassioned, lustrously they shone.

His cloak is blue, but pale his face;
Who knows what in his eyes she read?
"Is this the man?" the Sultan asked;
"That's not the man!" is all she said.

THE CAPTIVE STORK.

John Arany.

A lonely captive stork doth stand,
With courtyard walls on every hand;
Fain would he wing his flight afar;
Across the sea
His way would be,
But pinions clipped his soaring bar.

He stands upon one foot to dream;
Then shifts it; weary he doth seem.
Thus changing he the time doth spend—
Naught else to do
The whole day through,
Save shift and change without an end.

His head beneath his wing he lays;
Into the distance he would gaze;
In vain; four walls are round about.
Four walls of brick,
So high and thick,
'Tis vain to strive to pierce without.

True, he could look up to the sky,
But no desire directs his eye;
Free storks above fly far away,
Fair lands to see,
While vainly he
Doth long to end his doomed stay.

He waits, waits ever, still in vain,
That his maimed wings may grow again,
So he can high in heaven soar;
There, where his way
No limits stay,
Free homelands he can travel o'er.

The country glows with autumn sheen,
 But no more storks at all are seen,
 Save one poor loiterer, who doth dwell—
 A captive left,
 Of freedom reft,
 Immured within a narrow cell.

The cranes have not yet made their start.
 But even they will soon depart.
 He sees them not; he only hears
 Too well above
 The notes thereof—
 The birds of passage in his ears.

Once and again he even tries
 Upon his crippled wings to rise;
 Ah! they would raise him up on high,
 Nor hold him low,
 Were it not so
 That they were clipped so cruelly.

Poor orphan stork, poor stork, 'tis vain;
 Thy pinions ne'er will grow again,
 Even though winter should be o'er;
 For if they grew,
 False men anew
 Would clip them even as before.

ON THE DANUBE.

Alexander Petöfi.

Tell me, old stream, how oft thy bosom strong
 Is cleft by storms and ships that glide along?

How deep and wide these rifts! On heart of man
 Inflict such wounds no grief or passion can.

Yet, when the ship is gone the storm is o'er,
 The stream rolls smoothly, showing rifts no more.

But when the human heart is cleft, no calm
 Can heal the wound or bring it aught of balm.

VILLAGE HOURS.

Michael Tompa.

In pastoral bliss, all undisturbed,
Fair nature on thy breast I live;
Each moment comes with added joy,
Like leaden bees that honey give.

Together with the lark I rise;
I walk the field and plain, so sweet;
I meet the morning zephyrs cool
In narrow pathways through the wheat.

I see the wood-dove, hear the finch
By pleasant streams in leafy glades;
Now on the hillside bleak I rove,
Now turn to seek the forest shades.

Then to my flowers with pleasure new
I turn; how perfect they will be!
This one I water, that I prune,
And tend my garden lovingly.

I loiter o'er my trivial tasks
Until the heat drives me indoors;
Labor and wisdom are my friends,
And every home fresh joy outpours.

With sages old do I converse,
Who all their lore from nature drew;
As on their lives and thoughts I muse,
The golden age dawns on my view.

Or to my favorite bards I turn—
Poets with whom my soul claims kin.
And, while their fancies sweet allure
Upon my mind they enter in.

I turn the page and close the eye;
Into my chamber steals a breeze,
And over me slight slumber falls,
Lulled by the zephyr and the bees.

Bridelike, her lover to surprise,
A rose-spray through the casement blows;
My dreaming soul her beauty sees,
And straightway fairy visions knows.

Awaking, I my playmates call;
Bright fancy, who with me doth fly
Hither and thither, till the chimes
Tell us calm eventide is nigh.

The flocks from pastures wander home;
The young fowls early seek their rest;
'Tis evening, and the lute is heard,
Sweet to the joyous and distressed.

Vague pictures of past days revive;
The open vista old scenes brings;
Wanting remembrance, what were you,
Oh, heart? A harp without its strings!

With pious thoughts my bosom swells;
My soul more tender grows at eve;
Those who have wronged me, I forgive;
Forgiveness I would fain receive.

O'er me thus dreaming, calm doth steal,
Till, like a child, by sleep oppressed,
And half way through his nightly prayer,
I quietly subside to rest.

EVENSONG.

Francis Kölcsey.

Gently the evening steals
Over my garden close.
The sighing zephyr soft
Over my flowers blows;
And while it softly sighs
Over the flowers fair,
The tear-dew from mine eyes
Falleth upon them there.

Dost thou not see, my pet,
The cool shades where to rest?
Come; walk therein and pluck
My flowers to deck thy breast;
So that mine eyes soft dew
From off the petals shake,
And slowly to thy heart
Its trickling course shall take.

Gently the streamlet flows;
The nightingale sings near;
Over my head, love's star
In heaven shines bright and clear.
What see'st thou, that thine eye,
Sparkling, doth smile on me?
Ah, take me to thy heart,
And from all cares set free!

My sacred secret lies
Deep hidden in my breast;
Why bleeds my heart beneath;
Why heaves with such unrest?
In shadow round about
Cool quietude doth reign;
Howbeit a burning flame
Doth penetrate with pain?

Thy flame, in truth, I hear
 Within my bosom now;
 Hail to thee! hail for aye!
 To golden love I bow;
 Happy is he who dreams
 Above thy waves so fair,
 And to thy shores secure
 A bosom true doth bear!

AUTUMN DAYS. ✓

Coloman Tôth.

These are the autumn days. The sunrise is less
 bright:

Far from their nests the birds have taken flight;
 Happy is he who flies with loved ones dear;
 But one is sorrowful, left lonely here—
 All lonely here!

Restless, my room I traverse to and fro;
 The silence hears my footsteps as I go.
 The fire within the grate burns out, I see;
 I watch it; ah, how it resembles me—
 Resembles me!

My youth, alas, no longer doth remain;
 I look around for solace—but in vain!
 All ties that heretofore availed to bless
 Are burst asunder; bonds of happiness—
 Of happiness!

Out from my casement gray, dull sky I see;
 I ask of it, shall I yet happy be?
 Cheerless and quiet falls the autumn rain,
 And each drop seems to answer, "Not again—
 No more again!"

GOOD-BY.

Anthony Radó.

Another shake of hands—adieu;
 Will ever I again see you?
 The sweet thoughts in my soul that swell
 Will it be given me to tell
 Some future day?

As were we strangers, thus we meet;
 And cold your speech with which you greet
 Me now; but that you must suppress
 Your heart's true state, will you confess
 Some future day?

Do you not feel with me, sweet heart,
 That wrong it is for us to part?
 You go!—God bless you!—I remain;
 Shall you and I e'er meet again
 Some future day?

'TIS NIGHT.

Alexander Petöfi.

'Tis night, the night of peace and rest,
 With moon and stars lit up the sky;
 My fair-haired child, with sky-blue eye,
 My pearl, what do thy thoughts suggest?

Around me hover sweetest dreams,
 Though sleep did not me overwhelm;
 Each dream of mine a splendid realm,
 The crown of which thou art, it seems.

Could I but steal—a thief to be,
 Though wrong—I'd gladly go to steal
 My dreamland's each and every weal;
 Enriching poor reality.

TEACH ME.

Iduna.

Songful spring which newly dawns,
Verdant forests, fields and lawns,
Blades o' grass and tiny leaf,
Bird nest built upon the reef;
Teach me to hope.

Pale-faced moon with silver ray,
Mirage I amazed survey,
Shadows darkling o'er the plain,
Flock of the migrating crane;
Teach me to dream.

Beauteous velvet leaf of rose,
Which of love's confections knows,
Tree-tops sparkling with the dew,
Doves which in the forest coo;
Teach me to love.

Shining, bright star in the sky,
Near the throne of God on High,
Lightning-bug, whose tiny light
Never ceases to be bright;
Teach me to pray.

Mowed-down grass, whose sweetest scent
To our souls sweet thoughts had sent,
Low-bent head of violet,
Last smile of the sun which set;
Teach me to remember.

Sere leaves which in autumn fall,
Raging organs which appal,
Falling stars, extinguished fires,
Thunder crash which awe inspires;
Teach me to die!

ON A RAILROAD.

Alexander Petöfi.

I am in raptures, happy, gay;
Glorious scenes now greet this eye.
Only the birds ere now could fly,
But men can also fly to-day.

Fleet-winged thought or venturous mind,
We'll in the race with you compete.
Spur on your horse! A splendid heat!
We shall, withal, leave you behind.

Hills and vales, seas, men and trees,
What else I pass God only knows;
My wonder, my amazement grows,
Viewing these misty sceneries.

The sun runs with us, as in dread
Of quick pursuit—a madman's thought—
By devils who, if him they caught,
Into small fragments then would shred.

He ran and ran and onward fled,
But all in vain! He had to stop,
Tired, on a western mountain top;
Blushing with shame, his face is red.

But in our ride we still proceed;
We weary not, feel no fatigue;
And, rolling up league after league,
May yet to reach new worlds succeed.

A thousand railroads men shall build
Throughout the earth, till endless chains
Of iron lines, like human veins,
The world with healthy life have filled.

The railroads are the veins of earth;
Culture and progress prosper where
They cause pulsations in the air;
To nations' greatness they give birth.

Build railroads, more than heretofore;
You ask whence you shall iron take?
The chains and yokes of slavery break;
Let human slavery be no more!

O, JUDGE ME NOT.

Alexander Petöfi.

O, judge me not, fair maid, I pray;
Not from our first and sole salute;
Not always is my tongue, as then,
So ill-behaved, so dumb and mute.

Oft floweth from my lips a stream
Of cheerful speech, and often floats
Humor or jesting o'er its waves,
Like merry folks in pleasure boats.

But when I saw thee first I tried
Some word to say, and tried in vain;
Before a storm breaks out all round
A graveyard quietude will reign.

A storm came up here in my breast;
Speechless I stood, charmed by a spell;
The storm broke out and 'mid thunderings
The lightnings of my wild love fell.

How the tornado rends, destroys!
But I shall suffer patiently.
For when I once thy love shall gain
The rainbow of my soul I'll see.

MAGYAR POEMS.

I STILL LOVE.

John Bulla.

I still love the clouds which
 Gather on the high
 Often, though by showers
 Wetted through was I.

Daily, I the bright sun
 Most lovingly greet;
 Often, though, I suffered
 From its intense heat.

Lovingly I look on
 Heaven's dome, so vast;
 Often, though, I saw it
 Dark and overcast.

Woman, lovely woman,
 I'll love till I die;
 More oft' she deceived me
 Than cloud, sun, or sky.

SWEET DREAM.

Julius Rudnyánsky.

Sweet dream and sweet reality;
 Rose leaves fall from the rose tree.
 With my sorrows sun-rays toy;
 I could weep from heartfelt joy.

My heart is filled with tuneful lay.
 As lilacs on the lilac spray;
 Alike are song and heart, both filled
 With passion strong and love that thrilled.

Ah! Could forever last but this;
 Ah! Could we die while in this bliss.
 Embracing you, my darling wife,
 Together enter future life.

THE BUSH AND THE WIND.

Edmund Jakab.

A bush near a roadway grew,
Asked once the wind that fiercely blew:

"Since spring, O wind, I have not seen
You; tell me, now, where you have been."

"I've traveled far," the wind replied,
"Where aught of earth doth yet abide.

"And when I choose to rend the air
I, I alone was master there.

"I caught the ancient forest's crown,
And kings of forests tumbled down.

"I swept the mighty ocean's waves
And mighty ships sank to their graves.

"O'er Afric's sandy sea I rode.
Reft caravans bestrewed the road.

"Yet naught more freely I enjoyed
Than seeing towns by fire destroyed.

"I've told you of my glorious run;—
Now, tell me, bush, what you have done?"

"Tis little, true, that I have done;
I lived, I bloomed, enjoyed the sun.

"A cosy nest I gave a bird,
And for it his sweet lays heard.

"The wanderer I welcome made
And rendered him my cooling shade.

"And when he had enjoyed his rest
He gratefully my branches blessed.

"And this is all. Believe me, though,
To change with you I would forego."

THE CLOUDS.

Paul Gyulai.

I oft will gaze up to the high;
I love to gaze on clouds in sky;
 How they overspread the heaven!
 Their forms so strange,
 They ever change,
And by the winds are ever driven.

Gathering darkly o'er the hill,
The sun-rays whiten them and fill
 The sky with spotless white and gay—
 Little lambs roam
 On heaven's dome—
Like white-fleeced lambs they rove and play.

The wind will oft, poor cloud, molest
You just when you would like to rest;
 Flying, now like a fleet,
 A dragon then,
 One ever can
You in unnumbered guises greet.

But whereat now? Going to war?
The lightning shoots, the storm-winds roar,
 The tempest blows, but soon relief
 Will come; we'll sight
 A rainbow bright,
And blended are sweet joy and grief.

How beauteous is the sky when fair,
One or two cloudlets all its care;
 They soon assume a roseate hue;
 Like memory sweet,
 They smile and greet:
And one with pleasant thoughts imbue.

The morning dawn and eve's dark shroud
Are both quite friendly to the cloud.

With crimson hue 'tis overspread;

The dawn is fair;

Her golden hair

Throughout all nature lustre sheds.

And when the evening sets, my cloud
Appears a fairy palace, proud;

A mighty tower, it rears its head;

And from its door

Gold glories pour—

The beck'ning spirits of the dead.

I oft will gaze up to the high;

I love to gaze on clouds in sky;

For hours and hours I view them oft.

And, like a child,

I'll dream so wild,

While musingly I gaze aloft.

SPRING SONG.

John Erdélyi.

Here in a field I stand:

Heaven's peace doth now expand

My heart, and in my ear

Dim murmuring I hear.

As when the people raise

In church the voice of praise,

Even thus now moved am I

To holy thoughts and high.

In springtide's field I stand;

Above sigh zephyrs bland;

I feel as though I trod

The very House of God.

VOICES FROM EGER.*

Alexander Petöfi.

Snow on the earth, clouds in the sky!
 Who cares? Let it be so.
 None need to marvel, for this is
 The winter's daily show.
 To tell the truth, I could not tell
 When winter came,
 Did not a look into the street
 The fact proclaim.

I sit here in this cheerful room,
 With faithful friends around,
 Who fill my bowl with "egri" wine.
 Such as but here is found.
 The friends are true, the wines are good;
 Who would have more?
 I now enjoy such happy days
 As ne'er before.

If my contentment had but seeds,
 I'd sow them o'er the snow:
 A rosy bower then in bloom
 Would in the winter grow.
 And if to heaven I then might cast
 My joyous heart,
 To all the world it, like the sun,
 Warmth would impart.

From here the mountain I can see.
 Where Dobo once his name
 Inscribed with sword and Turkish blood
 Upon the page of fame.
 Ah! until such a man as he
 Again we see.
 Much water will the Danube bear
 Into the sea.

Ah! withered is long, long ago
The Magyar's blooming spring,
And apathy inglorious
Doth to the nation cling.
Will ever spring again return
Into our land?
And will once more our plains and fields
In growth expand?

Let us drop this; but seldom I
Enjoy a feast thus rare.
So let us not our pleasure mar
By memories fraught with care;
And, after all, do sighs abate
Sorrow and grief?
The minstrel 'tis alone who finds
In song relief.

Let us our country's cares not heed
For this one day alone,
And each sad thought of her let us
Now, while we drink, postpone.
Fill up once more! Another glass
Of glowing wine;
And still one more to follow that
None should decline.

Well, well! What do I notice now?
A cycle means each glass;
My mind now in the future roams,
While I the present pass.
And in this future I once more
Again rejoice,
And hear throughout my fatherland
Joy's happy voice.

*Eger, a city in the comitatus (county) of
Heves, famous for its wine.

AUTUMN SONG.

Joseph Bajza.

Mists arise, the crane soars high,
Shrieking through the air,
Fain of far-off warmer home
In the Southland fair,
Where no winter on the hills
Whitens everywhere.

See the flowering branches turn
And the tree-tops fade;
What thou see'st on every side
Change has always made;
While the earth-bound soul desires
Home's more blissful shade.

Heart, sick heart, the autumn now
Strips thee of hope's leaves
Nevermore will bloom on earth
That which it bereaves.
Be not sad; a happier hour
Soon the soul receives.

IN A VILLAGE.

Paul Gyulai.

I have tired of the noise of Pesth,
Where Vanity doth all infest
My soul can't bear it any more.
Hide me, ye vale, ye forest's trees,
Cheer me, ye grass, scent, flowers, breeze.
Songbird, thy cheeriest song outpour!

Upon the greensward let me lie
For one day to forget I'll try
My pain, my sorrow, and my woes,
The rank and pelf of haughty man
Politeness' toll and fashion's clan,
The maudlin sweethearts and their beaux.

Let me not see the crowd's blank face,
The ancient sin, the new grimace,
The forced smile, the deceitful tear,
Malicious tongue, whose slanders pain,
The selfish heart, the crazy brain,
Let me forget them all while here.

Let me not see hands that applaud;
The artist, who is but a fraud;
From poets, statesmen, all, I fly;
Let me be rid of party strife,
And leaders who each other knife,
And venal newspapers, which lie.

Hide me, therefore, vale and forest;
Gentle breeze, rock me to rest;
And when the evening star shall gleam,
Brightly on high, when nature sleeps,
The nightingale all doleful weeps,
Then bring to me bright, golden dreams.

Let me rest from my many cares,
Forget the world and its affairs,
The past which long has dormant lain.
But let me, pray, life's brighter side
Sweet memories that shall abide
With me, in my dreams see again.

AT HOME.

Alexander Petöfi.

Beautiful home, upon thy wide-spread plain
 Expands a waving field of golden grain,
 Whereon the mirage plays, O, country dear,
 Knowest thou still thy son, now pining here?

'Tis long ago since welcome rest I found
 Beneath the poplar trees I yet see round,
 While, through the autumn sky high overhead,
 Migrating cranes in V-shape southward sped.

When on the threshold of our house, with tears,
 Heartsore, I bade good-by to all my dears,
 And when dear mother's last and parting sigh
 On gentle zephyrs' wings away did fly;

Ah, many a line of years, since then begun,
 Their course completed, to their death have run,
 While on revolving wheels of fate I passed
 Through various scenes in which my lot was cast.

The great world is the school of life, I trow,
 Where through I plodded with perspiring brow,
 Because my road was passing hard and rough,
 And, from the start, I traversed wastes enough.

I know—and none knows better than I well think—
 To whom experience held her hemlock drink,
 That rather I would drain the cup of death
 Than the black chalice which she proffereth.

But now despair and grief and bitter pain
 Which swelled my heart, rending it nigh in twain,
 Are gone; their memory e'en is washed away
 By holy tears of joy I shed to-day.

For here, where once I lay on mother's breast,
 Drank in her honeyed love—to me the best—
 The sun shines smilingly from heaven's dome
 Again on thy true son, O fair, loved home!

THE BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Is there a savage breast
That loves not each fair flower?
A fair flower is my world,
Rejoicing me each hour.
Its hue shows innocence,
Its petals are snow white,
And virgin love's abode,
Its heart so roseate bright.
Hope is the glow serene
Of fragile bough so green,
Thus blooming, it doth seem,
My all, my life, my dream.

Joyously flits a bee
Around a flower there;
Blithely it hums above,
Dwells on its bosom fair.
Rests on a leaf at eve,
Wrapt in a happy dream,
Drinks of its honeyed dew
At the moon's rising beam.
Noon needs a gentle breeze,
Its midday heat to ease,
And when the storm draws nigh,
Its shelter leaves supply.

Friends of my daily life,
Feel not reproachful ire;
As if my heart, so mute,
Should not conceive desire.
The one it had has fled
Into the blooming mead.
I call, but 'twill not come;
The flower enchains its need
Turns my desire, the bee,
Blonde maid, my flower, to thee;
Could e'en a beast of prey
Love to this flower gainsay?

BIRD VOICES.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Thus saith the lark in upward flight
 While circling to the heavenly height:
 'I greet thee, breeze, that sweeps the lawn;
 I greet the beauteous golden dawn;
 The wintry snows are at an end,
 Bright is the sky, glad fields extend;
 The grass grows green, and I will there
 My little nest soon build with care.
 Soon will the new-born earth appear;—
 A well decked table set for cheer.

O, joy and pleasure,
 Joy and pleasure,

The meadow lands are ours for pleasure."

Then comes the sparrow, hungry, spry,
 That busily around doth fly;

"Chirrup, cheep,
 Chirrup, cheep,

Leave the fragments of your store;
 If 'tis plenty, then no more.

I'm a marauder free,
 Hungry everlastingly;
 Ploughing, reaping, none for me.

Yet enough, in truth, have I
 As the bees their toil that ply;
 Let the others work; I'll eat,
 Stealing all I can for meat.

Chirrup, cheep,
 Chirrup, cheep,

Little in my life I need
 But the peasants' stray-sown seed."

Then the choristers appear;—
 The robin and the blackbird gay,
 The goldfinch bright, the linnet gray,
 The bobolink, with note so clear;
 And wheresoever spring prevails.
 In mountains, meadows and in vales.
 Their songs, so glad and fair,
 Fill the sweetly scented air.

Yea, all are joyous through long days;
 Until at length the warm days end
 Their happy and their blithesome lays
 From quivering lofty tree-tops blend.
 But one chief chorister—
 The gentle nightingale,
 Close by the rivulet
 Singeth a mournful tale.
 So great the pain,
 Her heart doth cry;
 A tithe such grief
 Would make men die.

Where are my nights,
 My days, O, where
 My love's delights,
 My joys so rare?

Alas, in lands far, far away.

My sorrows and my joys are bound
 To one who faithless roams around,
 And on a light love's wing doth stray.

Who now can hear
 My plaints so drear?
 This spot so calm
 Brings my heart balm.

The rocky cliff re-echoes every tone
 But I receive no answer to my moan.
 Were I an eagle free
 And my heart burned so sore,
 Soon on strong wings I'd be,
 Up near the heaven's door.
 And from the sun I would gain fire to burn
 The callous leaves that coldly from me turn.

I can but voice
 My dolorous cry;
 Alas, poor bird,
 Can only die.

O, break, my heart, and cease as doth my song;
 What art thou but my song so sadly strong?"

The nightingale, the forest's very heart,
 Thus to the world her sorrow did impart;
 And when the wood thus speaks the world is still.
 And listens how with woe her heart doth thrill.

IN THE EVENING.

Coloman Tóth.

O, that the evening were come,
And all the stars shone out above;
More than all things on earth beside
The precious eventide I love;
But 'tis not simply for the stars
That makes this season one I prize;
'Tis that I now rejoice to know
Another bitter day thus dies.—
I would that I were dead.

Enough, indeed, I now have seen,
At last in peace mine eyes can close.
These eyes are like the constant stream
Heavy with tear that constant flows.
And this is what the storms of earth
Bring to our eyes: Felt by one man,
Unfelt by one; which is the fool?
Answer this question if you can.—
I would that I were dead.

Virtue and honor's motto still,
Are weakly holden here and there,
Even the poet's sacred song
Is born of vanity and air.
Greatness and littleness are one;
By different names one sole part play;
The dross of earth is erst called dew,
And dew is then called dross next day.—
I would that I were dead.

All sentient circumstance is one;
Sorrow and joy alike the same,
As is the moisture of the eye,
From whatsoever source tears came.
Both things are other than they seem
And underneath, we may believe,
That like the stream that hides the rock,
So all our deeds do us deceive.—
I would that I were dead.

O, 'twill be otherwise I think
Above, with you, there on the height,
Ye heavenly garden's beauteous buds—
Ye stars so passing fair and bright.
How in your brightness he believes
And hopes who constantly doth gaze;
Who, while on earth, in bitter tears
And suffering passed weary days.—
I would that I were dead.

WHAT USE?

Alexander Petöfi.

Of what avail to plough the earth
Without the seed that brings to birth?
Neglecting this but weeds will grow,
And all your work for naught will go.

Believe me, fairest, sweetest rose,
Beneath thy glance my poor heart glows;
And as the plough the ground upheaves
Thy glance my heart in furrows leaves.

Thy glance in vain cuts deep my heart.
But sorrow from its depths will start;
Except thou sow with love, and fair,
Sweet-scented roses blossom there.

SONG OF THE DOGS AND WOLVES.

Alexander Petöfi.

I.

How fierce the tempest blows—
The winter's cruel twin!
Chill rain and freezing snows
To reign outside begin.

What heed we who enjoy
The kitchen corner snug?
Where masters kind supply
Straw and a cosy rug?

For food we have no care;
When masters sit to meat,
The remnants are our share,
And we may freely eat.

Beaten we are full oft;
It hurts, but then, we own
That nothing harms a dog—
A fact too widely known!

When master's wrath is o'er,
And he has ceased to beat,
Grateful we crawl around
And lick his gracious feet.

II.

How fierce the tempest blows—
The winter's cruel twin!
Chill rain and freezing snows
To reign outside begin.

Empty the country is,
Our home, this barren space;
Not e'en a bush affords
To us a hiding place.

Around is bitter cold,
And hunger fierce within;
Relentlessly pursue
These foes of ours, born twin.

Besides these foes, a third—
The loaded gun—we dread,
When on the pure white snow
Our life blood floweth red.

We freeze, we starve, we feel
The shot wounds in our breast;
Hard is our lot, but yet
With freedom we are blest!

NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

Charles Szász.

A small, brown nightingale sings there.
In coverts hidden—Who knows where?
None listens save myself alone,
And my heart throbs at every tone.

Upon the velvet grass I lie;
Beneath a shady tree, close by,
The bird doth still her lay prolong;
I listen to the charming song.

The breeze away the tune doth waft,
But in my heart 'tis echoed soft;—
Yea, it is echoed in my soul
As sad, as lovely in its dole.

And thus the little bird doth sing—
"Life but one summer hath to bring.
And when this summer fair doth wane,
Sere leaves and sapless twigs remain."

THE FOREST HOME.

Alexander Petöfi.

Just as the heart its primal secret holds,
A cottage small the circling hills conceal;
If raging tempests bear it down the vale,
The frail and straw-thatched roof small hurt doth
feel.

'Neath foliage dense of whispering forests cool,
This straw-thatched roof doth nestle in the shade,
While on the trees the piping bullfinch swings
The wild dove coos, and sighs throughout the glade.

And, as a hunted chamois, swift doth run
A little brook down from the height above;
Like maidens coy, who in smooth water gaze,
Fair flowers bloom on either side thereof.

Unto these flower-maidens gallants come;
With ardent passion do the wild bees haste,
Enjoy—yet in the stream how many fall,
Intoxicated with the love they taste!

The sun and zephyr pity as they see;
The kind breeze bears a loose leaf from on high,
And when the lover-bee has gained his raft,
The sun with gracious ray his wings doth dry.

The she-goat, over on the mountain's brow,
With udder full and sportive kids goes round;
From her and from the wild bees' golden store
All that the cottage table needs is found.

The piping bulfinch and the plaintive dove,
They fear no traps by any dweller there;
Those who inhabit scenes like this, know well
How sweet and glad is Liberty's pure air.

No serfdom here; no tyranny there is
To give command with harsh and thunderous word;
Only, at times, the heaven's artillery loud,
Reminding people to fear God, is heard.

And God is good; He is not wroth for long;
Since, when the ominous clouds their ire have
 spent,
He smiles forth in forgiveness once again
In the arched rainbow where all hues are blent.

FOR WHOM THIS MOURNING?

Stephen Rónay.

All nature seemeth into mourning thrown,
As if some deathly grief did cause its moan.

The hill and vale are clad in bright array,
Yet ne'er the birds did trill so sad a lay.

A restless storm doth linger in the air,
To join with shrieks and wails all earth's despair.

The sweetest blossoming rose bends low its head.
As one who knows what fates the gods have said.

Upon each leaf there hangs a dewy tear;
They mourn a loved one upon her bier.

Great is the grief by nature to be borne,
That daily, nightly she must moan and mourn.

The stars themselves do omens ill betray,
And tremble from their erstwhile lustrous ray.

Sighs fill the air; the earth itself doth thrill;—
Or can it be that but my heart is ill?

THE RUINS OF THE INN,

Alexander Petöfi.

Oh, beauteous, boundless strength of lowland plain,
My glad heart's pleasure ground dost still remain,
With hills and vales, the broken highland seems
A volume that with countless pages teems;
But thou, where hill succeeds not hill, my plain,
Art like an open page, whereof I gain
The knowledge at a glance, and over thee
The loftiest thoughts are written legibly.
'Tis sad; I cannot pass by happy chance
My life upon the puszta's wide expanse.
Here would I dwell amid these valleylands,
As the free Bedouin on Arabian sands.
Puszta, thou art the type of liberty;
And, liberty, thou art as God to me!
For thee, my Deity, alone I live,
That once for thee my life-blood I may give;
And, by my grave, when I for thee have died,
My cursed life shall then be sanctified.
But what is this,—grave, death, what do I write?
But marvel not, for ruins meet my sight;
Not ruins of a fort, but of an inn;
Time asks not to what end the house hath been;
A fortress, or a tavern, 'tis the same;
He treads o'er both alike, and when he came.
Walls tottered, crumbling, iron e'en as stone,
And nothing, high or low, he leaves alone.
Of stone how came they this old inn to rear,
When all the lowland shows no quarry near?
A town or hamlet, nestled here at first,
Long ere the Turkish rule our land had cursed.
Poor Hungary, my wretched land; ah me;
How many yokes have been endured by thee!
This ancient town was sacked by Osman's hordes.
 razed each house therein, except the Lord's.
 arch remained, a ruin, it is true,

Still of our loss a mourner left to view.
For centuries it stood thus; stood to mourn;
Until at last, by sorrow overborne,
It fell, and, lest its stones should scattered be,
They built the wayside inn which here you see,—
From God's house build an inn! and wherefore nay?
One serves the body, one the soul, I say!
Each in our being has an equal share;
On each we must attend with dutious care,
From God's house build an inn, and wherefore nay?
Our life can please our God in either way,
And purer hearts within an inn I've known,
Than some who daily kneel before God's throne.
Inn, fallen inn, when yet within thy door
The travellers rested and enjoyed thy store,
My phantasy builds up thy wall anew,
And one by one thy transient guests I view;
The wandering journeyman with staff is here;
The puszta's son in greasy cloak stands near,
There, with his long beard, is a peddling Jew,
The roving Slovak tinker, with a few
Who drink; the smiling hostess, young and fair,
Flirts with a merry student debonaire;
The wine has made his head a little light,
His heart more loving to the hostess bright.
The aged host! in rage why starts he not?
He calmly sleeps beside the stack, I wot!
Then, 'neath the haystack's shade, now, in the tomb.
Where, too, his fair young wife had long found room:
All have returned, long years since, dust to dust;
The inn hath fallen a prey to age's rust.
The wind the covering from its head did tear;
The roof, wherof dismantled, it stands bare,
As though its master, time, it stood before,
And prayed for better usage than of yore.
In vain the suppliant prays, day after day;
Crumbling, it falls, until one cannot say
Where was the doorway, or the window where,
The chimney yet stands, pointing heavenward there;
It was the dead's last hope before it fell;
The cellar is a ruin; and the well,
Whose holst, one day, some passing vagrant stole,

Leaving behind the crossbeam and the pole,
 On which a royal eagle came to light,
 Because the puszta yields no loftier height;
 Behold his look and mien, so full of pride;
 His memories seem with ages gone to bide.
 The sun, that heavenly lover, flames above;
 He burns, because his heart is filled with love
 For "Delibab,"* the puszta's fairy child,
 Whose fond eyes gaze at him in yearnings wild.

*Fata Morgana.

STREAMLET AND STREAM.

Alexander Petöfi.

The streamlet's waves roll on in gleeful ways;
 Their merry splash is as a silvery voice,
 In such a tuneful current did rejoice
 The mellow accents of my youthful days.

My soul was then a streamlet, pure and clear,
 A mirror of the laughing sky above;
 Sun, moon and star in this sky was my love;
 The lively fish, my joyous heart, leaped here.

The streamlet has become a swollen stream;
 Its whispers, silver clear, are heard no more;
 And o'er the storm is heard its mighty roar;
 And overcast is now the heaven's bright gleam.

Bright sun, look not upon the stream just now;
 Thou wilt not see in it thy shining face;
 The struggles of the storm its waves displace;
 Upheave its waters from the depths below.

What do the stains upon the waters mean—
 The bloody stain, shown by the angry sea?
 The wide world cast its anchor into thee;
 My blood—blood of my heart—here now is seen!

THE BIRD TO ITS BROOD.

Michael Tompa.

How long, ye birds, on this sere bough
Will ye sit mute, as though in tears?
Not quite forgotten yet are now
The songs I taught ye, surely, dears;
But if for aye are vanished quite
Your former cheer, your song so gay,
A sad and wistful tune recite—
Oh, children, sing to me, I pray!

A storm has raged; our rocks apart
Are rent; glad shade you cannot find;
And are ye mute, about to start
And leave your mother sad behind?
In other climes new songs are heard,
Where none would understand your lay,
Though empty is your home and bared—
Yet, children, sing to me, I pray!

In memory of this hallowed bower,
Shady and green, call forth a strain,
And greet the time when soon in flower
These barren fields shall bloom aga'n;
So, at your song, anew shall life
Over this plain, with ease, make way,
Sweetening the day with sorrow rife—
Oh, children, sing to me, I pray!

Here in the tree is the old nest
Where you were cherished lovingly;
Return to it, and therein rest,
Albeit among the clouds you fly;
Now that the storm has laid it bare,
Would you the traits of men display?
Leaving this place, your home transfer?
Oh, children, sing to me, I pray!

THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

John Arany.

One-half of heaven in grievance wept;
The other laughed in glee;
A double rainbow spanned the land
As if from sea to sea.
Its gleam against the cloudy sky
Was noticed by a child;—
A dreamy, winsome, blonde-haired boy.
With wistful eyes and mild.

"O, what a splendid bridge is yon;
A heavenly bridge!" he thought.
"Methinks the angels tread it now,
Whom I so long have sought!
Yes, I will run and see them there,"
He cried, the rainbow's charm
Moving him. "Angels surely can
Do little boys no harm!

"It cannot be so far away;
It is behind yon tree;
Before the evening has set in
At heaven's gold gate I'll be.
O, God, how beautiful must be
Thy paradise within!
O, God, if only into heaven
A brief look I could win!"

So saying, he sets out to run,
And soon is far away;
His anxious mother calls to him:
He hears not; will not stay;

An hundred flowers call to him,
"Sit down, thou little boy."
The birds say, "We will sing to thee."
He hears not their decoy.

So slippery is the path, he falls,
But soon doth rise again;
Thorns tear his dress and fain would try
To hold him back in vain.
And then another barrier comes
Before him; 'tis the creek;
This, too, he crosses; on he runs;
He is not tired or weak.

He from the creek does not recoil;
Heeds not the slippery way;
He stops not at the wild, rude thorns;
On, on, without delay!
Pleasure or danger stop him not,
Though he encounters each;
Up to the rainbow still he looks;
That goal he fain would reach.

Travelers and peasants, passing, hail—
"Lo! stop thou little one;
Tell us what is thy urgent haste;
Where dost thou quickly run?"
"O," he replies, but, hurrying on,
Regards not those who ask,
"To reach that bridge and to return
Ere evening is my task."

"O, foolish child! where is that bridge?
Thy race had better cease;
A rainbow 'tis, the ends of which
Arch over distant seas.

The empty clouds it fills anew
With water, bringing rain;
But, if you disbelieve us now,
Run on; 'twill all be vain."

"Be it a rainbow or a bridge,
Reach it I must ere night!"
Thus said the boy, and on he runs,
Viewing the lovely sight.
And now a bushy by-path leads
Into the forest glade,
Where it would seem that, for to-day,
Nature her rest hath made.

A rustle here, a whisper there,
Mystery all around;
Something e'en snatches off his cap;
Magic doth here abound!
Gray, heavy boughs fall in his way,
But tireless on goes he;
He sees the charming rainbow shine
Bright above bush and tree.

And pilgrims meet him, who inquire
His quest; he answers fair.
"O, little fool, 'tis useless quite;
None ever may get there.
Many and divers tales are told
Of heaven's prismatic bow,
But what it is none of us all—
A crowd—can say 'I know.'"

But still the boy is not content;
"I want to know," he cries;
Leaving the wood behind he gains
The hill, and on he flies.
He falls, he wounds his little feet,
But nothing stops him now,
Until, exhausted quite, he falls,
Reaching the mountain's brow.

Even when exhausted, lying there,
With pains and aches that tire,
He casts a glance at heaven's arch,
Yearning and full of fire.
The rainbow now begins to lose
The splendor of its ray;
Slowly more dim and vague it grows,
Turns gray and dies away.

"O, golden bridge or splendid arch!"
Sounds the boy's piteous cry;
"I love thee, whatsoe'er thou art;
Leave me not; do not fly!
If I may not, like angels, walk
O'er you to heaven's dome,
Let me your glory see until
I reach my final home."

By an old hermit this is heard,
With age and care weighed down;
A long, gray beard flows o'er his chest,
White locks adorn his crown.
"What ails thy mind, what ails thy heart,
What ails thee, little waif?
Why dost thou wish, being so young,
So soon to reach thy grave?"

"Thy heart's desire and earnest wish
Lies in a realm unknown;
Naught but an empty shape it is,
A fairy dream alone;
A ray 'tis of the sun's bright eye,
Which doth victorious fall,
Breaking through clouds and showing us
God's glory; that is all."

And the old sage did further teach
The little boy his lore;
Taught him the wisdom which unlocks
Nature's most secret door.

Full of compassion, then he took
The lad into his care,
And to his parents safe returned
Their boy with golden hair.

And afterward the boy would view
Full oft the golden bow;
Always, beholding it, his heart
Would melt in tears and glow,
That it was but a picture void,
No bridge into the sky;
That it was but a fairy dream
Caused him to wail and to cry.

I AM WEARY.

Paul Gyulai.

As weary I as a stag hard pressed;
My soul doth thirst as summer's torrid plain;
Thy beauty's rays beat down on me with zest;
My youth endures love's ever-bleeding pain.

Under thy tresses' shade let me lie calm;
Heal thou my grievous wounds with fond embrace;
Be thou my physician with thy kisses' balm,
And bring me to the dawn's sweet dream of grace.

Say, dost thou feel the spring's charm subtly sweet?
The air vibrates, the butterfly flits round.
The swaying flowers their fellow-blossoms greet,
The bird's song like an amorous kiss doth sound.

Do not deny what now thy heart doth feel.
How could'st thou only unresponsive be?
Forget the world of men; hear God's appeal
In nature's every phrase addressed to thee.

FROM AFAR.

Alexander Petöfi.

A house stands by the Danube far away,
To me so fair, I think of it all day;
The fond remembrance of that spot so dear,
Will ever make my heart swell with a tear.

Ah, had I never thence set forth; but man
Is always moved by some ambitious plan,
And falcon-wings grew to my heart's desire;
I left my home, my mother, my dear sire.

How great my mother's grief I cannot tell;
When bidding me, 'mid sobs and sighs, farewell,
The pearly dew, that showered from her eyes,
To quench her burning pains, did not suffice.

Still do I feel her trembling arms' embrace;
Still do I see her haggard, care-worn face.
Oh, had I then my fate at all foreseen,
Her dear entreaties vain had never been.

Seen in the rays of hope's bright morning star,
Our future days enchanted gardens are;
Only to our delusion do we wake,
When in the devious pathway of mistake.

But why relate how hope's enticing ray,
Though cheering me, misled me on my way?
How, wandering o'er the bleak world's barren sod,
My faltering feet on myriad thorn-spikes trod.

Some friends have started toward my home to go;
What of the truth shall I let mother know?
Go to her, countrymen, if you come near
The house wherein reside my parents dear.

Pray, tell my blessed mother not to fret;
Say that her son is now fair fortune's pet.
For should the loving soul the plain truth hear,
Her tender heart, alas, would break, I fear!

MY DREAMS.

Alexander Petöfi.

Sometimes ill dreams do haunt my sleep,
Like those which came to me last night;
For hardly one had time to pass
Before another did affright.

Sin's heroes I in purple saw;
On virtue crushed their feet did tread;—
A ghastly footstool, red and white,
Whose eyes shed tears, whose heart-veins bled.

I saw gaunt faces, worn and serene,
And yellow as the moon at night;
Each phantom face so ghastly seemed,
Like to a wraithly weird moonlight.

Around them joyous faces were,
On which the sun of comfort shone;
And yellow as each starveling face
Were the gold spurs their heels had on.

A man I saw upon his bier,
A deep wound just above his heart!
His own son killed him! And his wife—
Does she now play the mourner's part?

His wife! Ah, nay; she does not weep;
While he lies near in dreamlessness,
She, in a close, adjoining room,
Receives her lover's fond caress!

Then, as he lies within his tomb,
His relatives—a hungry crowd—
Come, and his grave-vault open break
And rob him of his funeral shroud!

I saw forsaken, desert lands,
Where public virtue seemed as dead;
Where night did reign, where dawn was near,
On herdsmen's swords it gleamed blood red.

I looked on fallen states enslaved,
Where bondsmen's shrieks one could not hear;
Because their plaints and groans were killed
By tyrants' laughter in the ear.

Such dreams, indeed, are nightly mine;—
Small marvel that it should be so!
For what in visions I divine
The world doth, and the world will know!

How long will this dread world endure?
Why is that heavenly force so slow—
Thou comet, long ordained this earth
From its set axis to o'erthrow?

IN THE FOREST.

Alexander Petöf.

Night's darkness o'er the forest creeps;
Of a safe guide I am bereft;
Which path leads from these lonely deeps?
Is it the one to right or left?

Far o'er me, on the arch of sky,
Many a star doth brightly shine.
Taking their course, who knows if I
Might reach the goal for which I pine?

For, brighter than all stars above,
In lustre shone my darling's eye;
I trusted her; false was her love;
Deceived, still o'er my loss I sigh!

THE BITTER CUP.

Michael Vörösmarty.

If thou hast lost thy manly heart
Unto a woman fair,
And she has by her wanton art
Thy happy life made bare;
If her false eyes now seem to smile,
Now shed a feignèd tear,
With yearning, filling thee one while
Then causing wounds that sear;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
And bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

If thou hast on thy friend relied,
Who as thine own soul was,
Thy secrets did'st to him confide,—
Honor and country's cause;
And he, with soft and murderous hand,
Hath stabbed thee to the heart,
Thy ruin skilfully hath planned
By treason's baleful art;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
And bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

If for thy country thou dost yield
With toil thy sacred thought,
Or on the perilous battlefield
Thy life blood sparest not;
And if, deluded, it should spurn
Thy efforts true and high,
Or, led by rulers base, should turn
And sacrifice decry;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
And bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

If still within thy aching heart
Doth gnaw the worm of care,
And thou forsaken wholly art
By men and fortune fair:
If all thy pleasure, hope, delight,
Are killed by poison's bane,
And to expect new days more bright
Is all too late and vain;
Then when you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
And bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

And if despondency and wine,
United in thy brain,
To thee the picture should define
Of thy life's barren plain,
Think of some brave and noble thing
And for it risk thy life.
He is not lost who still doth cling
To faith, and braves the strife;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
And while it yet doth stand
Structures and wrecks are planned.

DEATH.

Géza Zichy.

"And here, last night, you say, a woman died,"
The careless stranger mutters and doth pass.
The neighbors sigh, "A woman good and tried,
But death, but death finds all; alas, alas!"

"A true and faithful soul," the priest declares;
"An interesting case," the doctor drones.
Her husband on the coffin-lid but stares;
"My all, my all is gone," he moans, he groans.

LOOK NOT ON ME.

John Arany.

Do not thus darkly look on me,
Companion of my life, so dear;
It is as though the valley here
Obscured by autumn lights could be;
Look gentle, smiling, as you can;
Life's cares devolve upon the man.

If faithless he who once was true,
And no light word be on his tongue,
If hard fate's rising storm has flung
The gloom thou see'st his face imbue;
Thy heart shall not regard this ban;
Life's cares devolve upon the man.

The heavy rainstorm rears and blows;
The scarred cliff casts an awful shade;
But gentle is the plain's fair glade;
The valley's streamlet sweetly flows,
Which through green pastures ever ran;
Life's cares devolve upon the man.

Look not thus darkly then on me,
Although the storm may rage outside,
Our pleasant cottage shall abide.
Untouched shall stand for me and thee;
My heart its burden carry can,
Life's cares devolve upon the man.

MY SHARE IN LIFE.

Daniel Berzsenyi.

I landed on the shore; my sails I furled;
A dreadful tempest bravely I withstood;
Through Scylla and Charybdis dangers dread,
My brow did sweat.

Peace is my portion. I have moored my boat;
No fairy dream shall lure me to cast loose;
Place of retirement, to thy breast receive
The aspiring youth.

Although my meadows be not fertile as
The famed Tarentum or Larisso fair,
Nor through my lonely hills does any stream
Like Tiber flow,

I yet have vineyards and far-reaching fields
Of golden grain; while love and liberty
Dwell in my house; and from my gracious God
Shall I ask more?

Wherever fate shall cast my lot in life,
If I am free from penury and care,
Always and everywhere in calm content
To heaven I look.

Gentle Camena! be thou still with me;
That there thy hands shed gifts my life to bless
So that the deserts change to smiling glades,
Charmed by the song.

Place me 'mid Greenland's everlasting snow,
Or in the desert's burning sand to dwell—
There, O, Camena, thy warm breast protects,
Here thy cool breath.

MY LAST WILL.

Joseph Eötvös.

When I shall once have trod
My rugged path of life.
And in the tomb am laid,
Where is an end to strife,

Raise not a marble dome
To keep alive my name;
The triumph of my thoughts
Will then assure my fame.

And if you pass the spot
Where in repose I lie,
Then sing above my grave,
And chant most sweet and high.

A stirring Magyar song!
That fills the soul with fire;
Beneath my verdant grave
Its cadence will inspire.

Then drop a sentient tear
After the song is through;
The song is for the bard;
The tear for lover true.

MEMENTO.

Alexander Szabó.

When aimless I through forests rove,
I am pursued by one sad song;
The tree-tops whisper it above,
"Thy pall we will provide ere long."

Sweet flowers in the field a-glow
Regard me with a fearful eye;
They bend to me and whisper low,
"A wreath we'll make when thou wilt die."

The earth, on which I suffered pain,
And woe, which tore and racked my breast,
My steps re-echo, saying plain,
"Within my bosom thou wilt rest."

IT IS NOT THEN.

Victor Dalmady.

It is not then that thou art worn,
When with toil's sweat thy brow is wet,
When heavy burdens thou dost bear,
And hindrance in thy path is set;
But when thy soul has lost its peace,
And cannot call it back again,
Thought, wear and woe o'er-master thee,
And, resting, thou dost muse on pain.

It is not then that thou dost rest
When thou can'st freely breathe once more;
When thou can'st wipe thy brow at ease
And feel content, thy labor o'er;
But when in grief profound thou art,
And wandering in an evil plight,
Some sympathetic soul divides
Thy care, and makes thy heart's weight light.

TWILIGHT.

Alexander Petöfi.

The sun is like a withered rose,
Which, drooping, bends her weary head,
Her leaves, just like his pallid rays,
With sad smiles o'er the landscape spread.

Mute and calm the world around me
I hear the distant curfew bell;
From heaven or dreamland come the sweet
And distant sounds, I cannot tell.

Attentively I list; I love
Sweet reveries' adagios;
God knows what I feel and feel not—
And where my mind, God only knows.

A GRAVE.

John Kiss.

Somewhere—long, long ago, somewhere far hence,
A grave was opened near the churchyard fence;
The tombstone fell; neglected, it doth lie;
Who rests beneath none knows save only I;
Save only I.

Though never there, yet blindly I could fly;
And though unseen, yet I could it espy,
Some secret instinct planted in my breast
Would lead me thither; tell me where to rest:
Ay, where to rest.

Thou sleepest there, my mother, dear and good.
In dreamless sleep the long night's interlude;
And when I ponder o'er my fate and years,
Relief I can obtain but in my tears;
But in my tears.

WOLF ADVENTURE.

Alexander Petöfi.

"Thou'st eaten, comrade; bloody are thy fangs,
While we around here suffer hunger's pangs.

"The howling tempest blows, while, far and near,
The land lies waste; the winter is severe.

"No trace can we espy of man or beast;
Come! tell us quickly, now; where was the feast?"

A pack of hungry wolves thus seek to learn,
Where one—their fellow—did his prey discern.

Without delay, the wolf that hath fared well
Proceeds the following narrative to tell:

"A shepherd and his wife a hut maintain,
Which I sought out, down there in yonder plain.

"Behind their hut, I knew there was a fold;
Hearing the sheep bleat, I to sup made bold.

"To this abode last night did softly hie
Two stealthy wanderers—one young man and I,

"He had a sweet tooth for the shepherd's wife;
I, for the sheep, was bound to risk my life.

"The lover sneaked around; I could not sup
On mutton, so, instead, I ate him up!"

POEMS OF LIFE, FANCY AND PHANTASY.

*“What than the bird is fleeter far?
What warmer than the south sun’s car.
What sanctifies the very heart,
Consoles and bids its grief depart?
The song! The song! The song!”*

JOHN ERDELYI.

THE POET.

Alexander Vachott.

A youth, in musing reveries,
 Silently clasps his lyre;
A passing blue-eyed maid he sees,
 Who sets his heart a-fire.
Aroused are youth and lyre and soul;
From lip and lute sweet love songs roll.

He casts his glance o'er field and vale,
 Sees all in splendor glow;
The spring and midsummer exhale
 Sweet scents of flowers that grow.
His heart grows warm and from his soul
Paeans of summer and flowers roll.

Shrouded in clouds on mountains high,
 A ruin may behold;
His memory o'er the past doth fly,
 He thinks of heroes bold.
His heart aglow and stirred his soul,
From lip and lute stout war hymns roll.

The flight of time brings life's decay;
 Life's spring-well soon runs dry;
While strong, he boldly walked his way;
 He now feels death is nigh.
Once more aroused, from lyre and soul,
Inspiring lays, sweet swan songs roll.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE ELLEN.

Charles Szász.

As if upon the pure, white snow
The color of the rose did glow—
Thus pale and cold—her earthly clay
Upon a snow-white pall did lay
Sweet Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

And as a flower in a glass
Bears still its odor, though, alas!
It slowly fades and slowly dies,
Yet holds some beauty for the eyes,
Lies Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

Her tiny hands crossed on her breast,
Sweet rosemary therein do rest,
Upon her forehead, clear and fair,
A wreath, made of her golden hair—
Lies Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

Her eyes, once bright, are shaded now;
Nor glance beneath her marble brow;
Her lips are silent, still, and closed,
And seem for kisses to be posed—
Sweet Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

We weepingly behold her form,
Killed, ah, too soon, by life's fell storm.
We feel the past, the future she—
Heartbroken, bend we to the knee,
So beauteous is she on her bier!

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

John Arany.

Here do I sit, the dreary hours telling,
A dimly-burning lamp my only mate;
And no one earthly passing by my dwelling
Comes in to say, "Good evening," where I wait.

Is it that I no friend have ever cherished?
Wretched, indeed, is he who has not one!
My friends I knew, and not through change they
perished,
As did my happiness, which now is done.

Narrow my home, with scanty cheer to offer,
And as for the kitchen doth the master feel;
Yet, for a friend or two I've room to proffer;
My heart's warmth will the larder's dearth conceal.

Why come they not with words of friendly greeting,
That I with them may share my scanty store?
My heart, at least, would gladden at the meeting;—
Ah! from the silent grave they rise no more!

Where is the hill whose wooden cross stands holy,
To sanctify this corner of the earth,
Which covers now their ashes lying lowly
Till they awake to resurrection—birth?

Was there a hand which then, their last breath over,
Lovingly closed the eyes whose fire burned low?
Was there a sigh which, when the clods did cover,
In silent prayer for rest did upward go?

Or, mayhap, came the rage of storm and ocean;—
Men without sympathy and hard of heart—
Their bones unburied, scattered by emotion,
Their bodies rent, are sundered and apart.

What say I? 'Tis a festal day of gladness!
Festal? Ay; but no joy is near.
My birthday—lonely here, and closed in sadness—
To you I dedicate, my dead friends dear.

My soul is like a churchyard, void, neglected;
I see but ghosts in its eternal night;
So in this gloom, to each I have elected
A taper of remembrance now to light!

Pride of the age, let light to thee be given;
Genius, who comest and who goest—where?
Our generation sees thee now in heaven,
Then, comet-like, thou leav'st but empty air!

Oh, after cycles, if again appearing,
Thou comest in another semblance clad,
Forsaking heaven thyself to them endearing,
Abide with them that they may still be glad!

AN OLD STORY.

Augustin Greguss.

There's naught on earth below as love so sweet:
Alas! But even love is oft replete
With base ingratitude. We seldom do
To those whose love to us is best, stay true.

A youth went bravely into war and fell;
His friends bade him a tearful last farewell;
They mourned him for a week, a month his wife.
A year his sister, his mother through life.

Another youth from gory war returns:
He first with some carousing friends sojourns.
Of course, then to his loving sweetheart goes:
A visit to his sister he bestows—
He'll call upon his mother, I suppose!

SOLITUDE.

John Vajda.

Most freely men of their own sorrows speak;
To add to woe and care will ever seek,
And each would wish that all the world might know.
That in the world his is the greatest woe.

And listening mutely to all this complaint,
I felt the more my own heart's firm restraint
I sought the solitude, for 'tis but there
I dare betray my soul's dread cross of care.

Where thickest in the wood, the silence deep,
The wind upon the tree-tops falls asleep,
And nature seems to meet the realms of Nod,
There I fall on my knees and pray! "Oh, God!

Hast Thou made nothing perfect here below?
How, then, as perfect can Thy creatures grow?
If finite things are ever incomplete,
May not infinity the same repeat?

And Thou, who rulest from Thy throne so grand,
Who giveth life or taketh at command,
The while Thy creatures at Thy feet must crawl,
Canst Thou alone contented be with all?"

And lo! a shadow seems to shroud the sky.
A gathering of darkest clouds on high,
And deadly silent is the very air,
And heaven and earth are mute beyond compare

And then God spake to me. With trembling fear.
A sigh, deep and soul stirring, now I hear:
"In all the world like me there's none to find!
I am alone! one heart, one soul, one mind!"

SONG OF SORROW.

Nicklas Markus.

My soul would fly were not its pinions clipped;
My yearning heart I scarce can bear along;
Soon through the hour-glass will the sands have
slipped.

Good-by!

It was my dream that in thy fond embrace
A very heaven should live for me on earth.
As soon the star-course might I seek to trace.
Good-by!

That I, so young, so wretched, hence must go
Bestirs no grief or ache within my breast;
Well have I learned no fear of death to know
Good-by!

But most it grieves that all which stirs in me,
Living, inspiring heart and thirstful soul,
Deep buried in the tomb forever will be.
Good-by!

It vexes me to know, when dead I am,
That I no more can raise my arm in strife;
Alas! there is no bliss even in this calm.
Good-by!

To die so, when 'tis passing fair to live;
To die so, when my heart can love so well.
For one brief span Eternity I'd give.
Good-by!

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Thy little play is played out to the end;
Dear child, too quickly did its joyance pass
Thy face hath smiled its last, and death has culled
The fair, fresh rose-blooms ~~that~~ abounded there.
Not solitary did'st thou go; with thee
Went all thy parents' joy, the blossoms rare
Of their most fond and beautiful desire.

Who now will tell thee when the morning dawns?
Ah! who will wake you each succeeding day?
Thy weeping parents cry, "Arise, dear child;
Arise, my love, my pet, my pretty dear!"
All, all in vain! Thou hearest not their voice;
Thou sleepest now, alas, the dreamless sleep,
And morning nevermore shall dawn for thee!

But pain can no more touch thy senseless dust;
Thy death was gentle and thy soul went forth
As the sun's rays returneth unto heaven.
By joy and sorrow we are bound to earth;
We long for, yet we shun and shrink from death;
Thy pathway lies at least beyond all doubt.

O, when on nights most calm and beautiful,
The lustrous stars shall graciously shine forth,
Wilt thou not come to bless thy loving ones,
Each night to visit them in tender dreams,
And shed around the very peace of heaven?

O, come and let thy spirit kiss each face
Of little brother and of sister here!
Thus shalt thou to thy parents dear return
The bright days lost to them from out this life;
They shall renew thy interrupted days,
And, while thy grave with loving flowers may strew
Be thou their guardian angel to protect!

LONGING FOR DEATH.

Alexander Petöfi.

Give me a coffin and a grave,
And let the grave be deep and low;
And bury with me all I feel,
All passions strong, all thoughts of woe.

O, mind and heart, twice cursed, you have
E'er been the bane of my whole life!
Why torture me with burning scourge?
Why should not end now all this strife?

Why should this feverish brain inspire
To rise above the stars on high?
When angry Fate hath it ordained
That crawling on the earth should I.

Why have I not fair heavenly wings,
If my aims soar to heaven's dome?
To carry me into heights where
Immortality is at home!

And if to me this world is void
Of joy, why have I, then, a breast?
Created that of human joys
It be the home, the shelt'ring nest!

Or if there be a heart which flames
And burns in passion's deep abyss,
Why, then, this icy look on me,
Thou God of happiness and bliss?

Give me a coffin and a grave,
And let the grave be deep and low;
And bury with me all I feel,
All passions strong, all thoughts of woe.

TO MY BOY.

John Arany.

Thank God, the eve has come again;
The day decreased our earthly pain;
One candle only lights our room;
Without the darkness reigns and gloom.
Why don't you sleep, sweet child? 'Tis late;
A soft, warm bed for you doth wait.
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

A poet I; I am but poor;
No wealth can I for you secure.
All that I have, a spotless name,
And, with the crowd, some worthless fame,
That well with strifes of life you cope,
I teach you to believe, to hope;
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

Faith is a treasure to the poor;
Gives strength to hope and to endure;
So he endures in firm belief
Until his death does bring relief.
I crave the fame I had before,
Which often consolation bore—
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

When you are called to work from play—
Who knows how soon this happen may?—
If you should come to meet with one
Whose love, poor child, you have not won,
Your faith should then bring balm to you;
Wipe from your eye the silent dew.
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

When you will once the burden see
And feel, which weighs on honesty;
When you will see virtue crushed out,
While sin, with pride, doth stalk about;
When ignorance counts more than brain;
Let faith your comfort still maintain!
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

When with the years convictions come
That no more is this land our home;
The space 'twixt life and death that lies
Is but the line of centuries;
Then think the Scriptures say, my dear,
"We are but strangers, pilgrims here!"
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

CURSE AND BLESSING.

Alexander Petöfi.

Accursed the earth where once
Grew into strength the tree,
Of which the timber gave
A cradle for poor me!
Accursed be, too, the hand
Which planted it, I say;
Accursed also the nursing
Dewdrops, the rain and ray.

But blessed be the earth where grows
The tree in woodland shade,
Of which my coffin will,
In course of time, be made.
And blessed be, too, the hand
Which planted it; and blessed
Also the rain and ray
Which it with life invest.

FIFTY YEARS.

Charles Szász.

I often think I see you yet—
A tiny baby, with brown hair;
A picture I cannot forget;—
Father and mother both were there.
She languid lay; their hope and prayer
Fulfilled, at first a son and heir,
And now a girl babe, sweet and fair;
'Tis fifty years since, I declare!

Year follows year; the time doth fly;
From day to day you grew more sweet,
Just as the rosebud we espy
When we the dawning springtide greet.
The child now casts her dolls away;
She goes to school; and even there
The pet of all, without gainsay,
'Tis forty years since, I declare!

The summer day comes to my mind,
When you and I the first time met.
You were quite proud, yet gentle, kind,
The fairest maid I ever set
My eyes upon. Your love was mine;
To kiss you then I did not dare;
Enough you were in my heart's shrine!
'Tis thirty years since, I declare!

Our narrow home, a home of bliss;
Indeed, we have no other care.
And when our darling girls we kiss,
We happy were, beyond compare.
And yet,—do you remember still?—
A thought came flashing here and there—
A boy,—he came by God's good will;
'Tis twenty years since, I declare!

The midday of our life is gone;
We've had our joys; our sorrows, too,
Weeping we trod the churchyard's lawn,
Where we our children's tombstone view;
But time is good; our wounds are healed,
As sunrays in sweet autumn air,
Our new-born babe our love had sealed;
'Tis just ten years since, I declare!

The evening of our life has come;
Upon our heads the winter's snow,
Around us our grandchildren chum
With us. Our bliss doth overflow,
O, happy eve! on bended knee
We pray the Lord our lives to spare,
Till them in life we settled see,
The rolling years we bravely bear.

TRUE POETRY.

Paul Dömötör.

Whatever's beautiful is poetry:
The starry sky, the flower upon the lea,
The sun's bright ray, the gentle, loving eye,
The smiling babe, the cloudlets floating high.

Whatever's beautiful is poetry:
Enchanting words and dainty melody,
The kiss, that lover's star on love's rough way,
The budlike lips of babes that speech essay.

Whatever's beautiful is poetry:
To honor friends while with us they may be,
To do the work that is our heart's delight.
To hear the baby lisp to us, "Good night."

A TEAR.

Joseph Lévy.

Bright, tremulous drop,
Say, what are you?
On violet leaf,
Diamond, or dew?
Or yet heaven's gem,
Fallen down to earth,
Which from the dross
Brings flowers to birth?

Not here thy place,
If diamond thou;
On garden-plots,
If dew, fall now.
If daily rain,
Shed from the sky,
The fields around
Then fructify.

"No diamond I;
Than gems more dear;
Not dew my name;
I am more clear;
I was not born
In heights above;
Lowly the state
From which I move.

Angels love me,
And greet me so;
Bathe their bright wings
In my drops' glow.
What am I here?
A little tear.
Secret I roll,
Within shines clear
A world—the soul!"

SWEET JOY.

Alexander Petöfi.

Sweet joy, I oft have drank of thee;
What of the glass became, tell me?
It broke, the goblet which I drained,
And broken glass alone remained.

And, bitter grief, I drank of thee;
What of the goblet came to be?
It cracked, the glass from which I drained,
And broken glass alone remained.

The radiant sun the heart enjoys;
The darkling storm-cloud but annoys;
Grief is the heart's dark cloud, I say,
Which rising winds bear far away.

I like a shadow am; as though
About a graveyard I do go,
O, days departed, days gone by,
Ye are the graveyard where I sigh!

And through this graveyard in the night
A firefly is my guiding light;
And over the graves of my dead days
My memory like a firefly plays.

The air with motion now is fraught;
A cool, faint breeze is o'er me brought;
And whisperingly it asks of me,
Is it not better not to be?

THE MANIAC.

Alexander Petöfi.

Why bother me? Away!
Be quickly off, I say!
Great work I have on hand just now,
I twist a whip with sweating brow,
From rays of sun, with which I will
Scourge the world till its anguish fill
The air, and I will laugh as she
Laughed, mocking at my misery.
Ha, ha, ha!

For such is life! We laugh and weep
Till death brings its eternal sleep.
I, too, was dead; some year ago
To poison me were mean and low;
Those of my friends who drank my wine,
What did they do? Who can divine?
While I was lying in the shroud,
Embracing me, they cried aloud!
I felt that I could rise and bite
Their noses off, but just for spite
I thought let them their nostrils keep;
When I become a rotten heap
And, decomposed, lie in their way,
From smelling me explode they may!
Ha, ha, ha!

Where did they bury me?
In Afric's sandy sea,
This was most fortunate, for, lo!
Hyena dug me from below;
My only benefactor he,

I cheated him most skilfully;
My limbs he tried to chew and gnaw;
I flung my heart into his jaw,
So bitter was my heart that he
Soon died of it in agony,
Ha, ha, ha!

Alas! this always is the end
Of those who other folk befriend!
But what is man? Tell me, who can.
Some say the root of flowers fair,
Which bloom above in heaven there!
Man is a flower, 'tis true, whose root
Down into deepest hell doth shoot;
I heard a sage these things discuss one day
Who, being a fool, of hunger died, they say;
Instead of cramming learning in his head
Why did he not steal, rob and kill for bread?
Ha, ha, ha!

Why laugh I like a fool here, why?
I should lament and loudly cry,
The world's so bad that even the sky
Will often weep that it gave birth
To such foul creatures as the earth.
But what becomes of heaven's tear?
Falling upon this earth down here,
Men tread upon it with their reet!
God's tear becomes—mud in the street!
Ha, ha, ha!

A hoary veteran is the sky,
The sun and moon his medals signify,
The clouds, the threadbare cloak he wears.
And thus the brave old soldier fares,
A cross and rag pay for his cares,
Ha, ha, ha!

What means the quail's call in man's tongue,
 When chattering in the morning young?
 He says of women to beware,
 She'll draw you sure into a snare.
 Woman is a splendid creature,
 Beautiful, though dangerous;
 The lovelier in form and feature,
 More of peril she brings us.
 A deadly drink she serves in cups of gold,
 Love's drink to quaff I often did make bold.
 One drop of thee, O! what a heavenly treat!
 Yet from one drop such gall can be distilled
 As though the sea with poisonous drugs were filled!
 Have you seen ocean depths the tempests plough?
 They furrow it; death seeds are sown, I trow.
 Have you seen tempest, this brown ugly churl,
 His lightning flashes o'er the wide sea hurl?
 Ha, ha, ha!

The fruit when ripe falls from the tree;
 Ripe earth, you must be plucked, I see.
 Until to-morrow I shall wait
 Then, hoary earth, you'll expiate
 Your crimes! a great deep hole
 I'll dig in thee, and, on parole,
 I'll fill it up with powder dry
 And blow the earth up to the sky!
 Ha, ha, ha!

(Another version, translated by Florence Sage.)

Why do ye trouble me? Begone! Begone!
 My work is great and I must hasten, too,
 Scourges to weave, from the rays of the sun, scourges
 With which to lash the world. I hear them cry,
 As I laugh! as they laughed when I cried. Ha! Ha! Ha!

For such is life. We laugh and cry; but death says.
 Sh! Once too I died. The ones who drank
 My wine put poison in my cup, and that

Their vile deeds they might veil, as stiff I lay,
They threw themselves upon me shedding tears.
Fain would I have sprung upon them, biting
Their noses; but no! I thought let them have noses
That they may inhale my putrefaction
And suffocate therefrom. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Where did they bury me? In Africa.
Good fortune 'twas for me. For from my grave
The wild hyena dragged me forth. This beast
My only benefactor was, and him
I cheated too. My thighs he would have eaten;
My heart I gave him, which so bitter was
That death to him it brought. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Alas! it must be so with all who good
Have done unto mankind. And what is man?
'Tis said the root of a flower which up in Heaven
Blooms; but 'tis not true; man is the flower,
The roots of which down there in Hell must grow.
This from a philosopher (a fool
Who died of hunger) did I learn. Why
Did he not cheat and plunder? Ha! Ha! Ha!

But why am I laughing like a fool, when I
Should weep, bewailing the vileness of this world?
God with his cloud eyes often weeps, lamenting
His creation; but what avails this tear
Of Heaven? It falls upon the earth, the earth
Of dust, where man's foot tramples it; then
What comes of it—this tear of Heaven?—Mire!
Ha, ha, ha!

O, Heaven, thou veteran soldier,
Clad in tattered raiment of the clouds.
The medal of honor, the sun, upon thy breast!
Ah! 'Tis so, their soldier they dismiss;
Such the reward of his long service; only
The medal and tattered garb. Ha! Ha! Ha!

And do ye know what in the human tongue
 Doth say the quail's "pit-pol-lot?" It means
 Shun woman! For around her she attracts
 All men, as ocean draws the rivers.
 Why? That she may swallow them—fair beast!
 This she-beast, fair, and so triumphant, too—
 A poisoned draught in a golden cup. O, love!
 Of thee I drank; a single drop of thee
 Is sweeter than a sea to honey turned,
 But more fatal than a poisoned ocean.
 Have ye not seen the sea as o'er it sped
 The tempest, scattering the seeds of death?
 This dark husbandman ye've seen, with plough
 Of lightning in his hand? Ha! Ha! Ha!

When ripe the fruit it falleth from the tree.
 Earth, thou art the ripened fruit, and thou
 Must fall! Until to-morrow I shall wait
 And if then the judgment cometh not
 I'll dig it up from the centre, and with powder
 Blow it into the air! Ha! Ha! Ha!

A SONG.

John Erdélyi.

What sounds beyond the high-ranged hill?
 What than the years lives longer still?
 What doth the future bury not?
 What still with time increase hath got?
 'Tis fame! 'Tis fame! 'Tis fame!

What than the sea is more profound,
 Where gem-like pearls grow all year round,
 Which now with calm, now storm, is fraught—
 Holy desires and hallowed thought?
 The heart! The heart! The heart!

What than the bird is fleeter far?
 What warmer than the south sun's car?
 What sanctifies the very heart.
 Consoles and bids its grief depart?
 The song! The song: The song!

SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Charles Szász.

My dainty song, fly in the night;
Where in the poplars' shade you sight
A cozy home, just fly in there.
It is my darling children's nest;
Don't make a noise, do not molest
Their sleep, but gently sing the air—
They should but feel the tuneful guest.

My dainty song, fly in the night,
As fast as is the arrow's flight,
As is the swallow on his wing.
Where, at the close of day, my friends
Enjoy themselves, there make amends
That I not there, my lay then sing,
It is a gift a true friend sends.

My dainty song, fly in the night;
Go make a weary, sad heart light,
Find those who on the sick-bed lie;
While restless on their couch they roll,
And sufferings oppress their soul,
Sing then your sweetest lullaby—
'Tis sweet the weary to console!

My dainty song, fly in the night;
Go where the sun saw gory fight;
Where on the bloody battlefield
The heroes lie, borne down and slain;
Thy song shall be a glorious strain;
Their lives who did for freedom yield
Shall e'er be blessed in sweet refrain.

My dainty song, fly in the night;
Come back then for my own delight;
Report what you have seen and heard.
Bring me the sleeping children's smile,
The greetings of the friends erstwhile;
Then from the sick a grateful word,
The heroes' latest sigh reveal.

FROM THE GRAVE.

John Vajda.

O, loved one still alive, my sweetheart dear,
Restful I sleep in this spot, free of fear;
Thou can'st not know what quiet reigneth here.

One thing I'll tell—why 'tis I cannot say—
I dream of thee, and but one dream alway;
One beauteous dream doth ever with me stay.

These fields are quiet; I hear the breeze
Above, and with the flowers speak at ease;
The swaying grass, too, murmurs lullabies.

O, thou, my love, my life that knows no end,
To thee one message only I can send—
Naught ails me here, naught can hurt extend.

Nor head nor heart ache any more with pain;
But O, my dove, depart not yet; remain!
To place beneath me some support now deign.

The blood, which from my heart did freely flow,
When first it felt my dagger's self-aimed blow,
Is cold i' the wound and makes me shudder so.

Ah, but that blood forever saith to me,
That thou wert faithless; if true it be—
God knows—Come let it be wiped clean by thee.

Enjoy thyself, roam in the sunlight clear,
Be faithless—but a span it is; so near
The time draws on when thou, too, shalt lie here.

And then, ah, then indeed, thou shalt be mine,
That thou wilt love me here I well divine;
When burial shroud's cool covering will be thine.

O, come, let dancing up there soon be o'er;
Of goodliest dreams, my dear, the grave holds store.
From which we twain shall waken nevermore.

A PRAYER.

Daniel Berzsenyi.

O, God, whom no wise man in thought can reach,
Thou whom his yearning hope can barely trace;
Thy being, like the sun, pervades all life.
But human eyes can never see Thy face.

The highest heaven and ether's Uranus
Around Thee in revolving order course;
The very worms unseen beneath the sod
Proclaim Thy wondrous wisdom and Thy force.

The myriad orbs from nothing Thou hast called,
Thy glance brings worlds to life or sends to death,
And measures the swift-flowing tides of time,
Whose ocean-waves are even as Thy breath.

Zenith and Nadir glorify Thy name,
Strong tempests breeding strife o'er sea and land.
Thunder and lightning, dews and flowering boughs,
Alike proclaim them creatures of Thy hand.

In pious guise I kneel before Thy grace;
When once my soul from its abode doth part,
And near approaches Thee, O, then, I know
I shall attain the yearning of my heart.

Till then I dry my tears and simply tread
The pathway of my life ordained by Thee—
The pathway of all good and noble souls.
Until my soul, like theirs, gains strength to flee.

Though awful, yet I view the grave's dark night.
Which cannot all be evil, now in trust,
Because, even dead, Thy creatures still are Thine,
Whose gracious hands protect even bones and dust.

A MIGRATING BIRD.

William Györi.

A dainty lullaby; so plain
"The little birds have come again."
The saddest lay we now can hear,
Yet to our lips 'twill ever rise,
A picture sweet bring to our eyes
Of our first baby boy so dear.

Our love awaited it with love;
At last the bird came from above,
"A little bird" we called our child;
His cradle was his nice soft nest;
How blissfully and sweet he'd rest
In it, and angel-like he smiled.

His tiny arms if he but swings,
It seems a birdy flaps its wings;
His baby voice, so soft and clear,
Sweet music, though yet not a song,
Parental heart, howe'er, don't long
A more heavenly tune to hear.

When beauteous spring came filled with song,
The little birds that came along,
Our babe, it seems, were first to see.
The bird awaits its loving mates,
Longingly longs, waitingly waits,
Pining for it, greets it with glee.

We taught our babe the birds to call;
He fed the birds ere he could crawl,
He loved and seemed to know them all;
Within the branches of the tree
Methinks I now can the birds see
As I saw them that fatal fall.

His tiny hands he clapped in glee,
And called the birds from near-by tree;
"Come, pretty birds, come here, come here;"
They seemed to understand and came
Ate from his hand, all seemed so tame,
None of the birds knew any fear.

Then autumn with its stormy wind
Emptied the nest, the branches thinned—
All parents shall hereafter know
To call their children "birds" no more—
They fly away, leave you heart-sore
When in the autumn storm-winds blow.

Away has flown our baby, too.
A tree nigh to our window grew;
And as our darling's end was nigh
The birds all to that one tree flew,
As if to bid the babe adieu,
As if to bid him their good-by.

New springtime came, all's balmy, mild,
All lives anew except our child;
The blade o' grass, the flowers, the trees,
All blossom out; the birds return—
When first to fly to us they learn
Their little playmate nowhere is.

Green is the grave on yonder hill,
Fly there, dear birds, and there you trill
Above his grave your sweetest lay.
We never cease for him to weep,
Green will his memory ever keep,
Love him until ourselves death's prey.

THE GOOD OLD LANDLORD.

Alexander Petöfi.

Here, in the lowland, where you travel far away,
Before you reach the hills; here, on the Alföld's
plain,
Contented now I dwell, my heart is glad and gay,
Because, while roaming round, I joy and pleasures
gain.
My home is in the quiet village public-house;
But seldom sounds therein the noise of a carouse.
A hearty, good old man is landlord of the place.
Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

My room is neat and clean, therefore I do not pay:
Ne'er have I been, as here, cared for so tenderly!
My meals are timely served though others be away,
But, if I should be late, they all will wait for me.
One thing I do not like, the master of the house
Quarrels once in a while with his good-hearted
spouse.
But what of that? Soon kindness reillumes his face.
Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

Sometimes, to pass the time, we former days recall,
Which were for him, by far, the happiest and the
best.
He owned his house and farm, had plentiful of all,
He knew not e'en how many cattle he possessed.
Knaves borrowed all his gold and fraudulently kept;
The Danube's stormy floods once o'er his homestead
swept,
And thus they grew so poor, the landlord and his
race.
Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

For him the sun of life is now about to set,
 And aged men may wish to have at last some rest.
 Alas, misfortune has, I notice with regret,
 Left him oppressed with care, with sorrow filled
 his breast;
 All day he works, the Sunday e'en is not his own;
 Late he retires to bed, and rises with the dawn.
 Filled with compassion, him I tenderly embrace.
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

I often beg of him to be of better cheer,
 Say better times will come, ending his misery;
 "Ay, ay, it will be so," he says, "my end is near,
 And, when the grave receives me, I shall happy be."
 This answer fills my heart with sorrow and with grief;
 Falling upon his breast, I find in tears relief.
 My dear old father is the landlord of this place.
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

I AM.

Emil Abrányi.

I am but matter that decays;
 The time will deal its fatal thrust;
 And when my course is run, I will
 A handful be of earthly dust.

But while a spark of life I have,
 While thought my being agitates,
 I live for what is beautiful,
 I live for that which elevates.

I live for what immortal is,
 As is the heaven's dome above,
 Or as the glories of the past,—
 Faith, freedom, genius, life and love.

My body I consign to earth,
 Of other lives to be the meat;
 But on the threshold-stone of death,
 Eternal progress, thee I greet!

AT THE BIER OF A GIRL.

Joseph Komócsy.

Death, I have seen thee in an hundred forms;
The foam of waves set frothing by wild storms.
The fragrance of a beauteous, tiny flower,
The revels of a lust-filled midnight hour;
Hid in the folds of vells that shroud a grief,
Or in a lover's kiss however brief.
And yet I did not fear thy might.

Death, I have seen thee in the stormy night,
The thundrous voice of God from on the height.
When with his mighty sword of fire and flame
He smote the house erected in His name,
And wrathful, when the smoking ruins lay,
Might one not shudder at the dreadful day?
And yet I laughed but at thy might.

Death, I have seen thee on the battlefield,
Where I the blood of my own heart would yield,
And where the onward pressing battle horse
Would tread upon the soldier's mangled corpse,
And all thy awful sacrifices I
Have never heeded and would yet defy,
And daringly but mocked thy might.

O, Death, upon my forehead I have felt
Thy very breath which wild destruction dealt;
And in the depths of thy dark, ghastly eye
My own annihilation did espy.
The awful force of thy strong arms of steel
I oft upon my own weak breast did feel,
And yet in scorn I held thy might.

But now, bent low before this hallowed bier,
I lift the shroud in trembling and in fear.
Alas! I shudder now as here I stand
And see the rose plucked by thy chilly hand.
My strength is gone, I fall upon my knees
In agony, I feel my heart throbs cease,
I bow before thy dreadful might.

AUNT SARAH.

Alexander Petöfi.

Upon the threshold sits, by age bent down,
Aunt Sarah, bowing low her silver crown;
An eyeglass rides upon her bony nose,
I fancy her own funeral shroud she sews.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

What heretofore she did in dresses wear—
The folds and creases—now her face doth bear;
Clad now in faded rags, her dress I trow
Must have been new some twenty years ago.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

I almost freeze when I behold her head,
The winter hath thereon its white snow shed;
And like a stork's nest in the chimney there,
Looks on her hoary head her straggling hair.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

Her eyes, once bright, have left their native place,
Sunk in, and beautify no more her face.
They faintly flicker in a ghastly gloom,
As tapers left to burn in some death room.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

A barren plain, it seems, is now her breast,
As if beneath not even a heart did rest.
Her heart, not wholly dead, still pulsates there,
And sometimes does its old emotions share.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

Youth is a spendthrift, who will freely spend
His wealth and charms, and does not apprehend
The miser father—Age—who will some day
Gather the treasures spent, take them away.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

•
DEATH.

Coloman Tóth.

Oh, no! That is not death which death we call,
When on our coffin clods of earth do fall;
That is not death, when o'er us shadows creep,
And, mouldering, we are laid in endless sleep;
Nor call that death when for us others shed
Tears, true or false, over our narrow bed.
Ah! that is death and that is death alone,
When we our own existence do bemoan.

I recollect—I knew a happy boy,
Bright, playful, winsome, ever full of joy.
Now, for wild honey, he the trees would climb,
His mother he would tease another time;
O boundless mother-love! his greatest bliss
He found in her embrace and tender kiss.
That boy, so happy once, is dead—alas!
I was that boy myself, but let this pass.

And then I knew a youth; no human soul
So passionately loved! His highest goal
Was love; despising every other thing,
To him naught else save love could pleasure bring.
Oh, how he loved! and then this poor youth died;
For him, alas! most bitterly I cried.
Oh, could some spring wake him to life again!
I was this youth; my hopes are all in vain.

There was a man, honest and true, no vice
He knew. Truth, honor, faith and sacrifice
Made up his life. Gratitude lives, he thought,
And that all deeds of men with good are fraught.
But even this man was poisoned; soon he found
Base selfishness on all sides to abound.
Why was his faith so strong? Why did he trust?
He might be living now, not turned to dust.

Ay, ay! we often die, more often than
The swift brook-bubbles o'er the pebbles can;
They burst and, changing form, come forth again;
Death in the graveyard does not solely reign.
Even here, in life, to die we oft are fain;
Feel we have long been dead, yet hand and brain
Work still and move. This is not life, we know;
'Twill but removal be when hence we go.

TWO LITTLE STORIES.

Louis Posa.

A SERMON.

The pulpit filled by hoary priest,
Like an apostle he
Of the "Prodigal Son" of old,
He preaches feelingly.
Devoutly the believers list
The holy man's advice—
Only a beggar woman moans
And heart-rendingly cries.

A WEDDING.

The pulpit filled by youthful priest,
A bride about to bless,
God knows His servant's suffering—
The young priest's great distress.
With trembling voice his sacred word
Fastens the nuptial ties;
The fair young bride alone knows why
Heart-rendingly she cries.

NAMELESS HEROES.

Cornelius Abrányi.

Of nameless heroes sings the minstrel's lay,
 Of nameless heroes, who have fought their way
 On gory field to death, whose ghastly face
 No sign doth bear of death's immortal grace,
 And men of courage fill an unmarked grave.
 Yet this is not the worst, for many brave,
 Returning home, of hearth and limb bereft,
 Find but a beggar's staff to them is left.
 And for these nameless heroes songs of praise
 We often hear; but who did ever raise
 Paeans for journalists? Or find him crave
 For praise, yet he is, too, a hero brave.
 The corps in which he serves a power great,
 Led by a spirit which will never wait,
 Doth onward, forward press, will never cease,
 And constantly achieves new victories.
 His is the second word, "let there be light"—
 To chaos new commands, and all grows bright;
 Without him nothing new can well succeed,
 Of all that groweth in him lies the seed;
 Life-giving sun, air-purifying storm,
 The farmer's plough, what artisans perform,
 The world's great granary—all this is he!
 Of three great marvels of this century
 He is the third, one of the trinity
 Of progress that the earth hath come to bless:
 Steam! Electricity! the Press.

The Saviour, that mankind He redeem,
 Took all upon Himself with love supreme.
 The journalist, that mankind shall be free,
 Himself forever lives in slavery,
 That he may on the world a feast bestow;

Himself all feasts forever doth forego.
That he may others give the place they choose,
His own identity, the scribe must lose.
The torch of intellect he carries high,
He will maintain the law, you may rely.
The truth he'll seek and justice must be done,
He will condemn the wrong and like him none
Can rouse the conscience of all mankind thus.
His only shield, it seems incredulous,
A sheet of paper is—no coat of mail
Protects so thoroughly from all assail.
When a colossus shall be brought to fall
He takes as weapon one small pen withal;
'o which compared King David's sling is great,
And all Goliaths may annihilate.

For knowledge is the world's great pleasure
And learning mankind's richest treasure.
What's more alluring than whatever's new;
What's sweeter than to feel and know that you
Are not forsaken, and who does console
More lovingly than that dear, friendly soul
Who daily comes to you with words of cheer,
Who is outspoken, frank, severe, sincere;
Who tells you all his secrets, all he knows,
What o'er the world has happened doth disclose?
This friend, the press, doth labor day and night
For thee, to bring to heart and mind delight.
He ever tries to be a welcome guest;
Works day and night and never takes a rest.
That we may read in comfort and in ease
The journalist to toil doth never cease.

We work and work to reach that one desire:
To earn our rest; no journalists retire
From their laborious work, but onward go
Their mission to fulfil, for they must know
Everything and all, e'en be aware
That they, so powerful beyond compare,

Must modest be, by nobody be known,
 Though read in hut and read upon the throne.
 Though mighty, powerful their sword—their pen,
 With other tools more's earned by other men,
 And a diploma, by some youth secured,
 A more safe place on paths of life procured;
 Yet high the torch of intellect, the men
 Upon newspapers raise and in the van
 March, hold aloft, the world to illumine!
 Brave journalist, this is thy work divine.
 Of nameless heroes sings the minstrel's lay
 Of journalists to sing none do essay.
 Yet each newspaper man's a hero brave:
 To whom the glory due none ever gave.

TWO BROTHERS.

Alexander Petöfi.

A comrade I possess of sterling worth,
 Honest and true he is from head to heel.
 When sorrow's chill and windy blasts I feel
 He will around me fold the cloak of mirth.

If I, my country's fate considering,
 Sad may become and almost moved to tears,
 My dear companion forthwith then appears,
 Saying, "Cheer up, this is no manly thing!"

"Be patient now," he whispers, "rouse, dear friend,
 A better fate will come, and, once again,
 To heaven's good graces and good will attain;
 It yet will help our poor forsaken land."

If hopeless love has made me sore at heart
 And resignation holds me grieved and dumb,
 Then my friend tarries not, but soon doth come
 Saying: "Be of good cheer! a child thou art."

"Loose not thy faith;" such is his soothing way—
 "Although it seems that she, on whom was spent
 Love's capital, is quite indifferent,
 She will all this with interest repay."

This train of thought leads me to think, alas!
 That I so poor, so impecunious am;
 Again I hear the cheering epigram:
 "This hopeless state of things thou wilt see pass."

"Be patient, friend; the time will soon arrive
 When thou cold rooms no more will occupy;
 And when frost's crystal flowers shall beautify
 Thy window-panes, and there on them shall
 thrive."

Thus flows my dear companion's cheering speech.
 Till I forget my sorrow and my care;
 And all around me groweth bright and fair;
 My soul hath landed on a happy beach;

This friend, whom I am ever glad to meet,
 A haughty brother has, with laugh and sneer
 For my companion's way of giving cheer,
 And shamefully with blows he doth him treat.

This brother is a stern and churlish man;
 He drives my friend away and smites his face.
 Yet can no usage ill his love efface;
 He will return again whene'er he can.

And must I tell you who this friend may be.
 Whom to possess is now my happy lot?
 "Hope" is his name. Who knows and loves him
 not?
 His sterner brother is "Reality."

THE MINSTREL'S SORROW.

John Arany.

A minstrel mused one gloomy night
Over his sorrows infinite,
In his dark room alone;
Mute as a coffin lies his lyre;
His heart is sad and, filled with ire,
He sees his lute lie prone.

Around the poet now arise
The breath of many melodies,
Wing-clipped, half-uttered songs.
While 'mid these ruins walks his soul,
His thoughts sad memories unroll—
One thought on thought still throngs.

Say, son of song, why art thou mute,
Why touchest not thy charming lute?
Thou wert not so before.
Why is thy heart with sadness filled?
The charms of life thy soul once thrilled,
Bard, lovest thou no more?

Dost thou not loftily rejoice
When loud resounds the silvery voice
Of nature in the spring?
When tree-tops in the zephyrs sigh,
When streamlets' waves flow gently by.
Dost thou know what they bring?

The rising and the setting sun
That oft thy admiration won,
Why dost thy song not hail?
Has night now no more charm for thee?
Writest thou ne'er an elegy
On moon and nightingale?

"Leave me to yearnings silently;
Ah! that my soul were ever free
Of love and void of song;
But as the bush of Moses burned,
The bard's heart must be ever turned
To love and passion strong."

"The spring comes and the flowers grow;
'Tis all from heroes' dust below
That spring brings back to sight;
The thousand sighs from tops of trees,
The mournful splash of streams and seas
There must be heard aright."

"The sun which dawns and sets again
Does it for us secure, attain
Pleasures and hopes anew?
The night, its loneliness e'en lost,
Enlivened is with shade and ghost—
Which these with life imbue."

Say, Minstrel, if thy heart is filled
With grief, which pain has almost chilled,
Why dost thou keep so mute?
Where sorrow and where sadness dwell,
The sweetest songs did ever swell;
Sad hearts are like a lute.

"How shalt the lyre then tuneful sing
If welrdest agonies touch the string,
Instead of grief profound?

If thou with brutish force wilt knock
Thy lute against a mountain rock
No harmonies resound."

Art thou the child of coward time,
Is thy soul filled with thoughts sublime
But lacking themes withal?
The minstrel's noblest mission is
To rouse and wake our energies,
Mankind to duty call!

"Not in a timid age lived I,
I witnessed much, sublime and high,
And understood it well;
The lofty songs the minstrel sang
Of deeds on which whole worlds' fates hang,
Which history doth tell;

Marathon's victory I saw won,
The deeds by Sparta's daughters done,
Saw Xerxes's giant might;
Leonidas, the hero true,
The Minstrel Tyrtaeus I knew
With song inflame to fight."

What marvel! yet thy sweet lute-strings
Speak not of higher, nobler things
At Victory's great feast?
When past the battle's rage and zest,
When heroes on soft myrtles rest,
Sweet songs have still increased!

The battle o'er; no joyous feast
Exists which minstrels praise the least
With song and cup, I wot,
In Cyprus mist the heroes' throng
Hear not his gratifying song;
They understand him not.

He singeth not. In deep dismay
His voiceless lute he casts away;
In agony he cries:
"Ye mighty bards, great and sublime,
Ye demigods of former time,
Whom nations idolize!

"To live in brilliant, glorious days—
Scenes to remember, hopes to raise
Was your most happy share;
To share the hero's laurel wreath
Or o'er their graves to boldly breathe
Freedom's inspiring air;

"The wheels of time which roll so fast
Into the dark mist of the past,
Are clogged with one sweet air;
The history of yesterday
And of to-day song's mellow lay
Permits to perish ne'er;

"All this was yours; upon a weak
Faint lute of grand, strong themes to speak—
This all was given to you.
The braves who were in battle slain,
With gods to raise to one high plane,
Bring them to life anew;

"And yours it was, that o'er the grave
Of those who died, new life you gave
Unto a stronger race.
And, like the old bard Amphion,
Your songs brought life to tree and stone
And moved a populace.

"But I, alas! an epoch's days
Behold which constantly decays,
Is void of passions strong.
'Tis late to hope once more to see,
Bloom once again the fallen tree
Or cheer it with a song!"

APOTHEOSIS.

Maurus Jokai.

O'er Osman's land dread night doth brood;
 All round is gloomy quietude;
 The owl doth hoot, the bat doth cry—
 "The land is sick, the land must die!"
 Bloodthirsty beasts appear ahead
 To claim the body, ere 'tis dead;
 The vampire and the owl alight,
 Over the nation's soul to fight.
 Before the hour of midnight dies,
 A ghastly crowd of ghosts doth rise.
 The diggers did their duty well,
 The grave is dug, now sounds the knell.

"The time has come, I will not stay,
 But straight will ravish, spoil and slay!"
 The demon cries whose name is legion,
 "Murder! nay, call it now religion!
 O, O!" he cries, "destroy the nation,
 Leave it no hope or consolation!
 Say that it is my faith's command!
 Burn cities over all the land!
 Destroy the race, it is but wild,
 Kill first the mother, then her child;
 A mountain-heap of corpses shall
 Proclaim thou hast destroyed them all!"
 Ye gods, is this a war where woman's tear
 And children's wailing are the nation's call—
 "To arms!" But, sorry sight! no one is near
 To bring about the brutal foeman's fall.

Yet, from his dreams the sick at length awakes
 And calls for aid. Who heeds his call? Alas,
 Who knows with what emotion his breast shakes?
 Who knows what pain and anguish o'er him pass?

Sympathy's only offerings are tears.
An unkept promise doth a debt remain.
The fever-stricken man each one still fears;
Why not? Infection may bring deadly bane.

But see! An ally comes to help the land;
Unconquerable are his strength, his might.
Without his aid the nations cannot stand;
Without his help it is in vain to fight!
And countless is his army, like the stars;
And never doth it fail to earn great fame;
His aid alone decides the fate of wars,
And "Victory" is his unfurled banner's name!

Kingdoms at his command are oft cast down,
Or are secured to everlasting fame!
He makes and unmakes nations, and doth crown;
And Patriotism is his mighty name.
Those whom he helps no other aid do need.
God, who protection grants, is with him still.
He feels no pain; the wounds are sweet that bleed.
And resurrection meaneth death's worst ill.
God's wonders are with him, and him before
A fiery pillar goes, to plunge again
In the red sea of Moses, as of yore,
Pharaoh's great army, now of victory fain!

On the horizon morning nears
And bright in splendor now appears.
"Ye brutes and beasts, away, away!
The night is gone; here comes a ray
Of sun. Into your dens! Do not
Forget the lesson you have got;
There is a God above us all,
Who is our trust and hope withal.
This God is One where earth extends;
From Karpath's hills to ocean's ends
He reigns supreme. This God above—
We know him all—is Patriot's Love!"

ON MY OWN BIRTHDAY.

Jules Sárosy.

When first my mother bore me on her breast,
Her bosom with a thousand hopes was filled,
As, thinking on the fruitage she had borne,
Her swelling heart with joyous pride was thrilled.
The fruit of painful sorrow thus was born,
But, ah, what in the end came it to be?
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

Frost-bound it was when first I saw the world,
Yet did it not congeal my infant breath,
Since my good mother's warmly sheltering love
Kept me from freezing unto silent death.
The tear that often trembleth in mine eye
Came into being when I came to be.
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

No sunshine and no light at first I saw
Within the world when I had entered here;
If darker thing than darkness can exist,
A churchyard vault it surely will appear.
In such a place, my father lying dead,
My soul unconscious, yet my eyes did see.
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

Soon had the heedless days of youth passed by
With all their dreams forever unfulfilled.
These dreams developed into anxious cares
Within the man whose soul for actions thrilled.
Then came the tempest, and it bore away
My burning soul like as a whirlwind free.
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

Although my dungeon door was strait and low,
 Never with sadness did I step therein;
 Conscious at heart that even to be there
 Naught from my laurels could detract or win.
 A firm reliance on the future's store
 Made in my heart a rosemary to be.
 Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
 She would have rued that ever she bore me.

My mother glorified, could'st thou behold
 How faith has made me a believer wise!
 My mother glorified, could'st thou but feel
 How in its dreams my soaring soul doth rise!
 Could'st thou but know how faithfully and well
 My duty as a man I filled on earth
 Thou would'st forget that it might bring thee pain,
 Though once again thou had'st to give me birth.

ADVICE.

Paul Gyulai.

If one thou lovest, or one who holds thee dear,
 Offends, and causes thee to shed a tear,
 Be kind; do not from him forever part.
 When thou hast eased thy heart with tears, just let
 All rancour die, and try to forget;
 Believe me, love's the best balm for the heart.

Each other we, too oft, misunderstand,
 And those we love we often do offend,
 Although at heart we never meant it so.
 The wound we caused gives us the greatest pain;
 How gladly we would undo and explain,
 But in our pride we dare no weakness show.

Be thou not proud; rather, be thou sincere;
 Thy friend will then thee all the more revere;
 Suspicion melts, ill feelings dissipate.
 Think! For at any time we may expire,
 And if we part with friends in wrathful ire,
 Beside the grave forgiveness comes too late!

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Joseph Lévy.

"Who is knocking.
What is knocking?
It is a black raven."

—Arany.

The eve has come, my home grows dark and still.
Who's knocking there upon my window sill?
No rain doth fall, the wind does not e'en stir,
And all is silent as a sepulchre.
Again a knock, mysterious grows the thing,
Who's there? What's there? My window open
swing,
When lo!—its like none ever heard—
There flies into my room a jet-black bird,
Pity, pity; croaking bird.

Black raven, then I say, you must get out,
Here, bird, get out; I chase him and I shout.
I don't succeed, the bird but flits around,
As if to mock emits a croaking sound.
And as I chase the bird, over my soul
An awful feeling comes I can't control.
I stop. The moment I the chase deterred
The bird stopped, too, and then amazed, I heard:
"Pity, pity," said the bird.

"I beg of you, let me here rest awhile,
Poor raven I; do not me, too, exile,
Ah, do not be to me so merciless,
In misery we are comrade souls, I guess,
In the cold world without but hatred's mine,

The reason of this I cannot opine—
All turn me from their doors, disgusted by
My harsh voice and my mourning livery!
Pity, pity!" said the bird.

"Prosperity and friendship I knew not,
Nor in the courts of rich, nor at the hut
Of humble poor, where'er I'd settle down,
Be it on farms, in forest, field or town,
Hatred and woe and misery and care,
Deceitful lying I found everywhere.
And then, was I not right, that I preferred
To seek a place where peace was, I inferred?
Pity, pity!" wept the bird.

"Toward the homes of peasants poor I flew
From straw-thatched, leaking roofs I took a view
Around; and what I saw was woe within,
And misery without; the deathly grin
Of hunger in the face of man, the heart
Without a hope, wounded by sorrow's dart.
That was no place for me, the poor death-bird—
I felt in going there I greatly erred.
Pity, pity!" croaked the bird.

"I flew upon the tower of the church,
The earth's woes did not reach where I did perch,
A mighty crowd I saw to church to go
To ease their hearts from sorrow, care and woe.
Found they relief? Returning home was more
Acute their woe than ever theretofore,
Like the swift dart that flies I also stirred,
To be away from there, I much preferred.
Pity, pity!" quoth the bird.

"The forest dark and peaceful vale I sought,
A brighter side of life I'll find, I thought.
Alas, in vain! The gently flowing stream
Is filled with human tears; and heroes dream

Upon its shores in graves where buried lie
 The brave; the grass above them e'en doth sigh.
 Frightened I left the place where sepulchred
 The dead lay; ghastly were the moans I heard;
 Pity, pity!" cried the bird.

"And now I am thy guest. Ah, shall I see
 That even thou to abject misery
 Art sacrificed? With fear and with despair—
 Thy throbbing heart of earthly joys all bare—
 Thou look'st into the day. Each thought of thine
 I read; I am unwelcome, I divine,
 I dare not ask to have a boon conferred,
 I haven't for thee e'en one consoling word.
 Pity, pity!" said the bird.

The window was still open; and with a shrill
 Scream he, like lightning flew into the still
 Dark night, and I was left alone. When I
 Looked out, I saw him rising to the sky,
 As were he driven by earth's miseries
 And tried in heaven to find some balm of ease.
 Up in the clouds a tiny spot but stirred,
 Methinks, I still these croaking accents heard:
 Pity, pity!" cried the bird.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Emil Abrányi.

The darkest gloom hangs o'er the church,
 The bells on high have ceased to ring;
 But from the weeping organ 't seems
 Super-terrestrial voices sing:
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

The people come, quiet and mute,
 Trembling with fear and filled with pain,
 At the Redeemer's grave will they
 Comfort or deep new sorrow gain?
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

A lady, veiled, steps from her coach
Into the church, already thronged;
Sadder than all, she trembleth more;
Hath she more than the others wronged?
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

She kneels devoutly at the cross,
And freely flow her burning tears;
Her face is flushed with fever's heat;
O, great must be the sin she fears!
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

And as she weeps and as she prays,
With dying and with rising hopes,
His eyes doth the Redeemer cast
On her who here in darkness gropes.
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

He tells her now in whispers low,
Vain are thy tears and vain thy sigh,
The crime that burdens still thy soul
Stands in thy way, e'en here on high!
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

She rises quick and out she hastes
Her proud and gilded coach to gain;
A beggar woman, clad in rags,
Kneels at the door and writhes in pain;
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

To beg for alms her bony hand
She reaches out in manner shy;
One glance the lady casts at her
And, frightened, utters wild a cry:
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Alexander Petöfi.

Thou goest; thy course is run, old year!
Well, go! But stay, pass not alone;
Dark is the next world, so one might
Be led astray; my song shall light
The road, and thus thy way be known.

Again I grasp my good old lute,
Once more I touch its tuneful strings;
It has been mute, but I will try
If still it yields sweet melody,
If still it passionately sings.

If e'er thou sangest sweet let now
The mellowest lay thy strings outpour;
A song as fair as ever came
From thee, and worthy of thy fame
Shall solemnize this parting hour.

Who looks, who knows? This may the last,
The last song be that I shall hear.
Laying aside the lute to-day,
Wake it again I never may;
To die may be my fate this year.

The army of the God of Wars
I joined, and now go forth to fight.
A next year I may never see,
But if I sing, my poetry
With blood and sword-blade I shall write.

Sing, I beseech of thee; O, sing
In accents silver-clear, my lyre!
Let mild or thunderous be thy voice,
Let it be sad, let it rejoice;
But sing with passion and with fire.

A tempest thou shalt be, which will
O'er hill and vale with fury sweep;
A zephyr be, which smilingly
Lulls with its mellow lullaby
The verdant meadows into sleep.

Or yet a mirror be, wherein
My youth, my love, shall meet my eye,
My youth which dies, but never wanes,
My love which ever green remains,
Eternal as the vault on high!

O sing, sweet lute, thy sweetest tunes,
Give all the song that in thee is!
The setting sun sheds with delight
His rays from yonder flaming height
And spends the remnant that is his.

And if thy swan song it may be,
Peal it forth mighty and sublime;
Not to be lost of men with ease,
But let it over centuries
Come echoing from the rocks of time.

AT THE HAMLET'S OUTSKIRTS.

Alexander Petöfi.

Outside the hamlet, on the sands
Of Szamos's banks, an inn there stands,
Which in the stream were mirrored clear,
Did eventide not draw so near.

The night draws nigh, the daylight wanes,
And quiet o'er the landscape reigns;

The swinging bridge is safely bound,
And darkness girds it all around.

But, in the tavern, hark the noise,
The laugh and shout of village boys.
The sound of cymbals cleaves the air;
The gypsy-player tarries there.

"Come, pretty hostess, darling mine,
Pray give us some of your best wine;
Let it possess my grandsire's years
With fervor such as is my dear's.

"Strike, gypsy boy, strike up! I swear
I want to dance a livelier air—
My money all to you I roll;
To-night I'll dance away my soul."

But some one knocks.. "My master says
Too great the noise is that you raise:
Unless in bounds your mirth you keep,
He swears he cannot go to sleep!"

"Bad luck to you!—your master tell
That both of you can go to hell!
Play, gypsy boy, for spite now play,
Even if my shirt the piper pay."

Again a knock comes. "For God's sake,
Pray do not such a turmoil make!
I beg of you now to be still,
My mother lies near very ill."

None answer her. The noise has ceased,
Their passion is subdued, appeased.
Mute has become the gypsy's play,
The boys in silence homeward stray.

THE MAGYAR NOBLE.

Alexander Petöfi.

The sword which once my fathers bore,
Hangs on the wall and gleams no more,
Rust covers it instead of gore.

I am a Magyar noble.

I never work and never will,
The thought of labor makes me ill.
Peasant, 'tis thou the earth must till.

I am a Magyar noble.

Peasant, make good the road, I say,
Thy horse doth draw the load that way,
But go afoot I never may.

I am a Magyar noble.

Wherefore should I for science care?
The sages always paupers were.
I never read or write, I swear!

I am a Magyar noble.

One talent I possess complete,
Herein with me none can compete:
That I right well can drink and eat.

I am a Magyar noble.

I never pay my tax when due;
Wealth have I, but not much, 'tis true.
What do I owe? Go ask the Jew.

I am a Magyar noble.

The country's cares are naught to me;
I heed not all its misery.
Soon they will pass by fate's decree.

I am a Magyar noble.

My ancient rights and home decay,
And when I've smoked my life away,
Angels shall bear me up one day.

I am a Magyar noble.

THE SLAV STUDENT'S SONG.

Michael Vörösmarty.

When I am full of care,
Because I'm penniless
And shabby is my dress,
My boots show wear and tear;
I only thee adore,
And nothing ails me more,
Thou mighty world,
And glorious world!

How splendid are thy fields,
The mountain and the vale!
What wealth does here prevail!
Rich grain and wine it yields.
These riches great and fine
Are verily not mine,
Thou splendid world,
And wealthy world!

I may go east or west,
Why shall I not? My way
Leads me to cities gay
Where I can make my rest;
Although to God 'tis known
I never raised a stone,
Thou beauteous world,
Magnificent world!

If angry floods arise,
Cyclones and fires prevail
And men their loss bewail.
All danger I despise;

The heaven's dome will not fall,
Safe is the earthly ball;
Thou strong world,
Thou secure world!

Oft hungry, thirsty I—
Well, others to be sure,
Live like an epicure.
This makes me to defy
All pain. I, too, I say,
Will have enough some day;
Thou good world,
And happy world!

Shines not the sun so bright
All year around for me?
Can't I the fair moon see
When sleepless I at night?
And when they brightly shine
Methinks they are both mine,
Thou golden world,
Thou silver world!

When weary I of all,
I know well what to do;
I turn a patriot true!
I heed my country's call;
In speech and in debate
I make Magyarland great!
Thou glorious world,
Thou Magyar world!

And if at last I won
Great fame and great renown,
Am honored by the crown,
With marvel looked upon;
None will then think, I vow,
" 'Tis he who's hungry now!"
Thou beauteous world,
And glorious world!

THE IMPRISONED LION.

Alexander Petöfi.

The boundless desert is his home no more,
Within an iron cage he now must roar.

He, so debased, the desert's royal king,
To stand thus fettered with an iron ring!

To trifle with his sorrow let us cease;
'Tis desecration to disturb his peace.

If of his liberty he is bereft,
Its memory still may to his heart be left.

If to the tree his near approach be stayed,
Let him at least enjoy a little shade.

See in his mien what majesty is found,
And with what grandeur do his looks abound!

Although from him his liberty they took,
They could not take his proud, heroic look.

Even as the pyramid he seemeth grand,
Which towered above him in his own loved land.

His memory fondly leads him back again;
Once more is he upon his native plain.

That vast expanse of wilderness where o'er
The wild storm hath raced with him of yore.

O glorious land! O happy days and sweet!
But hush! He hears the prison-keeper's feet.

And lo! the world of fantasy hath fled
When cruel keeper smites him on the head.

A stick—and such a boy commands him now!
O heavenly powers! to this he has to bow.

Hath he become so pitiful and poor,
This deepest degradation to endure?

Behold the stupid herd, the gaping crowd
At his humiliation laugh aloud.

How dare they breathe! For should he break his chain
No soul of them from hell-fire would remain!

IF BORN A MAN, THEN BE A MAN.

Alexander Petöfi.

If born a man, then be a man
And not a wretched grub
That pusillanimously bears
Fate's every knock and rub!
Fate is a cur that only barks,
But fears a manly blow;
A man must ever ready be
To bravely meet his foe!

If born a man, then be a man,
And boast not of the fact;
More clear-tongued than Demosthenes
Are valiant deed and act.

Build up, destroy, but silent be
When finished; spare display;
Just as the storm that does its work
Lulls and subsides away.

If born a man, then be a man,
Hold honor, faith, thy own;
Express them even if thy blood
Should for thy creed atone.
Forfeit thy life a hundred times
Ere thou thy word dost break;
Let all be lost, 'tis not too much
To pay for honor's sake.

If born a man, then be a man,
And bargain not away
Thy independence even for all
The great world's rich array.
Despise the knave who sells himself,
The man who has his price!
"A beggar's staff and liberty"
Be ever thy device!

If born a man, then be a man,
Strong, brave and true as steel!
Then trust that neither man nor fate
Can crush thee 'neath their heel.
An oak be, which the hurricane
May shake and break and rend;
But ne'er possess the power its frame
Or giant force to bend!

Patriotic Songs and Hymns.

*“ No other land than this expands
For thee beneath the sky !
The fates may bring thee bane or bliss—
Here thou must live and die ! ”*

MICHAEL, VÖRÖSMARTY.

RAKOCZY MARCH.

God grant that o'er our land on high
May brightly shine the azure sky;
O'er Danube's and o'er Tisza's shore
Thy clouds shall blessings rich outpour.
Pour honey into Tokay's wine,
To Alföld's fields rich grain assign;
Grant that our home, which suffered long,
By Thy rich blessings be made strong;
Give strength to the heroic race
That bravely they their foes may face.
 E'er and e'er
 She was fair;
 Pure as gold,
 Manly, bold;
E'en her language full of grace.

For king and fatherland
Lead on, brave warrior band;
And sacrifice your life
In thy victorious strife.
In days of peace let all unite
To honor law and honor right!
And if the call "To arms!" should sound,
Send heroes to the battle ground.

ONE THOUGHT TORMENTS ME.

Alexander Petöfi.

One thought torments me sore, lest I
Upon a pillowed couch should die—
Should slowly fade like fair, frail flower
Whose heart the gnawing worms devour;
Or, like the light in some void room,
Should faintly flicker into gloom.
Let no such ending come to me,
O God! but rather let me be
A tree, through which the lightning shoots,
Or which the strenuous storm uproots;
Or like the rock from hill out-torn
And thundering, to the valley borne!
When every nation wearing chains
Shall rise and seek the battle plains,
With flushing face shall wave in fight
Their banners blazoned in the light!
"For liberty!"
Their cry shall be—
Their cry from east to west,
Till tyrants be suppressed.
There shall I gladly yield
My life upon the field.
There shall my heart's last blood flow out,
And I my latest cry shall shout.
May it be drowned in clash of steel,
In trumpets' and in cannons' peal;
And o'er my corse
Let tread the horse,
Which gallops home from victory's gain
And leaves me trodden 'mid the slain.
My scattered bones shall be interred
Where all the dead are sepulchred—
When, amid slow funeral strains,
Banners shall wave o'er the remains
Of heroes who have died for thee,
O, world-delivering Liberty!

A SUMMONS.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Loyal and true for aye remain,
Magyar, to this thy home!
Here, where thy cradle stood, once more
Thou'lt rest within thy tomb.

No other land than this expands
For thee, beneath the sky;
The fates may bring thee bane or bliss,
Here thou must live and die!

Thy fathers' blood for this dear spot
Hath often freely flowed;
Great names for full ten hundred years
Have hallowed this abode.

Here fought, to found a native land,
Arpád against his foes;
Here broke the yokes of slavery
Hunyad, with mighty blows.

Thy gory flag, O Freedom, oft
Hath been unfurled here!
And in the bloody wars we lost
Our bravest and most dear!

In spite of danger, perils past,
In spite of sanguine strife;
Though bent, we are not broken yet—
Our nation still hath life!

And all men's country, the great world,
To thee we now appeal!
The wounds that bled a thousand years
Should kill us or should heal.

It cannot be that all these hearts
Should here have died in vain;
That countless faithful breasts for naught
Have suffered deadly pain.

It cannot be that all our minds,
Our sacred iron will,
That all our efforts, hopes and faith
A ghastly curse shall kill.

Yet it shall come, if come it will,
The blissful, brighter day,
For which a hundred thousand lips
Most reverently pray!

Or, if it come not, then let come
The day when we shall die,
When o'er our tombs our country dear
Drenched in its gore shall lie.

The grave where we are sepulchred
Nations shall then surround,
And men in millions will shed tears
Of sorrow most profound.

Magyar, to this, thy native land,
Ever devoted be!
It nourished thee, and soon, when dead,
Its earth receiveth thee.

No other land than this expands
For thee beneath the sky!
The fates may bring thee bane and bliss;
Here thou must live and die!

NATIONAL SONG.

Alexander Petöfi.

Rise Magyar! is the country's call!
The time has come, say one and all:
Shall we be slaves, shall we be free?
This is the question, now agree!
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

Alas! till now we were but slaves;
Our fathers resting in their graves
Sleep not in freedom's soil. In vain
They fought and died free homes to gain.
But by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

A miserable wretch is he
Who fears to die, my land, for thee!
His worthless life who thinks to be
Worth more than thou, sweet liberty!
Now by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

The sword is brighter than the chain,
Men cannot nobler gems attain;
And yet the chain we wore, Oh, shame!
Unsheath the sword of ancient fame!
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

The Magyar's name will soon once more
Be honored as it was before!
The shame and dust of ages past
Our valor shall wipe out at last.
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

And where our graves in verdure rise
Our children's children to the skies
Shall speak the grateful joy they feel,
And bless our names the while they kneel.
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

THE FORSAKEN MOTHER.

Michael Vörösmarty.

I know a widowed mother fond, whose grief
Maketh her pine, and none can give relief;
Whose daughters all avoid her and forsake,
To them she cries as though her heart would break:—
“O, to my arms now return,
Children, my fair ones, I pray!
Blessings to give you I yearn,
My hands await you each day.
Turn to your mother most dear,
Weeping so desolate here.
Come to me, children so sweet,
Ere the last hot tears are shed
Forth of these eyes now replete;
Come to me, ere I be dead!
“Have I not borne you and bent
Over your soft cradle-nest?
Yes, for your lives I have spent

Even the strength of my breast.
Also your babyhood I
Cherished with tender control,
While yet within you did lie
Slumbrous the infantile soul.
Unto your eye I gave sight,
So that you look on the sun,
Which to behold would delight
Many an envious one.
Unto each beautiful face
I its sweet charm did impart,
Waking an echo of grace
Deep in some answering heart.
Charming contour I bestowed,
Ravishing beauty of form;
Virtue, which in my soul glowed,
Yours I gave, virginal, warm!
Honey-dew, heavenly sweet,
Your lips did gather from me,
That which for man's mouth is meet,
E'en with the sting of the bee;
Yea, and those radiant eyes,
I am the giver thereof;
They are the stars in earth skies,
Shining and liquid with love;
One single ray of the spring
Causeth to gladden the earth,
While yet another may bring
Desolate burning and dearth.
Wholly my beauty I gave
So that, in life's waning day,
You the dear words that I crave:
'Mother, dear mother,' should say.
Turn to your mother most dear,
Lonely and desolate here;
Come to me children, so sweet,
Ere my last tears may be shed—
Forth of these eyes now replete,
Come to me, ere I be dead!"
Thus pleads the mother all in vain,
None answers her appealing call,

None comes to her maternal arms
 Or on her loving breast to fall.
 Fate her sons follows, fearing she doth yearn;
 Her daughters beautiful for strangers burn.
 There sits she in her loneliness and woe,
 The tears no longer from her eyes do flow;
 But, as her soul doth heavenward gaze, one sees
 How dreadful are the mother's agonies.
 Her beating heart alone attests life's breath,
 At every throb she dies another death.

This mother's picture, fatherland, is yours:
 Your womankind the hard heart's curse endures.

FAREWELL.

Joseph Eötvös.

Land of the brave, my country dear, farewell!
 Good-by to valleys deep, to mountains high!
 Land of my hopes and where my sorrows dwell,
 I leave thee now—Farewell! Good-by! Good-by!
 And if, my dear land, I return to thee,
 May thy sons through thy bounds contented be.

Not like to Switzerland's high snow-clad hills,
 No, not like these the mountain-peaks thou hast;
 Though fairer be Provençal plains and rills
 Than are thy vales and cornfields rich and vast;
 Summit or plain, what are they all to me?
 My fatherland, I long, I live for thee!

One treasure Heaven doth give to every land
 And nations guard the same with jealous care.
 France proudly names her Emperor the Grand;
 Rome boasts antiquities renowned and rare.
 Of ruins is famed Hellas vain; but, lo,
 My country, thou hast but thy hallowed woe.

Quiet now reigns upon the Rákos plain,
 Too long the Magyar silent is, alas!
 The fathers' traces fade away and wane,

The winds spread over them fresh sand and grass;
Silent expands the field! Our trembling heart
And silent tear proclaim how great thou art.

And Buda must in sorrow now complain,
No more does she of fame and glory boast;
A graveyard of the land she must remain,
Reminding us of all my country lost.
Time long before destroyed her ancient fort,
Her crumbling stones heroic deeds report.

And ancient Mohács stands, and higher grows
The wheat upon her fields, the grass more green;
Their roots spring from the dust of dead heroes
Whose blood the irrigating dew has been.
No stone shows where the patriots were slain,
The silent field doth fill our heart with pain.

So long as on the Danube's silver face
A Magyar's eye will gaze, upon her brink
Will live one of the sturdy Magyar race,
So long our hearts with sorrow's pang shall sink.
Pray, tell me, Danube old, that floweth here,
Art thou a stream? Art thou my country's tear?

I love thee in thy hallowed, silent grief.
Unbounded is my love, dear land, for thee!
Thou art my heart's most cherished fond belief,
Though stricken down with woe and misery.
Cheer up! The future holds thy hope supreme,
Soon to dawn o'er thee in a golden gleam.

And now, good-by! Farewell, thou blessed spot;
Farewell, forever fare thee well! I go!
Whether again 'twill be my blissful lot
To see thee happy—Well, who is 't can know?
And if, my dear land, I return to thee,
Throughout thy bounds may thy sons blessed be!

APOTHEOSIS.

Joseph Bajza.

They are at rest, the heroes brave,
Who were in battle slain;
They are at rest, and o'er their tombs
Verdant grow bush and plain.

Verdant grows bush, verdant grows plain,
Because the heroes' blood
Was, as hot tears of gratitude,
Their irrigating flood.

Their war was not a party strife,
No dream which vision wrought,
Which, over forts it had destroyed,
To build new ramparts sought.

Which from the depths of hell calls up
The spirit of discord,
That he may paint the sky of peace
With stern and gory sword.

That on his heels may follow crime,
Dark, dastardly and fell;
That he the century's brightest hopes
May ruthlessly dispel.

Their war was holy freedom's fight;
For law and order's sake,
The nation's liberties to save,
The tyrant's yoke to break.

Within their breast gleamed bright the flame
Of love for public weal,
And in their iron hands the swords
With which they fought with zeal.

The tyrant's arrogant commands,
His chains they would not bear;

And freely flowed their blood for thee,
O, freedom, bright and fair!

Ah, freely flowed their blood—they fell
But victory crowned their fall;
Their glorious deeds will brightly shine
Throughout the ages all.

The fairest flowers of glory grow
There where they buried lie;
And from their tombs, on zephyr's wings,
Their memory's tidings fly.

The muse of history engraves
The record of their deed
On marble, that their bravery
The coming world may read:

How they for freedom nobly fought,
How they for freedom fell,
And those we leave behind shall yet
A tale of valor tell.

A graveyard is their fatherland,
Of people even bare;
Where palaces and hamlets stood
No grass and weed grow there.

In streets of once great busy towns
Death's quietude doth reign;
The women's haggard faces show
Great suffering and pain.

Amid the ruins wander men,
Bent down with age and care,
Who o'er their country's future fate
Think almost with despair.

Ye dames and children, weeping now.
Ye hoary men, good cheer!
O'er your down-trodden fatherland
Soon bright days will appear.

This fairest land, now bowed in dust,
In might again will rise;
There is a Judge above the clouds,
Above the thunderous skies.

Reason's almighty power doth rise
In her behalf, and Time
Gaineth o'er mercenary swords
A victory great, sublime!

The agonizing shrieks and groans
Change into shouts of glee,
From east and west, throughout the land
Believed it now shall be:

That on the plains where patriots' blood
For freedom freely flow,
There will the fairest blossomings
Of general freedom grow.

DEAR CAPTAIN MINE.

Paul Gyulai.

"Dear captain mine, dear captain, see!"
"What is it, boy, what alleth thee?"
"Your cloak is stained with blood that flows:"
"Heed not, 'tis from my bleeding nose."

"Dear captain, take a rest, I pray,
You almost fell here on the way."
"I stumbled o'er a stone, I trow,
Fix bayonets straight and forward go!"

The Honvéds onward press; not so
The captain, wounded by the foe;
"Onward, my boys!" he cries again,
And falleth dead amid the slain.

HYMN.

Francis Kölcsey.

O, my God, the Magyar bless
With Thy plenty and good cheer!
With Thine aid his just cause press,
Where his foes to fight appear.
Fate, who for so long did'st frown,
Bring him happy times and ways;
Atoning sorrow hath weighed down
Sins of past and future days.

By Thy help our fathers gained
Kárpáth's proud and sacred height.
Here by Thee a home obtained,
Heirs of Bendegúz, the knight.
Where'er Danube's waters flow
And the streams of Tisza swell,
Arpád's children, Thou dost know,
Flourished and did prosper well.

For us let the golden grain
Grow upon the fields of Kún,
And let Nectar's silver rain
Ripen grapes of Tokay soon.
Thou our flags hast planted o'er
Forts where once wild Turks held sway;
Proud Vienna suffered sore
From King Mátyás' dark array.

But, alas! for our misdeed,
Anger rose within Thy breast,
And Thy lightnings Thou did'st speed
From Thy thundering sky with zest.
Now the Mongol arrow flew
Over our devoted heads;
Or the Turkish yoke we knew,
Which a free-born nation dreads.

O, how often has the voice
Sounded of wild Osman's hordes,
When in songs they did rejoice
O'er our heroes' captured swords!
Yea, how often rose Thy sons,
My fair land, upon Thy sod,
And Thou gavest to these sons
Tombs within the breast they trod!

Though in caves pursued he lie,
Even then he fears attacks.
Coming forth the land to spy,
Even a home he finds he lacks.
Mountain, vale—go where he would,
Grief and sorrow all the same—
Underneath a sea of blood,
And above a sea of flame.

'Neath the fort, a ruin now,
Joy and pleasure erst were found;
Only groans and sighs, I trow,
In its limits now abound.
But no freedom's flowers return
From the spilt blood of the dead,
And the tears of slavery burn,
Which the eyes of orphans shed.

Pity, God, the Magyar, then,
Long by waves of danger tossed;
Help him by Thy strong hand when
He on grief's sea may be lost.
Fate, who for so long did'st frown,
Bring him happy times and ways:
Atoning sorrow has weighed down
All the sins of all his days.

BEGGAR SONG.

John Arany.

From door to door I beg; I come and go:
O, do not say to me the heartless "no;"
Do not incite the dogs to bark and bite
I have not hands enough with them to fight.
A soldier maimed I am, helpless and gray—
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

I fought on many fields, and bore our flag
At Versecz, Szolnok, Vác and Isaszeg;¹
My right arm I have lost, and though a crutch
I bear, it helps—one foot is gone—not much.
These rags are all I saved that awful day—
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

Don't scold me as a beggar; hard the name;
This beggar's staff should bring to others shame;
If all their duty did, no tears would flow
With each mouthful into my cup, I know.
Though maimed and crippled still I would be gay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

How much of strength and blood was lost, I wot
Another scene like this the world knew not;
'Twas discord caused our might and pride to fall;
Our leaders moved by faction and cabal.
Our hearts'-blood flow with them was merely play:
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

A slice of bread and then of pence a few—
What for? It shall be frankly told to you:
When weary I—how hot the midday sun!—
I take a drink, a strong, refreshing one;
Upon that inn's hard bench my head I lay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

The world me as a drunkard doth decry,
Though, if I drink, I have a reason why.
Sad is my fate, yet this with ease I bear,
One gets accustomed to it, as it were.
No balm my other tortures can allay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

When in this breast this wound begins to ache,
My soul's each chord doth tremble nigh to break.
"Come, Gypsy, play thy saddest air for love."
The Gypsy plays; bless him, our God above!
His brown face bathes in tears, so sad his lay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

This life is full of woe; it would be best
If, by to-morrow, I had found my rest;
But you patch up this book—my life—so torn;
In years, our children's children to be born,
In it can read true narratives some day;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

When I went forth to fight, my land, for thee,
As pay, ten acres land were promised me;
Ten spans, I thought, were just enough for you,
Suspecting not that this was but too true!
If once you find me dead, here on my way,
Bury me in my fatherland, I pray.

¹Battlefields of the Hungarian revolution, 1848-1849.

FAREWELL.

Alexander Petöfi.

The sun had hardly dawned, when lo! it set.
I had but come, and now I must depart.
Scarce had I time to greet and kiss thee, dear,
When duty calls and we again must part.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

I carry now the sword and not the lute,
The minstrel as a soldier now must fight.
A golden star hath led me heretofore,
The blood-red sky is now my guiding light.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

'Tis not ambition which prompts me to leave;
No laurels rest where thou the roses red
Of happiness hast placed upon my brow,
Which I shall never take from off my head.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

'Tis not ambition which prompts me to leave;
Thou know'st ambition died within my soul.
'Tis for my fatherland I sacrifice
My life upon the field where cannons roll.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

If none my dearest country should defend,
Alone I would defend her with all might;
Now, when all rise to seek the battle plains,
Shall I remain at home, afraid to fight?
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

I ask thee not to think of me when gone,
The while I fight for fatherland and thee;
My love to thee is pure and well I know
One thought alone thou hast, and that for me.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

Perchance a crippled wreck I shall come home,
But thou, my darling wife, wilt love me still;
For, by our God, when I return, the same
Pure love, as now, my heart shall ever thrill.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

MOHÁCS.

Joseph Eötvös.

Where on sad battlefield our fathers bled
At Mohács, greener grows the grass, 'tis said;
The flowers sweeter perfume gain,
The farmer's lands yield richer grain.

This ground was soaked with heroes' precious gore,
And for this cause God blesses it the more.
Thus sacred cannot sterile lie
The spot where patriots dared to die.

Weep not for him who nobly met his death,
And for his country yielded up his breath.
Calmly upon his mother's breast,
While blessings guard him, he doth rest.

The brave, true heart, which for his dear land burned
Now fructifies the earth, to dust returned;
His spirit novers o'er the grave,
His sons inspiring to be brave.

THE MAGYAR LADY.

John Garay.

A Magyar gentlewoman thou
Be proud of this, thy fate;
Exalted is in all men's thought
A Magyar lady's state.
O women! who your beauty's charm
And power supreme do know,
That heaven a mission you has sent—
Blessed are you here below.

God made thee beautiful because
A woman he designed;
The fragrant flower of life thou art
Most perfect of its kind.
A gem, a precious pearl thou art,
Found in the heart's deep sea;
A star which shines within love's sky
Forever brilliantly.

Two missions most divine are thine,
Thou can'st not fail to know—
To be a lady and thy love
On thy dear land bestow.
To live, to love, and loved to be,
Is not alone thy goal;
As Magyar wife fate gives thee now
A nobler sphere of soul.

Thou art the daughter of this land,
Too long in gloom o'ercast,
The mother of a rising race
Which now wakes up at last.
For thee it cannot be enough
O'er stagnant pools to shine,
Or even a beauteous flower to be
Placed on a graveyard shrine.

To duty 'tis thy lot to call
Thy father, and to lead
Thy husband to the patriot ranks
Who give their lives' poor meed
Willingly for their native land;
And thine the mother's call,
Which with the patriot's zeal inspires
And moves thy children all.

That unity may have a home
Where it had none before,
Let all thy sons' and daughters' hearts
With love of home brim o'er;
Let Árpád's race in one be linked,
One circling diadem,
And of this shining coronal
Be thou the central gem.

A Magyar gentlewoman thou,
Be proud of this, thy fate:
The genius of one's land to be—
That is a lot most great.
O women! who your beauty's charm
And power supreme do know,
That heaven a mission you has sent,
Blessed are you here below.

THE MAGYAR POET.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Here, as an exile, the wanderer doth go,
And ever his music is laden with woe;
So sadly it flows from his heart and his lip
That the rocks from the mountains to hear it would
slip.
He sings of the fatherland's prosperous days,
The olden wars, golden deeds, warriors' ways.

He singeth of rosy love, maiden's bright hair,
Fair faces and glances, and youths in despair,
And while the sad melody breaks on the ear,
His face fills with sorrow, his eye with a tear.

"My friend, of the fatherland's prosperous days—
Alas, fled forever—'tis fruitless to sing.
The fair maiden feels not; the youth doth not praise;
For love-songs no mistress will crown thee with
bays.

No more let thy song's plaintive cadences ring,
Or, sing to thyself those lugubrious strains
Where the eagle by night on the mountain-peak
reigns;
And of the sad lay the appropriate crown
Is a wreath of the willow that meekly bows down."

Thus, crownless and lone, doth the youth wander on,
Unheeding of dust and unmindful of dawn;
His country neglects him, until in his breast
His song, like his heart, loses passion and zest.

"O, tree of the forest, the youth's name now hide;
O, rock, for his heart in thy bosom make room,
So, haply, in quiet his dreams shall betide;
O, nightingale, sing to him dreams full of gloom."

He spoke thus, and since, he hath dwelt in the shade
Where the wolf makes his lair and the deer seeks
the glade;
'Mid dangers and perils he wakes to the light;
'Neath far-flashing lightnings he lies down at night.

The winter-moon sails o'er the hills up the sky,
With countless attendant stars smiling on high.
O, youth, what fair dreams do thy slumbers invade—
Beauteous dreams that the nightingale sings from
the shade?
And the timid deer halts, and the wolf sulks away.
And the tempest is lulled—by his dreams' gentle
sway.

A HYMN.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Help us, O God of kings that be!
Turn unto Thee our monarch's heart,
That, like the sun, his mind may see
And apprehend his mighty part;
That he, o'er millions set in place,
May shine in valor and in grace!

God of the people, help us yet!
Make ours industrious, true and leal;
Each task whereto its hand is set
Accomplish for the public weal;
Grant that what hand and mind can gain,
Not by free gift, it shall obtain!

Help us, O, God of Nations, Thou!
Clothe with Thy blessings this fair land;
As Eden, blessed of old, endow
With fruitful bloom on every hand;
So may its true sons live in joy
And a strong shield for foes employ!

God help us, God of Liberty;
This great word let us comprehend;
Grant a brave watchful heart, that we
The people's sacred rights defend,
Honor in iron words of law,
And with our blood, if need we saw!

Almighty God of Unity,
Holding together worlds most wide!
Grant that through all life's fates that be
One grand and noble thought shall guide:
Our nation's every step and deed
Be crowned by honor's brilliant meed!

THE HOMELESS.

Michael Vörösmarty.

"O'er untrod pathways who dost fare
With breast to storm and tempest bare,
A stranger unto joy?
Who art thou, man with sorrow bent?
Why is fate's sword to smite intent?
Thou treadest rude rocks—why?"

"O'er the rude rocks let me roam,
Let tempest on my bared breast come:
A fugitive am I.
This heart of mine more wild is far;
The storms which heave it fiercer are;
Great is my agony."

"Perchance thou once wert rich and great,
And now, bereft by cruel fate,
To indigence art brought?"
"Yes, I was rich, and that is well;
My poverty is dire and fell;
But this doth matter naught."

"Two names are sacred, then to you—
The true friend and the maiden true—
And they thy trust belied?"
"On earth I know no bitterer curse
Than faithless love and friendship worse!
But true to me they died!"

"They died? Thy wife and child, maybe,
And all of joy earth held for thee
Down to the grave did go?"
"Yes, all I loved lie buried there,
But much the human heart can bear,
And mine hath found it so."

"Thou liv'st though great thy sufferings be;
Does honor lost then trouble thee?

On thee dost rest a stain?"

"Disgraced indeed are name and fame,
For Fatherland I bore this shame,
This is my awful bane!"

"Ah, thou art exiled then, indeed
The country for which thou did'st bleed
Doth punish thus with woes?"

"A fatherland the exile hath,
And while he suffers want and wrath,
It lives and ever grows."

"The land of which I was a son,
Crushed out and drowned in blood, is done:

No more shall rise its crest.

For millions' loss my woe is dread;
I bear with me a people dead—

A scourge within my breast!"

A SIGH.

Joseph Bajza.

Thy past is bare of joy;
Hopeless thy days indeed!
Decaying, beauteous home,
For thee my heart doth bleed.

For thee doth still complain
In accents sad my lay;
Beneath thy stormy clouds
My life is all dismay.

After such great attempts
From out a turbid stream

To gain at length the shore,
No guiding star doth gleam.

Thou who didst hearts create,
And taught'st them how to feel
For hearth and fatherland
With love-enduring zeal:

Whose might prescribes all laws,
All futures doth forecast;
O, God of Nations, send
A ray of hope at last!

(Another version, translated by Florence Sage.)

How joyless was thy past,
No hope now, in thy need,
For thou art sinking fast,
Sweet land, for which I bleed.

Forth from my song,
Eternal plaint shall flow,
For thy dark clouds beneath,
Life is unceasing woe.

E'en after all this strife,
'Mid whirlpool and the wave,
The haven lost! There rises
Not one star to save!

O thou who did'st create,
The heart with burning zeal,
So ardently to love,
Our home and country's weal;

To whom all power belongs,
With justice to defend,
O God of nations, deign
One ray of hope to send!

WAR SONG.

Alexander Petöfi.

The trumpets blare, drums beat the call;
Our boys go forward to fight or fall;

Forward!

The bullets whistle, sabres clash,
And rouse the Magyar spirit rash.

Forward!

May freedom's flag wave on the height,
That all the world behold the sight!

Forward!

Unfurl the flag! the world shall see
The proud inscription, "Liberty!"

Forward!

The world the Magyar valor knows,
He bravely faces all his foes:

Forward!

A virtue God the Magyar gave;
He made his nature truly brave:

Forward.

Upon a gory ground I tread,
A comrade's blood has made it red:

Forward!

A hero he! Can I be less?
Boldly onward let me press:

Forward!

If, even unto death we shall be shot;
If even to die here be our lot:

Forward!

For thee our lives we freely give,
Dear Fatherland, that thou shalt live!

Forward!

THE PILGRIM.

John Garay.

He went into the holy land,
A friar, to atone;
Clad in a cowl, with ashes crowned,
He wandered far alone.

He cast away his shoes that, while
He wanders in the heat,
The stones and thorns upon the road
May freely pierce his feet.

He mortified himself with fasts
And thirst's most burning pain;
To wrongs he bowed, and yet to wrong
Others he did disdain.

Throughout his weary pilgrimage
Devoutly still he prayed,
Yet from his soul he could not lift
The weight sin there had laid.

From Palestine to Rome he went,
His anguish naught could ease.
Before His Holiness, the Pope,
He fell upon his knees.

"O, Holy Father, tell me, pray"—
His tears did freely flow—
"Will Heaven on me for my dark crime
Forgiveness yet bestow?"

Then, tremblingly, he did confess
His crime. The Pope arose,
Stricken with awe; his kindly face
Did anger stern disclose.

His eyes, which ever gleamed with grace.
Then burned with wrath and fire.
And like the thunder of the sky
He spake in deepest ire:

"Almighty God alone forgives,
Mercy is in His hand!
But not e'en He will overlook
Treason to fatherland!"

SOLOMON'S CURSE.

Michael Vörösmarty.

"My curse upon thee light, O Magyar land!
Curse thee, Magyar, rebellious, haughty, proud!
May the crown shake that on thy head doth stand!
Thy homes may darkness evermore enshroud!
Hard be thy fate, as is thy sword and heart!
And in thy ranks may discord still have part!

"And Thou, O God, Who hath anointed me,
That here on earth I Thee should represent,
Not having looked on me protectingly,
To all Thy grace I am indifferent.
To Solomon no resting place is given,
No peace on earth and no desire for heaven."

Thus, like the outcast angel, curseth low
The King, to exile banished by his land.
His shield and helmet he away doth throw
And broken is the sword he hath in hand.
The patriots' blood has left thereon its trace;
Red as their blood glows his heroic face.

His body crushed, his spirit more so still,
A gruesome, deep-cut wound doth give him pain;
And yet this wound hath not for him such ill
As this that he could not his crown maintain.
He flies, but be his flight never so swift,
The anguish from his soul he cannot lift.

The royal fugitive in haste retreats;
Hills, vales and streams he hath already passed.
Arriving at the borderland he greets

An old umbrageous forest's depth at last.
Here endeth now the path of our sad knight,
And over him is cast the gloom of night.

The years roll by; the trees, now richly crowned,
Their verdure lose and soon stripped bare are seen;
Time passeth by and then one hears the sound
Of sweet bird-songs within the forest green.
The antlers of the wild stag yearly grow;
How old his freedom is they proudly show.

A broken sword is there the exile's cross,
And God's free earth his sacred altar there;
Piously he doth kneel on the green moss,
Throughout the year he spendeth days in prayer.
A long gray beard flows o'er his pain-filled breast;
Each hair is seemingly divinely blest.

What once have filled his soul—the passions strong—
Are now subdued; time brought his healing balm;
Long since he hath forgotten all his wrong,
His face now even is benign and calm.
One fervent prayer his longing heart doth fill,
That blessing on the Magyar be God's will.

Long since hath died away the awful curse;
Forgot is what the haughty King hath dreamed;
His better self more noble thoughts doth nurse,
The man his purer nature hath redeemed.
"Be happy, my dear Magyar fatherland,
And may thy virtues make thee strong and grand."

Thus prayeth he, and o'er his shattered frame
Death gains at last his victory with ease.
He yields to death's most unrelenting claim,
'Neath autumn's yellow leaves he sleeps in peace.
Where in the woods the kingly exile died,
The howling beasts of prey now prowl and hide.

IF GOD.

Alexander Petöfi.

If God Almighty thus did speak to me:
"My son, I grant permission unto thee
To have thy Death as thou thyself shalt say;"
Thus unto my Creator I would pray:

"Let it be autumn, when the zephyrs sway
The sere leaves wherewith mellow sunbeams play;
And let me hear once more the sad, sweet song
Of errant birds, that will be missed ere long.

"And unperceived, as winter's chilling breath
Wafting o'er autumn, bearing subtle Death,
Then let Death come; most welcome He will be
If I notice Him when close to me.

"Like to the birds, again I will outpour
A mellower tune than e'er I sang before,
A song which moves the heart, makes dim the eyes
And mounts up swelling to the very skies.

"And, as my swan-song draweth to its end,
My sweetheart fair and true may o'er me bend;
Thus would I die, caressing her fair face,
Kissing the one on earth who holds most grace.

"But if the Lord this boon should disallow,
With spring of war let Him the land endow;
When the rose-blooms that color earth again
Are blood-red roses in the breasts of men.

"May nightingales of war—the trumpets—thrill
Men's souls, and with heroic passion fill;
May I be there, and where the bullets shower
O, let my heart put forth a deadly flower.

"Falling beneath the horse's iron heel,
Here also may a kiss my pale lips seal;
Thus would I die while I Thy kiss obtain,
Liberty, who 'mid heavenly hosts dost reign!"

THE SONG FROM FOT.*

Michael Vörösmarty.

Upward rise within the cup,
Pearly beads,
Naught can stop it, as each globe
Upward speeds;
Skyward let all things ascend
Pure and white,
Leaving on the earth beneath
Dross and blight.

Strength and force our body gains
When we dine,
But the soul gains nourishment
From the wine.
Wine and spirit still were friends
Good and true.
What fish e'er in water spawned
Famous grew?

Brimming cups make love more sweet
And more dear;
All the gall therein I drink
Without fear.
Fairest rosebud, sweetest dove,
Laugh not, pray:
If thou lov'st me, tri-une God
Bless thee may.

For thee joyous gleams this glass
Of bright wine,
Ardently for thee beats this
Heart of mine.
Pretty maids and red wine are
My delight,
And o'er my dark life can shed
Pleasant light.

Friend and countryman, I ask,
Art thou glad?
Art thou filled with doleful thoughts,
Sombre, sad?
Take to wine; both health and youth
'Twill restore;
Heaven for us no cure beside
Holdeth more.

Care and grief sleep like a child
After wine;
For cycles was the Magyar's fate
Sad, malign.
Now his time has come to rise
Up again,
And his former glorious state
To maintain.

Wine the Magyar always quaffs—
Which is fair;
Wine will injure none who drink
With due care.
Then his fatherland he toasts
Joyously:
O, that he would something do,
Land, for thee!

Never mind, for all things yet
Will come right;
Helping thee with word and deed,
All will fight.
If 'tis God's wish, as our own,
We no more
Will disgrace thee; Hungary we
Must restore!

Up, my friends, and let us take
One more drink!
Care and trouble perish when
Glasses clink.

For our sacred country now
Raise a cheer!
But, when called, our lives we'll yield
Without fear.

Our beloved King is first
In the land;
All true patriots now by him
Firmly stand.
May his land's success to him
Pleasures bring!
Famed and happy be the rule
Of our King!

Let each man be ever true,
A Magyar,
Whom the earth bears, o'er whom shines
Sun, moon, star!
Strong in love and calm in peace,
Such a race
Need not fear and bravely can
Perils face!

He is a traitor, who, my land,
Loves thee not!
Shame or death of scoundrels all
Be the lot.
Rear not, fairest land, such boors
On thy breast,
Let them not within thy bounds
Ever rest.

As the seven leaders brave
Shed their blood,
When before the nation they
Swearing, stood;
So this wine flows and, by God
High above
Let us swear that we our land
Still will love!

Let each hope of ours a prayer
Be for thee,
Country dear; and for thy great
Liberty!
To thy health we drink this glass
Of glad wine;
To drink this toast no Magyar man
Can decline.

Peace, dear land, shall have a home
In thy bounds;
And be healed for aye thy sore
Bleeding wounds;
And thy face, from ancient grief
Haggard now,
Soon may, after tempest's rage,
Brightness show!

May thy children dwell in love
And calm peace;
Here may wars and strifes, we pray,
Ever cease!
May our land be mighty, rich,
Ever free!
Truth and justice, laws divine
Here decree!

When our lives, our fortunes, asks
Our dear land,
With our heart's blood let us meet
The demand;
Proudly claiming, peace or war,
Whatso come,
"We repaid but what we owed,
Sacred home!"

*Föt, a village near Budapest, the poet's country place.

I AM A MAGYAR.

Alexander Petöfi.

A Magyar I! The splendor of my land
Naught can surpass. She is the loveliest
Upon the globe, and countless as the sand
The beauties are she bears upon her breast.
In mountains she is rich and from their height
One casts his glance beyond the distant sea;
Her fertile plains are wide, you think they might
Extend to where the world's end seems to be.

A Magyar I! By nature am I sad
As are the first tunes of my nation's lay.
And though I often smile when I am glad
I never laugh, however I be gay.
But when the utmost joy doth fill my breast,
In freely flowing tears breaks out my glee;
Yet joyous seems my face when most depressed,
For none shall ever dare to pity me.

A Magyar I! With pride I cast my eye
Over the sea of history past and see
Vast, mighty rocks that almost reach the sky;
They are my nation's deeds of bravery.
We, too, were acting once on Europe's stage,
And ours was not an empty, easy rôle!
When, at the play, our sword we drew in rage
All feared us, as the child the thunder's roll.

A Magyar I! But what is that to-day?
Ghost of a glorious past that restless stirs
At dark, but which the midnight spells must lay
In dreamless sleep down in his sepulchres.
How mute we are! Our neighbors nearest by
Scarce gain a sign that we are yet alive;
One brother will the other villify!
Now, in our land, but wrong and falsehood thrive.

A Magyar I! But O! how I deplore
To be a Magyar now! It is a shame
That while the sun in brightness shines all o'er,
No gleam or dawn to us as yet there came;
Still all the wealth on earth could not suffice
My love of thee, dear spot, e'er to efface;
Dear native land, I still must idolize
And love thee still in spite of thy disgrace!

A HOLY GRAVE.

Alexander Petöfi.

Far, very far away,
Whence in the gentle spring,
To us the swallows come;
Far, very far away,
Where in our wintry days,
The swallow has her home;

A holy grave doth rise,
Close to the green sea-waves
That wash the yellow shore;
A weeping willow's branch,
A wild shrub's crape-like veil
This lone grave shadeth o'er.

Besides this single shrub,
There comes no thing to mourn
The glorious dead's decease,
Who for a century,
After a busy life,
Sleeps here in endless peace.

He was a hero bold,
The last-left valorous knight,
Who for fair freedom fought;

But how could fate protect
One on whom his own land
Ingratitude had wrought.

He into exile went,
Lest his degenerate land
He should be forced to see,
And, seeing, he should curse;
While from an alien shore
He looks with charity.

And here, day after day,
He watched the clouds that came
From his own dearest home.
Was it the sunset glow,
Or yet his country's shame
That burned in heaven's dome?

He often sat to catch
The murmur of the waves
That move the rolling sea.
He almost dreamed he heard
His country, risen again,
Was happy, proud and free!

That he should hear once more
His native land was free
Was still his fond belief.
And for this freedom's news
He waited, until death
Brought him most sweet relief.

At home, even now, his name
Is hardly known. But one
Remember him, the bard.
Forgotten he would be—
Sang not of him the bard,
Freedom's eternal guard!

TO MY FATHERLAND.

Charles Szász.

No news from you I hear to-day
My beauteous land of vale and grove;
Yet, now that I am far away,
You above all things else I love.
Your mountain-peaks, your valleys deep
I never, never can forget;
That on your breast I still may weep
Is the desire that burns me yet.

Naught in thy niche can e'er repose,
Nothing thy image e'er efface;
I ask the stream that swiftly flows
Why it has left his native place;
I ask the passing bird that flies
If drought-killed are thy forests great,
That from thy boundaries thus he hies
Like faithless men that emigrate.

Methinks the heavy lowering cloud
Is as a widow's veil to thee;
Methinks the wind that weeps aloud
Is as a well-known flute to me.
Methinks the scent of flowers that blow
Are just thy mournful sighings now;
The stars above, bonfires that glow
Upon thy mountain's lofty brow.

In every vista now descried
Some image I behold of thee.
And, walking o'er the fields, each stride
The shadows of thy hills I see.
The mother to her errant son
A holy relic gives to prize;
And that, though years and years roll on,
Forever on his bosom lies.

FORWARD.

Coloman Tóth.

The motto of the Guard is known
All o'er the world and on each field
Of battle: "The French Guard will die,
But never, never will they yield."
And we as well a watchword had
That roused the Honvéd when they heard:
No hint of death it spoke,
Nor of surrender's yoke:
"Forward!" it was. One single word!

Our patriot girls with needle wrought
This motto when the flag they made;
This word inspired each conscript boy
For whom a mourning mother prayed.
But if another yet were left
For whom his country had to call
She ceased to weep for one,
But sent her other son;
And "Forward" went he, though to fall.

And wonderful this youthful host,
For where it came from no one knew;
Born in a day, yet firm and strong
As though for centuries three it grew;
Like fiery tempests they advance—
Already half have bit the ground—
Wrapped in a smoky cloud
They're lost; no! for aloud
The magic "Forward!" doth resound.

As each sea-breaker in a storm
Upheaves the mighty ocean's breast,
Thus did they mingle in the fight,
Father and son with eager zest.
The father falleth and the son

Bends low above the stricken head;
"One word, my father dear!"
The dying eyes grow clear;
"Forward!" he utters, and is dead.

O, precious treasure, which no earth
With countless graves can cover o'er;
Word which, although unuttered calls,
Nor can be taken from us more.
'Tis graven on the forest bark,
On deathly brows 'tis written plain,
On bones which rot away,
But which will rise one day,
When the loud "Forward" sounds again.

ON A SICK BED.

Paul Gyulai.

When like a veil withdrawn,
From life's great secret gone,
Over me, pale, doth creep
The everlasting sleep,
Lay me not in a bier;
Bear me to fresh fields near,
Where the light clouds of spring
The rising dawn doth bring.
Then fragrant blossoms spread
Over my silent head;
The sun's last kiss shall die;
O'er me the starlit sky,
And moon ray which on crests
Of thirsty poplars rests,
'Mid nightingales' soft stream
Of song, shall watch me dream.

And yet, ah, no! ah, no!
In the earth lay me low;
There in yon valley deep
Dig me a grave for sleep.
I, of the world forgot,

Its sounds shall hearken not;
Shall heed no joyous strain
Nor harmonies of pain.
My yearning love, my own,
Shall visit me alone;
Only her gentle tear
Shall fall upon me here;
Then will my heart's dust wake.
Thereat its thirst to slake.
And from it o'er my tomb
The violet will bloom,
To her my dreams to tell,
My love and griefs that well,
As though my lips did sigh;
The tears bedim her eye,
More quickly beats her heart;
A sob her lips dispart,
Then dies and wings its flight
Through summer's quiet night.

What is it? What say I?
Groves shady, mountains high,
My native land so sweet!
Here let me find retreat,
In forest or on hill,
Where eagles soar at will,
Sun, lightning, clouds, all pass.
Where thick woods and tall grass
Round nature's altar-pale
Weave a dense Isis veil;
Here secrets great abide;
Where morning like a bride,
With blissful dew descends
And evening gently ends;
Where noise of earth and air
Are drowned in thunder there.
There on the hills' crest
Lay me at last to rest.
Under the fir-trees green
The storm shall vent my spleen
And evermore prolong
My painful, sacred song.

I DREAM OF GORY DAYS.

Alexander Petöfi.

I dream of dread and gory days,
Which come this world to chaos casting,
While o'er its ruined works and ways
The new world rises everlasting.

Could I but hear, could I but hear
The trumpet's blare to carnage calling!
I scarce can wait till on my ear
The summons sounds, to some appalling.

Then to the saddle quick I'd spring,
My mettled steed with joy bestriding,
And haste to join the noble ring
Of heroes, who to fight are riding.

And should a spear-thrust pierce my breast,
There will be One—a fair thought this is—
By whom my wound will then be dressed,
My pain assuaged by balmy kisses.

If taken captive I should be,
This One, my dungeon's gloom adorning,
Will surely come to visit me,
In radiance like the star of morning.

And should I die, and should I die
On scaffold or 'mid cannons' rattle.
This One with tears will then be nigh
To wash away the blood of battle.

TO FRANCIS LISZT.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Renowned musician of the world,
To us, where'er thou art, still kin!
Hast thou for this sad land a song
To thrill the core and brain within?
Hast thou a song to move the heart,
A song to make all grief depart?

The load which for a hundred years
Weighed on us was our sins and fate;
Thus bound, this wavering race hath lived
Content to be inanimate;
And if it rose it was in vain,
As thinks the fever-stricken brain!

A better epoch comes; the dawn
Of morn, for which so long we prayed,
Has, amid throes of sweet relief,
Unto our hearts new hope conveyed;
The love for our old home revives:
We gladly for it give our lives.

We feel each beating of its pulse;
Our hearts rejoice to hear its name;
Our country's wrong we all endure;
We blush to know its slightest shame!
O, may the throne forever stand
Joyous and steadfast o'er the land!

Great scholar, from this home of storms,
Wherein a world's heart beats, and where
The sun, grown bold at last to dawn,
A blood-red semblance seems to wear;
Where fiends of hate are forced to hide
By generations' swelling tide!

Now, in their place, in snow-white robes,
Walk industry and peace divine;
In the new era's temple halls
Art comes to set its heavenly sign,
While countless brains think for the land;
Ne'er rests the nation's giant hand.

O, Song's great master, sing for us!
And when thou sing'st of days gone by
Let thy lay be a storm, wherein
We hear the thunders roll on high;
And in this ode, wild, grave, profound,
May victory's paean-song resound.

Sing such a lay that from their tombs
Our forbears even shall awake;
So as, with their immortal souls,
The present race from sloth to shake—
A lay which brings to Hungary bliss
And treachery damns to shame's abyss.

On recollection's manly arm
The pale-faced lady, Grief, doth come.
And Mohács' storm we see again;
A civil war lays waste our home;
Although the tear our vision blurs,
The balm of hope our heart yet stirs.

And thus thou wak'st that love for home,
Which ever patriot souls has thrilled,
Which to the memory of past truth
Clings, and a future bright doth build.
Then may thy song be full of fire,
Our hearts and spirits to inspire.

And thus, to holy passion roused,
Our sons' love may to deeds mature;
Let us unite in sacred bond
For thee to labor and endure.
Like one man should the nation stand
To conquer with an iron hand.

And even the rocks, as if our bones
 They were, with hallowed joy should shake.
 The Danube's waves flow free, as when
 Our blood we shed for home's dear sake;
 And, where we knew days glad and dire,
 Thy song should joyous hope inspire.

And dost thou hear how, at this song
 Our nation rises with one will?
 A million lips repeat the lay,
 Which fills all hearts, all souls doth thrill;
 Come back to us! With thee we say
 Thank God, our race doth not decay!

DRUNK FOR THE COUNTRY'S SAKE.

Alexander Petöfi.

God bless you, boys! Come, drink again,
 Let us the jovial glass fill high!
 Pray let me not my country see
 Forsaken and in misery,
 Far rather drunk in dreams I'd lie.

For then I dream that once again
 At home the voice of cheer I hear,
 It seems to me that with each round
 Of joyous drink I heal a wound
 Thou sufferest from, my country dear.

If it could be while I lie here
 My country truly happy were—
 You never should, good friends, I say.
 Even if I might live for aye,
 Behold me sober more, I swear!

WHO WOULD BELIEVE?

Alexander Petöfi.

Who would believe that on this plain
A few weeks since two armies stood,
Engaged in fierce, destructive fight,
Drenching the country with their blood?

A direful day it was throughout,
Foe facing here, foe charging there,
Death in the van, death in the rear;
Sabres were flashing in the air.

Then, like a troubled brow,
The sky was cloudy, dark and wild.
Now it looks pleasant, like the smile
Upon the bright face of a child.

The earth was like a hoary head;
Covered with snow was all the scene;
Now like the hopes of ardent youth
The earth is dressed in brightest green.

Then bullets whistled through the air,
We heard the mighty cannon's roll;
Above us now the nightingale
Pours out in song her lovebound soul.

Wherever then we cast our eyes
We only saw death's ghastly show;
But now the sweetest-scented flowers
In bounteous efflorescence grow.

Who would believe that on this plain
A few weeks since two armies stood,
Engaged in fierce, destructive fight,
Drenching the country with their blood?

HUNGARIAN MUSIC.

(Dedicated to Edouard Reményi.)

Charles Szász.

Hear the violin's voice, O hearken
How she weeps and speaks distress!
That within four chords such sorrow
Could be found, one scarce would guess.

Do you hear her plaintive sighing,
Like the nightingale love-lorn?
Like an orphan, hear her crying,
Who a mother's loss doth mourn!

Hear the violin's voice, O hearken!
List the chant her strings indite,
Low at first, then loudly bursting
Into Rákóczy's wild fight.

Overwhelming and inspiring
Is her plaint; all grief and pain
Die before hope's noble future,
Buried with the past remain.

Curses breathes she; swords are clashing;
Like the curse resoundeth far
War's wild din, yet all these voices
By one weak bow summoned are.

Hear the chords once more, O hearken!
To the people they speak plain,
And the nation's joy and sorrow
Find their echo in the strain.

Now a whoop and now a whistle
Sends a Csikos from his chest,
When, in Csardas dance, he presses
His brown sweetheart to his breast.

Then, afield, the maiden reaper
Sings a sweet and merry lay,
That doth swell, then, fuller sounding,
In the distance dies away.

Now the sad song of the lover
To his maiden false doth sigh
Forth its plaint from out his casement
Nightly to the starlit sky.

Now the moan of our great sorrow
Which these hundred years hath pained,
And, at this most anguished grieving,
Almost broke the chords are strained.

Hear the violin's voice, O hearken!
Now in glee, now in distress;
That within four chords such sorrow
Could be found one scarce would guess.

(Another version, translated by Florence Sage.)

Listen, listen to the violin!
Oh, how it weeps and how it moans!
Nor can I tell, how four frail strings
Can bear such sorrow in their tones!
Now in the forest shade,
The song of the nightingale;
And now, at the mother's grave;
The orphan's lonely wail.

Listen, listen to the violin!
Oh! mark ye well its strings,
While o'er them, the Rákóczy storn
Tempestuous sweeps, on swiftest wings;
Beladen with its plaints, its griefs,
Which fall and rise,
Bewailing the past, and with it,
Joins the future's prize.

How it roars—curses—and the din
Of battle on the ear fast fall,
The sound of clashing swords,
The little bow portrays it all.

Listen, listen to the violin!
Now to the people again it sings,
The joy, the grief of millions
Echo from its strings.
Now is heard the herdsman's cry,
And the sound of his lute doth rise,
As in the dance betimes, he clasps
The maid with dark, dark eyes.
Now upward, from the lips
Of the reaper maiden throng;
In the distance sounds and dies
The jocund song.

Now, the sad swain deceived
'Neath his love's window, in secret night
Breathes out his plaint,
In flute notes' upward flight.
But the woe of three hundred years
Maketh the strings to weep,
So touchingly and sadly,
They die, in silence deep.

Listen, listen to the violin!
Oh! how it weeps and how it moans!
Nor can I tell, how four frail strings,
Can bear such sadness in their tones!

MY NATIVE COUNTRY'S CHARMING BOUNDS

Charles Kisfaludy.

My native country's charming bounds,
Will I again behold thy grounds?
Where'er I stand, where'er I fare,
Mine eyes will still turn towards thee there.

I ask it of the birds which come,
If still doth bloom my native home?
I ask it of the clouds on high,
Of zephyrs which around me sigh.

But none of these at all console,
But pass and leave me in my dole;
With sore heart am I left alone—
A grass-blade growing by a stone.

Delightful spot where I was born,
Far from thee I by fate am torn,
Far as a leaf caught from a tree
And borne by tempests to the sea.

(Another version, translated by Florence Sage.)

Fair bound'ry of my native home,
Though far from thee I now must roam,
And if near thee I ne'er could be,
Still turns my longing heart to thee.

If a bird from thee should come,
I'd ask if still doth live my home?
This I'd ask of the clouds on high,
This to the murmuring breezes sigh.

But these no consolation bring,
They leave me sad and sorrowing,
With sorrowing heart, to grieve alone,
Like grass on the cold and barren stone.

Sweet little hut where I was born,
Far, far from thee have I been torn;
Far from thee, like the lonely leaf,
By the whirlwind borne to some distant reef.

IN MY NATIVE LAND.

Alexander Petöfi.

This landscape fills my heart with thrilling joy;
Here years ago I dwelt, a happy boy;
Here was I born, in this fair village-place;
I yet recall my dear old nurse's face;
Her simple cradle song sounds ever near,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly"* still I hear.

When still a child I went abroad to roam;
Now, a grown man, again I seek my home;
Ah! twenty years since then have passed away.
'Mid joy and sorrow, yea, 'mid toil and play.
For twenty years it echoed in my ear,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

My early playmates all, where now are ye?
If one of you 'twere mine again to see,
Most lovingly I'd clasp him to my breast,
The thought that I grow old would be suppressed.
Yet this is now my five-and-twentieth year,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

As fleet-winged birds flit round from bough to bough
So do my restless thoughts flit backward now;
As sweets are gathered by the honey-bees,
So do my musings call glad memories—
Each pleasant spot of old to me is dear—
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

I am a child, I am a child again;
I romp about, whistling an old refrain—
Upon a hobby-horse I ride, my horse
Is thirsty, to the trough I ride of course.
It drank enough, now "go" I say with cheer
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

The sun has almost run his daily course,
Tired are rider and his hobby-horse.
Yes, I go home. Upon my nurse's breast
Her lullaby half lulls to drowsy rest,
As from her lips I catch the cadence dear,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

* "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly," the opening lines of a famous popular song, a translation of which is found elsewhere.

THE DREAM.

Alexander Petöf.

The dream
Is nature's gift to man most dear,
His fondest hopes fulfilled appear;
The poor man dreaming, feebleth not
That he enhungered is or cold;
In purple dressed he thinks his hut
A mansion, filled with wealth untold.
The king in dreams
Can neither judge nor grace bestow,
In sleep, alike are high and low.
The youth, while dreaming, rolls in bliss,
His sweetheart gives and takes sweet kiss;
But when I dream it seems to me
I fight for the world's liberty!

THE HOARY GYPSY.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Come, gypsy, play; thou had'st thy pay in drinks,
 Let not the grass grow under thee, strike up!
 On bread and water who will bear life's ills?
 With flowing wine fill high the parting cup.
 This mundane life remains for aye the same,
 It freezeth now, then burneth as a flame;
 Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
 Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
 With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
 Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Thy blood should, like a whirlpool's waters boil,
 Thought after thought thy active brain should
 throng,
 Akin to brightest stars thine eyes should gleam,
 More thunderous than the fierce storm be thy song
 And wilder than the winds which bring the hail,
 Which ruins harvests, so that men bewail.
 Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
 Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
 With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
 Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Aye, learn thou from the raging storm to sing,
 Hark how it sighs and groans, and shrieks and
 swells:
 It sends to death not only beasts, but men;
 Destroys the sailing ships and high oaks fells.
 All o'er the world wars rage; in blood we trod,
 And on our dear home rests the bane of God.
 Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
 Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
 With wine and gloom are filled both cup and heart,
 Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Whose howls and shrieks are heard above the storm?
 Whose was this half-suppressed, heart-rending sigh?

What, like a mill grinds audibly in hell?
Who doth with thunder smite the heavens on high?
A broken heart, minds which in darkness grope,
A routed army, or a forlorn hope?
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled both cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

As if again we should throughout the land,
The cries of men in fevered frenzy hear;
Of murderous brothers see the daggers gleam;
On orphans' cheeks behold the flowing tear;
Should hear the falcon's pinions soar on high;
Endless Promethean agonies decry.
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled both cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

The stars above this earth—all sorrows' home—
Leave them in peace, their woes let them endure!
From sin and stain by rushing of wild streams
And tempests' fury they may yet grow pure.
And Noah's ark of old may come again
And in its compass a new world contain.
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled both cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Strike up! But no—now leave the chords alone;
When once again the world may have a feast,
And silent have become the storm's deep groans,
And wars and strifes o'er all the earth have ceased,
Then play inspiringly; and, at the voice
Of thy sweet strings, the gods may even rejoice!
Then take again in hand the songful bow,
Then may thy brow again with gladness glow,
And with the wine of joy fill up thy heart,
Then, gypsy, play, and all thy cares depart!

RAGGED HEROES.

Alexander Petöfi.

I also could with rhythm and rhyme
My poems clothe and deck them out,
Just as a dandy it behooves
To dress for some gay ball or rout.

But then these cherished thoughts of mine
Are not like fashion's idle toys,
Who find, beperfumed and begloved,
In fancy garb their chiefest joys.

The clash of swords, the cannons' roll
Have died in rust; a war begun
Is now without a musket waged—
But with ideas shall be won.

I, too, the gallant ranks have joined,
And with my age am sworn to fight,
Have in command a stalwart troop,
Each song of mine a valiant knight.

My men, 'tis true, are clad in rags,
But each of them is brave and bold;
We gauge the soldier not by dress
But by his deeds of valor bold.

I never question if my songs
Will live beyond me; 'tis but naught
To me; if they are doomed to die
They fall at least where they have fought

Even then the book shall hallowed be
Wherein my thoughts lie buried deep;
For 'tis the heroes' burial place
Who for the sake of freedom sleep.

FAREWELL.

Joseph Bajza.

The wanderer turns from the hill;
Below lies stretched his lovely home,
Before him smiles the charming plain;
But in the ear of him that goes
The sad fond words of parting swell;
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
"O, exile, wanderer, farewell!"

The hill is passed, in valley's deep
He sees but clouds from o'er his home,
And vanished is the charming plain.
But, ah! his sadness leaves him not.
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
He ever hears the echoes swell:
"O, exile, wanderer, farewell!"

Even hill and vale are also lost,
No clouds from home he now can see;
A vision is the charming plain,
His pains pursue him like the sky.
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
In deepest grief his wail does swell:
"O, beauteous fatherland, farewell!"

The years roll by, his hair is gray;
He is forgotten long at home.
But ever will the charming plain
Before his soul in splendor stand.
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
I hear his dying accents swell:
"O, beauteous fatherland, farewell!"

A BURIAL IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Géza Zichy.

They are carrying the soldier
Into the graveyard's square.
Where's his father, where's his mother,
Where his sweetheart fair?
All of them are away
In far-off Magyar-land,
And at his grave no friends
In tearful mourning stand.
One of the officers, although
Not bound, follow'd the bier;
The poor lad and himself had been
Comrades many a year.
And he and I his earthly clay
Then to the grave we bore.
Poor Magyar lad, thy burial
Had touched me to the core.
Into thy grave cold clods of earth
Are by the diggers thrown;
Cold earth, strange earth, o'er Magyar boy
To throw I can't, I own.
If ever I return I'll tell
Thy mother that one word
Which from thy dying lips, poor lad,
Ere thy soul flew I heard.
Thy hoary father I will tell—
He may be proud of thee:
That thou wert brave, thy soul was pure,
And must not weep for thee.
And to thy sweetheart I will say
"A tear was in his eye;
The tear which shall to thee, poor girl,
His true love testify."
Standing beside the grave of this
Poor Magyar lad, I wrote

These Magyar rhymes upon a leaf
And with a kiss, devote,
I put them in the grave; his sleep
From it will all the more
Peaceful and blessed be. He was
A Magyar to the core.

WANDERER'S SONG.

[The Kossuth Song.]

Kunoss.

My trembling arms I stretch to hold
My land in fond embrace,
My fatherland! The tears like rain
Course down thy true son's face.
Untrue, unfaithful was thy race,
But, dearest home, naught can efface
Thy faithful love, thy gentle grace.

Accept the filial vow I make
Now that I go away,
Thy picture sweet with me I take
To keep it green for aye!
I swear beneath this azure sky,
That e'en when in my grave I lie,
E'en then, a true Hungarian I!

That sweeter be the dreams in death,
Before I leave, I take
A handful earth from Magyar heath,
A pillow soft to make.
On Magyar earth, beloved and blest,
Where'er I die I shall find rest
In death e'en thus my love attest.

FOLKSONGS.

*"It has been said of me, that I
Am Atheist, and God deny:
Yet even now I pray intent,
To read thy heart-beats I am bent."*

FOLKSONG.

YOU CANNOT BID THE FLOWER.

(A virágnak megtiltani nem lehet.)

Alexander Petöfi.

You cannot bid the flower not bloom; it thrives
When, on mild zephyrs' wings, the spring arrives.
A girl is spring, her love a scented flower,
Which buds and blooms 'neath balmy air and shower.

When first I saw thee, dear, I fell in love
With thy fair soul the tender charm thereof,
With that soul's beauty, which I ever see
Reflected in thine eyes bewitchingly.

The question rises sometimes in my breast—
Shall I, or others by thy love be blessed?
These thoughts pursue each other in my mind,
As sun-rays' clouds, when blows the autumn wind.

Knew I another waited thy embrace,
Could kiss the milk and roses of thy face,
My broken heart I far away would bear,
Or end in death the depth of my despair.

Shine down on me, O star, so born to bless!
And light the dreary night of my distress!
O my heart's pearl! if thou can'st love me, love,
And blessing shall be thine from God above.

NOT A MOTHER.

(Nem anyától lettél.)

Not a mother bore thee,
Beauteous rose-tree wore thee,
Crimson Whitsun' morning,
At the dawn's first warning.

Were thy rose-cheeks tender,
Near me in their splendor,
I, as flowers, would fold them
To my breast and hold them.

TO SLEEP, TO SLEEP.

(Alom, álom, édes álom.)

To sleep, to sleep, to sweetly sleep
When rising sun doth upward creep;
But sweetest is the sleep when I,
In golden dream my dove espy.

Her kiss is stronger than the wine;
Sweeter than sugar, I opine:
That love is sweetest—each one says—
When I my dove hold in embrace!

The fairest flower is the rose:
True happiness from marriage flows;
And nowhere blooms more fair the rose
Than where another with it grows.

The dove its mate feeds not with flowers,
But kisses sweet upon it showers;
Gift of a kiss a kiss' rewards—
Draw them from thy heart's deep hoards!

LOUIS KOSSUTH SENDS US GREETING.

(Kossuth Lajos azt üzente.)

Louis Kossuth sends us greeting
 That his soldiers are retreating;
 When again such tidings come, then
 We shall go and join his men—
 Cheer our fatherland!

Heavy rain is darkly falling,
 Like a pall on Kossuth falling;
 For each drop that poureth on him
 God's best blessing be upon him—
 Cheer our fatherland!

STRIKE UP, GYPSY! AND HEART-RENDING—

(Huzd rá cigány szívet rázó——)

Strike up Gypsy! And heart-rending
 Must thy changeful song be now—
 I thy melody am lending
 In my pale and clouded brow;
 In my eyes that droop and languish;
 In my worn and faded cheek
 Read thou all the chords of anguish
 Which my wearied heart would speak!

Love a golden-foliaged Eden?
 Love a land of joy and sleep?—
 From love's portals, faint and bleeding,
 Strayed I forth, alone to weep;
 Thorns and thistles are my burden,
 Roses crown no more my hair:
 Only sorrow is my guerdon,
 Only sorrow and despair!

MARY DEAR.

(Mariskám, Mariskám.)

Mary dear, Mary dear,
 How I love thy sweet eyes—
 Fall, white lids, for I fear
 At thy glance my heart flies—
 Lay thy hand on my breast;
 Hollow sound replies—
 Fled my heart to the lure
 Of thy laughing eyes!

At the dawn, at noontide,
 At the dusk, at the night,
 In my heart naught beside
 Thy face is pictured bright.
 And my soul, kneeling, prays—
 "Give her the lily of Peace,
 My heart's peace that she stole;
 Me from my pain release!"

HEAREST THOU ME, KÖRÖSHER MAID.

(Hallod e te Körösi láuy.)

Hearest thou me, Körösher maid, Körösher maid,
 Körösher maid;
 Has thy skirt with ruffles been made, with ruffles been
 made, with ruffles been made?
 Oh, my, my, bless her little heart,
 Loving, greet her, I could eat her,
 Yet from me did part.

In my garden fair flowers grow, sweet flowers grow,
 bright flowers grow,
 By their sweet scent each one I know, each one I
 know, each one I know;
 Now, now, now, hear my solemn vow,
 God above me knows I love thee,
 Come and kiss me now.

THEE I LOVE.

(Szeretlek én egyetlen egy virágom.)

My one, and only one sweet flower, I love thee;
In this wide world no one else so dear to me;
Pure is my love, as is the sun
The warming rays of which arrest
The icy frost of winter, which
Weighs on the violet's breast.

Within thy beauteous eyes dwells heaven, my dove,
And, with them, thou hast enchanted me, my love!
Thy ruby lips as honey sweet,
Thy pearly teeth, thy raven hair
Are dear to me; their magic charm
Enslaved me forever and e'er.

I WILL YET SEE THE DAY.

(Megérem még azt az időt.)

I will yet see the day, I know,
When past my house you'll weeping go,
Your heart will beat when at the door,
Where you were welcome heretofore.

I will yet see the day, I know,
When past my house you'll weeping go,
I'll even speak to you, although,
Not as I used to, long ago!

If 'neath my window now you pass
None speak to you, you cruel lass;
And those who do, ask with a sneer
How oft your loves you change a year.

And if I dally saw you go
Around; each time, with a new beau,
E'en if I saw you kiss them, I
Believe, false maid, I would not sigh.

THE LEAF IS FALLING.

(Hull a levél——)

Alexander Petöfi.

The leaf is falling from the bough;
Darling sweetheart, I must go!
Fare thee well, my sweet one,
Fare thee well, my dear one,
Pretty little dove!

How yellow is the moon on high,
Just as pale art thou and I.
Fare thee well, my sweet one,
Fare thee well, my dear one,
Pretty little dove!

The dew-drops fall on branches dry,
Hot tears roll from thine and mine eye.
Fare thee well, my sweet one,
Fare thee well, my dear one,
Pretty little dove!

The rose may bloom yet on the tree,
We two each other may yet see.
Fare thee well, my sweet one,
Fare thee well, my dear one,
Pretty little dove!



MAGYAR POEMS.

BEAUTEOUS, BRIGHTLY SHINING STAR.

(Hej! ti fényes csillagok.)

Charles Kisfaludy.

Beauteous, brightly shining star;
If I could be where you now are,
I'd gaze not on the stream that flows,
I'd gaze into the eyes of Rose.

Beauteous, brightly shining star,
Who from your height can see afar,
Can you my sweetest Rose-bud see,
Has she set out to come to me?

Beauteous, brightly shining star,
Cometh she, be her guiding star;
Is faithless she, then hide your light,
Let her her way lose in the night.

NINE IT HAS STRUCK, EVENING HAS COME.

(Kilenczet ütött az óra.)

Nine it has struck, the eve has come;
Were it not dark I'd go now home;
Sweet Rosebud, light a candle, pray,
To throw its light upon my way
Towards home.

Sweet Rose, wide ope thy leafy gate,
My weary horse and I here wait;
Feed well my horse with oats and hay,
We can't remain many a day
Here around.

I've opened wide my leafy gate,
Thy horse lead to the stable strait;
I'll feed thy horse with oats and hay,
Thy horse and thou can two months stay
Here with me.

THE MAID I LOVED.

(Volt szeretöm de már nincsen.)

The maid I loved is no more true;
 She was the richest gem I knew;
 But since she cannot be my wife
 I have grown weary of my life,
 I have grown weary of my life.

By day and night I think of her,
 I'll soon be in my sepulchre;
 My body and my soul are ill,
 And hope again I never will,
 And hope again I never will.

I weep in secret that none may
 To me cold words of solace say;
 Hope and assuaging words are naught
 To hearts with lonely sorrow fraught,
 To hearts with lonely sorrow fraught!

HIGH UP IN HEAVEN SOARS THE CRANE.

(Magosan repül a daru—)

High up in heaven soars the crane; hear it shriek;
 And so to flutter from my arms would'st thou seek?
 Wings must tire of the sky, aye, wings must sink at
 last—
 And within my shelt'ring arms, love, thou'lt fall at
 last!

Violets die that I strove in the spring to rear;
 Violets dark like thine eyes; with dewdrop sparkling
 clear—
 But the year it passeth soon; in the spring shall
 blow
 Violets sweet like the eyes that no more say "No!"

SWALLOW BEAT AGAINST HER PANE.

(Repülj fecském ablakára.)

Swallow beat against her pane
 In the dreary autumn rain;
 On silver leaf I—to her quote—
 In letters gold, her sweet name wrote.

On diamond stone I paint her face,
 In ruby jewel-box then encase;
 I'll cause then that her name and fame
 The world shall lovingly exclaim.

INTO THE KITCHEN DOOR I STROLLED.

(Befordultam a konyhába.)

Alexander Petöfi.

Into the kitchen door I strolled,
 To light my pipe I then made bold,
 That is to say, 't would have been lit
 Had there not been full fire in it.

And, since my pipe was lit, I went
 For something very different.
 Simply because a maiden fair
 By chance I had espiéd there.

It was her task the fire to light
 And sooth, she did the task aright;
 But, O, my heart! Her lovely eyes
 Were flaming in more brilliant wise.

As I stepped in she looked at me
 Bewitchingly, bewilderingly—
 My burning pipe went out, but, O!
 My sleeping heart burned all aglow.

O'ER ALL THE GLOBE.

(Az ég fölött, a föld színén.)

O'er all the globe, beneath the sky,
None is so orphaned as poor I;
Even the birds bemoan my fate,
Trees bend their twigs compassionate.

Beneath that distant mountain's face
Upon the rocks I pass my days,
And where I can be all alone
I never cease to weep and moan.

I curse thee not—it's not my way;
But if the sighs I sigh all day,
To heaven arise, wilt thou, sweet maid,
Answer the misery thou'st made?

IN MY GARDEN.

(Kis kertemben rozsmaringot ültettem.)

In my garden I once planted rosemarys,
Day and night, with tears to wet them did not cease;
Notwithstanding dry became their leaves,
Orphaned he who for lost sweetheart grieves.

Any one who has no loving, sweetheart's queen
Let him go with his woe to the forests green
On the bark of trees let him engrave
That to him sad fate no sweetheart gave.

Any one who has no sweetheart, look for one;
Let him look and seek until the best be won;
I found one, the sweetest, dearest maid,
Since then all my sorrows are allayed.

THEY HAVE LAID HIS CORPSE.

(Kitették a holttestet.)

They have laid him low on his lonely bier,
And there's never a soul to mourn him—
For she is dead whom he held most dear,
And dead is she that bore him!

But I, who live—far more sad than his
Is the fate that broods above me;
For I never knew a mother's kiss,
And never a maid would love me!

THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

(A faluban utczahosszat.)

Alexander Petöfi.

Through the village, all the way,
A gypsy band for me doth play;
A flask of wine I wave in glee,
I dance in maddest revelry.

"O gypsy, play thy saddest airs,
That I may weep away my cares;
But when yon window we do reach,
Play joyous tunes, I thee beseech.

"The maid that lives there is my star,
The star that shot from me afar;
She left me, strives from me to hide,
And blooms at other lovers' side.

"This is her window. Gypsy, play
A tune which is surpassing gay!
Let not the false maid hear or see
That I can feel her falsity!"

DOWN INTO THE CORN-FIELD.

(Bûza közé——)

Down into the corn-field, wearied from her flight,
Sinks the song-lark slowly from the farthest height;
There her mate receives her, sheltering with his
wing—
She forgets her sorrow, she forgets to sing!

Had I one to love me I no more would write
Of the pain that wakes me, lonely in the night—
Only woe is vocal; joy and love are still—
Ah, for love I'm starving; die I must and will!

A MOUSE-HUED STEED I HAD OF OLD.

(Volt nekem egy daruszörű paripám.)

John Arany.

A mouse-hued steed I had of old,
At Szeged the alispán sold;
I was not there—the glass they tossed;
Well, more on Mohács's field was lost!

I had a house once; it was burned;
Who owns the lot I have not learned,
Though Vásárhely's clerk engrossed!
Well, more on Mohács's field was lost!

I had a love; I wept a year
For her, my daily dead so dear;
She lives, the wretch—a new life's crossed,
Well, more on Mohács's field was lost!

Translator's Notes.—"Mohács," a famous battle-field in Hungary's history, 1526; Szeged—Vásárhely, cities of the Hungarian lowland; Alispán, a county official, answering to our sheriff.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ORMOD.

(Végig mentem az Ormodi temetőn.)

In the churchyard of Ormód I walked around—
 I lost there, yes, I lost there and no more found
 My kerchief of red;
 What now shall I do with the tears that I shed
 For him who is dead—
 Who gave me my kerchief, my kerchief of red?

IN THE LOWLAND.

(Az alföldön juhász legény vagyok én.)

In the lowland I live in a lowly hut,
 A poor fisher-lad to be is my sad lot;
 Gentle maiden, come to rest awhile to me,
 My old mother will take loving care of thee.

Threatening clouds gather above us on the high,
 And a good rain easy 'tis to prophesy;
 Nut-brown maid, thy silken scarf will spoil by rain,
 To thy snow-white shoulders chills will cause yet pain.

Jingling gold and silver I have none; I call
 This plain, modest hut my own and that is all.
 In my heart there lives a heart with love replete,
 Which responsive love in a heart longs to meet.

I care not for flattery, the maid replied,
 Gold and silver ne'er could make me satisfied.
 In thy hut with thy true heart content I'd be,
 Love me honest is all e'er I ask of thee.

Flown away have all the dark clouds of the sky;
 My beloved one, I am going now, good-by!
 May God bless thee, happy be always thy lot;
 Here and there remember me, forget me not.

IT'S RAINING.

(Esik eső, esik.)

It's raining, raining, raining!
A kiss-shower it is,
And my lips enjoy it,
Each loving kiss a bliss.

The torrent brings a vivid
And shooting flash of light,
The lightning shoots, the rays
Of your two eyes so bright.

I hear the thunder rolling,
Rolls like a heavy gun;
Good-by, my darling girl;
Thy mother comes—I run!

THROUGH THE WOODS.

(Ezt a kerek erdőt járom én.)

Through the woods I gayly romp and roam
Watching for that brown maid, walking home,
Brown maid's heart is pierced by Cupid's dart;
Consolation I bring to her heart.

Through the fields I gayly romp and roam,
Watching for that brown lad, going home.
Brown lad is a blooming cedar tree,
I the blossom on it which you see.

Beauteous is the woodland when it's green.
When in it cooing doves are still seen,
The wood-pigeon in the forest's shade
Pines to be loved just as a sweet maid.

THE LOWERING CLOUDS.

(Ereszkedik le a felhő.)

Alexander Petöfi.

The lowering clouds are dense on high,
Autumnal rain pours from the sky,
The sere leaves from the branches fall,
The nightingale still sings through all.

Late is the hour: the night has set,
Fair little brown maid, wak'st thou yet?
Say, hearest thou the nightingale,
Who sings her plaintive, sweet love-tale?

The rain in torrents poureth still,
Dost hear the nightingale's sad trill?
The hearts of all, who hear her song,
In yearning love do ever long.

If thou art not asleep, brown maid,
Hearken to what the bird hath said,
For this sad bird is my fond love,
My soul, breathed forth, that floats above.

(Another version of this song, translated by Florence Sage.)

The autumn rain adown the dark'ning sky,
Is falling on the trees, whose leaves now lie,
Scattered and sere, o'er all the ground; but still,
The nightingale her melody doth trill.

Full late the hour has grown;
Art slumb'ring, maiden brown?
Hear'st the nightingale,
Pour forth her mournful tale?

Now in torrents, falls the rain,
But still is heard the bird's sad strain;
The heart which hears this song of woe,
With sympathy must overflow.

If thou art waking, tiny maid,
Dost list to what the bird doth say?
This bird is my own love for thee—
The soul that sighed itself away.

LOOK, MY ROSE.

(Nézz, rozsám a szemembe.)

Look, my rose, in my eyes;
Read what thought in them lies.
Do they not tell thee,
Do they not tell thee
That all the flowers fair
Envy thy charms so rare?

Yea, thine eyes bid me, "Go!
Trust him not if thou would'st go
Free from shame, free from woe.
Have I not read well?
Long hast thou tempted me—
I defy thee and flee!"

Sits quietly the dove,
While her mate coos his love;
I am fond as he and true.
Thou may'st believe me, dear;
Thou must believe me, dear!
Flutter thou shalt not far—
Coupled by Fate we are!

HOW BRIGHT THE STARS.

(Jaj de fényes csillag ragyog az égen.)

How bright the stars which shine within the sky!
A brighter star is yet my sweetheart's eye.
And all the stars I'd bring down from above,
If then this maid would give to me her love.

Beside the stars, the star of love's a sun;
Thy lustrous eyes have thee my true love won.
And if thy heart thou should'st to me deny,
Beneath the stars of heaven let me die.

ON TISZA'S SHORE.

(A Tiszának kies partján.)

Charles Kisfaludy.

On fair shores, where the Tisza flows,
I seek and follow my sweet rose;
Tisza, Tisza, tell me, where
Shall I seek my rose so fair?

Is merry Tisza stream, thy wave—
Because my rose did in thee lave?
Ever since she dipped in here
Thy water's all the more clear.

Where is my rose tell me, I pray?
Drinks she from thee, thy water may
Honey-sweet be; does she yearn
To my bosom to return?

It's envy, stream, that keeps thee mute.
Thy flowing waves fair isles salute
I, a desert island seem
In my sorrows flowing stream.

DAINTY, SWEET FORGET-ME-NOT.

(Kék nefelejts.)

Dainty, sweet, blue forget-me-not
 Grows upon the streamlet's shore.
 Sick and sore at heart, I will not
 Live much longer any more.
 When in my grave, when in my grave,
 Loving token to the dead,
 May a wreath of beauteous flowers
 Of forget-me-nots be spread.

Dainty, sweet, blue forget-me-nots
 Faithful, true love indicate;
 Many a blonde, many a brown,
 Lad, betrayed me. Sad my fate!
 Place a wreath of forget-me-nots
 O'er the grave wherein I lie;
 Let it prove to all the world
 They were faithless and not I.

DANUBE'S WATERS, TISZA'S WATERS.

(A Duna a Tisza de zavaros.)

Danube's water, Tisza's water are full of mud,
 Very angry, very angry, is my rosebud;
 Darling rosebud, be of good cheer:
 I'll marry thee when the vintage is near.

Danube's water, Tisza's water very turbid,
 Sleepy miller, sleepy miller, shuts his eyelid;
 My dear miller, open your eye:
 Bolting-hutch, bolting-hutch, must not run dry.

Bolting-hutch, bolting-hutch is running dry,
 Miller's walking, miller's walking through the green
 rye.
 My dear miller, come home, say I.
 Bolting-hutch, bolting-hutch, must not run dry.

A ROSEBUSH ON THE HILLSIDE GROWS.

(Rozsabokor domboldalón.)

A rosebush on the hillside grows;
 Come, darling, on my breast repose.
 Thy love then whisper in my ear,
 Let me that joyful story hear!

Within the Danube's rushing waves,
 The sun, it seems, its shadows laves,
 And o'er them sways and glows in glee,
 As I sway thee upon my knee.

It has been said of me, that I
 Am atheist, and God deny;
 Yet even now I pray intent,
 To read thy heart-beats I am bent.

MOURNFUL IS THE DAY.

(Bûs az idő bûs vagyok én magam is.)

Mournful is the day and mournful I have grown,
 False are all the pretty maidens I have known.
 They are as fickle in their love,
 As changeful as the clouds above.
 Lack-a-day.

Dark and overcast my days are: I know why;
 For the maid I truly loved I vainly sigh.
 She now loves another lad,
 That's the reason I am sad.
 Lack-a-day.

Truly orphaned, none so poor as I am now.
 Never to her my true love can I avow.
 Not fore'er this will be so:
 Brighter days will dawn, I know.
 Lack-a-day.

THOU ART, THOU ART.

(Te vasy, te vasy.)

Thou art, thou art, my pretty maid,
The bright light of my eye;
Thou art, thou art of all my life
The star of hope on high.

And soon this only hope of mine
Must fade and then succumb;
I'll ne'er be happy in this life,
Nor in the world to come.

I linger long beside the lake
Where willow trees abound,
And there my resting place I make
Where solitude is found.

Listlessly drooping sway the boughs
Of the sad willow tree;
The pinions of my downcast soul
These branches seem to be.

The fleeting bird has fled the cold
Autumnal winds that blow.
Could I but also fly and leave
My heart's most heavy woe!

I cannot flee because my love
Is as my woe so great,
And this, my love, no time or space
Can e'er annihilate.

AT THE FUNERAL.

(Temetésre szól az ének.)

Alexander Petöfi.

At the funeral sounds the dirge!
 Who goes now with dust to merge?
 No more an earth-bound captive he,
 Happier far than I can be!

Here, beneath my window borne,
 How many over him do mourn!
 Why can I not buried be?
 No one then would weep for me!

ROSY, ROSY, ROSY.

(Piros, piros, piros.)

Rosy, rosy, rosy,
 Rosy, rosy, rosy,
 Rose-red wine into my glass;
 Rosy, rosy, rosy,
 Rosy, rosy, rosy.
 On my knees a rosy lass.
 Soft and round her arm,
 Fired by her charm,
 I'd like to embrace her;
 Says she, "That's no way, sir!"

Do not, do not, do not,
 Do not, do not, do not;
 On Good Friday don't carouse!
 Do not, do not, do not,
 Do not, do not, do not,
 Do not kiss your neighbor's spouse.
 Smitten by her charm,
 I thought it were no harm
 Even if I kissed her;
 Says she, "No;" I missed her!

THE SWALLOW SWIFTLY FLIES.

(Szalldogál a fecske.)

The swallow swiftly flies,
But in the eve it hies
To its nest.
I hie in blissful rest
Upon my sweetheart's breast.
Where's in this wide world, where,
The maid who can compare
With Rose, so sweet and fair?

I never did betray
And never will; alway
I'll be true.
Yes, baby dear, to you,
My love-pledge I renew.
For you, sweetheart, I'd scorn
The sweetest girl e'er born
In crimson Whitsun' morn.

FOREST, FOREST.

(Erdő, erdő.)

Forest, forest, in the forest's darkest shade
In sad song, the nightingale her woe conveyed.
Sad and tearful is her song, which bringeth straight
Back to her, when heard at last, her loving mate.

The nightingale's woe is fully justified,
Sad the heart which for true love hath vainly sighed;
But hundred times more painful is the thought to me
That I never must confess my love to thee.

I love thee, my darling rosebud, love but thee,
What avails it, if, alas, thine I can't be!
Never, never, can I be thine; we must part.
Oh, my God, my love for thee will break my heart.

HOW VAST THIS WORLD!

(Ez a világ a millyen nagy.)

Alexander Petöfi.

How vast this world in which we move,
And thou, how small thou art, my dove!
But if thou didst belong to me
The world I would not take for thee.

Thou art the sun, but I the night,
Full of deep gloom, deprived of light.
But should our hearts together meet,
A glorious dawn my life would greet.

Ah! look not on me; close thine eyes;
My soul beneath thy glances dies;
Yet, since thou can'st not love me, dear,
Let my bereaved soul perish here.

(Another version, translated by Florence Sage.)

This world, though great it be,
Compared, my tiny dove, with thee!
Could I but call thee mine
Thee for the world I'd not resign.

Day art thou, and I the night,
Fraught with darkness infinite;
But could our hearts melt into one,
O'er me would rise a glorious dawn.

Ah! turn from me those eyes that burn
Into the heart which thou dost spurn;
Still if by thee I'm doomed to grieve,
Consume the soul thou dost bereave!

COME IN, MY ROSE!

(Gyere be rozsám, gyere be.)

Come inside, my sweet rose; come, my own;
 I am in here, but I'm all alone;
 Two gypsy lads play tuneful airs,
 All alone I dance to shift my cares.

Come inside, my sweet rose; come, my own;
 I am in here, but I'm all alone;
 Come in, pretty maiden, be my guest;
 Soft is the couch on which thou'lt rest.

Empty is the barrel, naught to sip—
 Sweetheart, let me kiss thy ruby lip;
 Kiss me, darling; I give then, with glee,
 For each one ten, and myself to thee.

IN ALL THE WORLD ONE SWEET GIRL.

(Csak egy kis lány.)

In all the world one girl I love,
 My dainty rose, my cooing dove;
 God in His love gave me thy heart,
 My blooming rose, my soul thou art.

True love's the fairest flower that grows,
 As fragrant as thy lips, my rose;
 No rose yields so much honey, though,
 As from thy ruby lips doth flow.

Love doth a mighty force control
 Over a deeply feeling soul;
 With heart and soul I love but thee;
 Can there a life more blissful be?

The pale moon brightly shines on high,
 The maid from dreams wakes with a cry;
 A horrid dream disturbs her rest,
 Faithless he seemed whom she loved best.

ON AN ASS THE SHEPHERD RIDES.

(Megy a juhász számáron.)

Alexander Petöfi.

On an ass the shepherd rides,
 And his feet reach to the ground;
 Great his stature, but more great
 Is his sorrow so profound.

On the sward his flute he played,
 With his browsing flock near by,
 When the sudden news is brought
 That his sweetheart soon must die.

Quick he mounts his ass and rides,
 Hastens toward her home in fear;
 But, alas! too late he comes—
 Death has been before him here.

What can the poor fellow do
 In his bitterness and woe,
 But upon his donkey's head
 Deal a heavy, sounding blow!

BARGAIN.

(Alku.)

Alexander Petöfi.

"Come, shepherd boy, poor shepherd boy, give ear.
 Behold this heavy purse with gold, filled here;
 Thy poverty I'll purchase now from thee,
 If thou, with it, thy love will give to me."

"If but an earnest were this glittering gold,
 Thy proffer magnified an hundredfold—
 Nay, if the world on top thou shouldst lay—
 My pretty one thou could'st not take away!"

IT'S AFTER EASTER.

(Husvét után.)

It's after Easter, since two weeks,
A pretty girl the garden seeks;
Hurry, Rosebud, and come straight
To the rosebush near the gate,
Where, I wait.

Green are the leaves and cool the shade,
The cooing doves there all day played;
Hurry, Rosebud, grant the bliss;
All my work the better is
When we kiss.

Inconstant lad, where thorns do grow,—
Into the thicket,—I'll not go.
Faithful swain I have inside,
I will be his happy bride
Whitsuntide.

MAROSH RIVER GENTLY FLOWS.

(Maros vize folyik csendesesen.)

Marosh River's water gently flows,
Sweetheart, come and on my breast repose.
No, no, no! I have another lover true,
After vintage he for me will sue.

That thou lov'st me, sweetheart, why deny?
That thou shouldst love was ordained on high.
Wherefore say'st thou, darling rosebud, nay?
All the wide world knows it anyway

Why deny, my sweetheart, what is true,
Since it gives my life its rosy hue?
Boundless is the joy thy love conveys.
Star-filled are my nights and bright my days.

A CAP OF RED VELVET.

(Piros bársony a süvegem.)

A cap of velvet red I wear,
 Of happy life I have full share;
 My sweetheart thought it meet and fit
 A beauteous wreath to pin to it.

To tie the wreath, my rose did well,
 How oft I kissed her I can't tell;
 For every wreath thou bindest me
 A hundred times will I kiss thee.

Babe, ope thy door; good Magyar stock—
 No Slav is he who now doth knock.
 Thou art so slow, dost know, perchance,
 'Tis I who clamor for entrance?

Indeed I know, but fears have I
 No maid can on a lad rely;
 He swears, "I love thee, and but thee!"
 Then leaves her to her misery.

BEAUTEOUS IS THE FOREST.

(Akkor szép az erdő mikor zöld.)

Beauteous is the forest,
 Fair and green,
 When the cooing doves are
 In it seen.
 Beauteous is the maid, to
 Good inclined,
 When to whispered words she's
 Not unkind.

Beauteous is the greensward
Of the vale,
When its furrows hide the
Timid quail;
Beauteous is the maid when
Light of heart,
And the cooing pigeon's
Counterpart.

THE SUN GIVES LIFE.

(Naptól virít.)

Coleman Toth.

The sun gives life, and yet the rose it killeth:
I cannot help but love thee—passion thrilleth;
And even could I help, I would so never;
Thou art my world, my life, my all, forever.

For thee my rancor lights on every maiden,
Since thou by treachery my soul hast laden.
My anger also would be black above thee
If I did not so desperately love thee.

When, long ago, we were alone together
Thy blue eyes compassed me like sunlit weather,
I thought that heaven indeed I then was viewing.
But, ah, 'twas hell's blue flame for my undoing.

Yet, if it should be so, I care or heed not;
I love thee, though for me thy false heart plead not.
Falsely I spake, that love was burnt out saying.
For now I love thee, even to my slaying.

ALL NIGHT LONG I DRANK GOOD WINE.

(De jô bort ittam az este.)

All night long I drank good wine,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
That I'm tipsy I opine,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
I can hardly stand upright,
Yet I'm loved by maiden bright,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

The wine I drank last night was red,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
To-day I'll drink white wine instead,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Though I'm tipsy now, no scorning!
I'll be sober in the morning,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

My friends say I'm in distress,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Lighted candle, growing less,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Although my heart is sore and sick
One kiss from thee restores me quick,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

Three gay lads in a roadhouse,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Drown their sorrows in carouse.
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
In their hands a wine-filled glass,
On their knees a loving lass,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

LOVE IS, LOVE IS A DARK PIT.

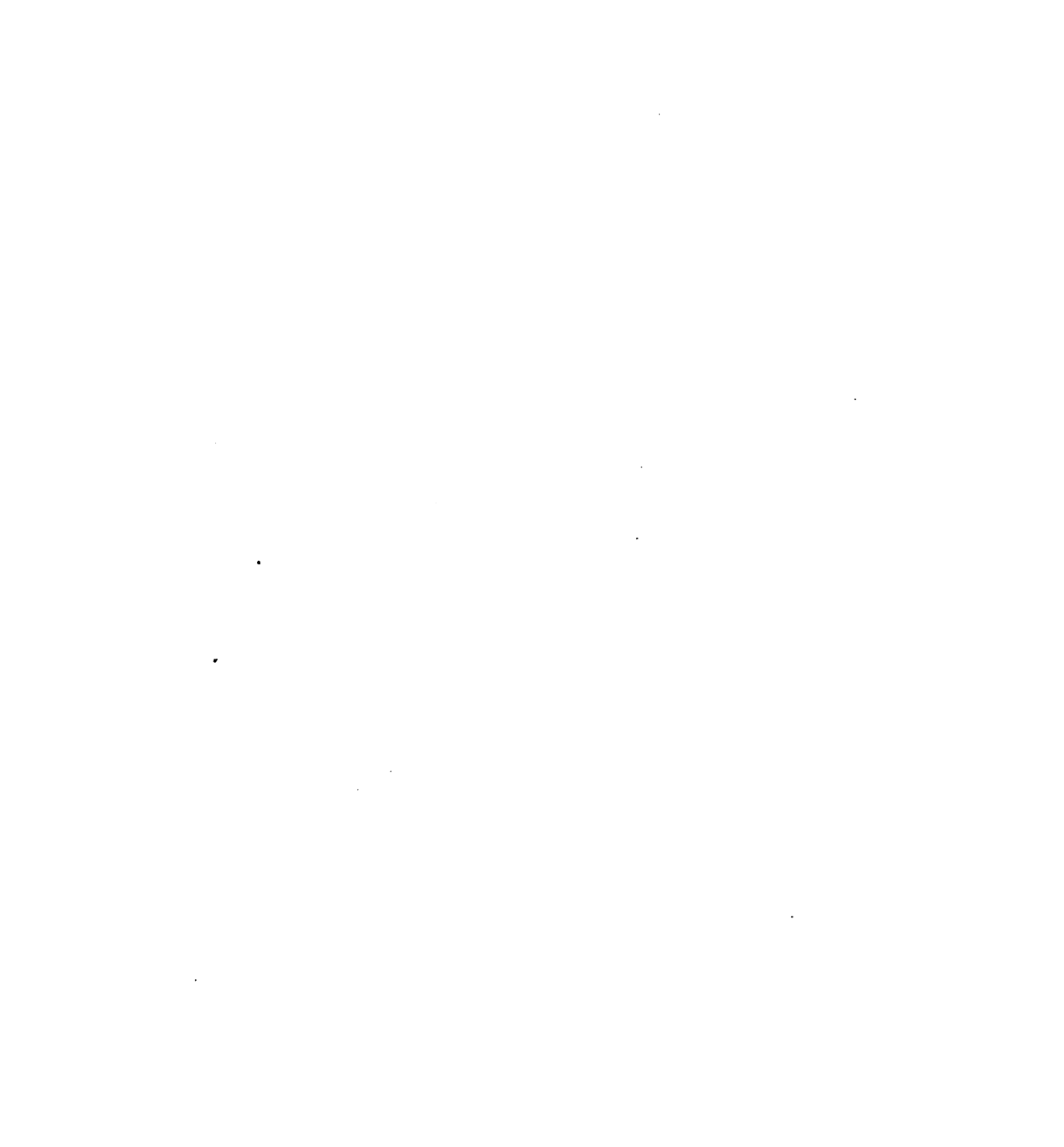
(A szerelem, a szerelem.)

Love is—love is but a dark pit,
Suddenly I fell into it;
And since into this pit I fell,
It seems I live beneath a spell.

I'm set to watch my father's sheep;
I might as well be fast asleep.
The herd now roams about at will
And tramples grain on vale and hill.

With careful thought my mother filled
My bag with food, I could have stilled
My hunger, but my bag I lost;
By fasting now I pay the cost.

Dear father and dear mother, pray,
Forgive me if I don't obey.
The while my heart with love's aglow,
What I am doing I don't know.



BALLADS AND ROMANCES.

*From bough to bough the songbird flies :
From lip to lip sweet songs arise ;
Grass o'er the ancient tomb doth grow ;
The song wakes heroes from below.*

JOHN ARANY.

THE LEGEND OF THE WONDERFUL HUNT.

Sixth Canto of John Arany's Epic Poem, "The Death
of Buda."

From bough to bough the songbird flies;
From lip to lip sweet songs arise;
Grass o'er the ancient tomb doth grow;
The song wakes heroes from below.

To chase the game that wildly runs
Come sweet-faced Eneh's daring sons;
Twin brothers they, Hunor, Magyar;
Of Menrot they the children are.

The bravest youth served in their train,
A hundred knights o'er whom they reign,
And clad in mail, as if to fight,
They went, and not in chase delight.

They leave the prey which they have slain,
Nor bucks nor does their freedom gain;
And after they have killed the hart,
To slay the hind they eager start.

Onward they chase the hind, and reach
At last the "Salt-Seas'" barren beach;
A region where no wolf, no bear,
Had thought to seek a sheltering lair;

Where leopards hunt, and lions roar,
And soak the deserts' sand with gore;
And where the tigress bears her young,
Which she devours, by hunger stung.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird;
From lip to lip the song is heard.

The sun begins to sink to rest;
He sets ablaze clouds in the west;
And yet they still pursue the deer
Till game and sunlight disappear.

The night set in. The chase was o'er,
They just had reached the "Kur's" green shore.
The flowing river's friendly meads
Invite to graze their worn-out steeds.

Hunor exclaims: "Let us here rest;
This stream and field good sleep suggest."
Magyar doth say: "The rising sun
Shall see our homeward trip begun.

"Behold, ye knights, ye braves behold!
Who can this mystery unfold—
That here the sun, not in the west,
But in the east, doth sink to rest?"

One hero says: "The south doth seem
To be where last the sun's rays beam."
"Look there!" another one exclaims!
"The north doth show the sunset's flames."

They rested near the river's brink,
And while they sleep their horses drink,
That in the morn the rising sun
Might see their homeward trip begun.

At early dawn cool zephyrs sigh,
And crimson gleams the morning sky;
When there, upon the other shore,
They see the deer they chased before.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird;
From lip to lip the song is heard.

"Companions, up! Be quick! I vow
The hind shall not escape us now!"

And, whether willing, whether not,
To further hunt becomes their lot.

Soon they have gained the further shore,
The plains are wilder than before;
Not e'en a blade of grass here grows,
Nor sweet, refreshing streamlet flows.

The barren earth's broad breaches show
The rifts with shining salt aglow;
No sparkling water fresh is here,
But deadly sulphurous pools appear.

From bubbling wells oil flows around,
And here and there glows on the ground;
Like fires that guard the darkening night,
The flames shine fitful—dark, now bright.

And every eve they sadly rue,
That they their hunt must still pursue,
That still the deer doth draw them on,
While only gloom they gaze upon.

And yet, when morning brightly breaks,
The sun again their zeal awakes;
They chase as zephyr chaff doth chase,
As shadows chase the birds' swift race.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise.
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

They chase beyond the Don, and reach
The Maeot's sandy ocean beach,
And, fearing not the treacherous sands,
They reach an island's beauteous lands.

Behind them rise dense mists and drear;
Before, the fog doth hide the deer;
They follow still—at last they yield—
The deer has vanished from the field.

"Halloo! halloo! Where is the deer?"
One knight doth cry: "I see it here."
"No, no," another calls; "this way."
" 'Tis gone," a third cries in dismay.

They search in every recessed nook;
Through tangled underbrush they look;
They fright the fowl and lizard there,
But nowhere find its hidden lair.

Saith Magyar: "Who can tell when we
Again our happy home shall see?
The heavens no bright beacon show—
O mother dear, to leave thee so!"

"Oh, here in peace now let us stay,
And make our home," doth Hunor say;
"The grass is silk, the water sweet,
The hollow tree with sweets replete.

"The stream's blue flood holds dainty fish,
And deer shall be our choicest dish;
Our weapons here shall bring us spoil,
The gift of fortune, for our toil."

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

But soon they tire here to stay,
To hunt and fish from day to day;
They long for new adventures bold,
And seek what joys the plain may hold.

The sound comes floating o'er the plain,
Of reed and drum in soft refrain;
The music wraps them in a dream,
And like a spirit-spell doth seem.

There fairy maidens dance and sing,
And float along like birds on wing;

Amid the fairy clouds aloft
They dance, and sing in accents soft.

No man is nigh, but virgins fair,
Virgins, Belar and Dul did bear.
To learn their fairy spells to weave,
Their fairy sports they never leave.

The two of Dul are prettiest;
And old Belar with twelve is blessed;
An hundred maids and two in all,
To learn like sirens to enthrall.

Severe the test: 'tis men to kill—
Nine youths they with their charms must thrill,
Must them ensnare to love, although,
Themselves, they must all love forego.

And learning thus the fairy art
That leads man on to break his heart,
They pass the night in dancing gay,
And tell the ventures of each day.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

They meet the wind, forward they glide,
The sounds of song, the light their guide;
They move with care, as one who tries
To catch some flitting butterflies.

Magyar exclaims: "The flute, it thrills
My soul; my heart with passion fills!"
"The virgin's dance," Hunor replies,
"Causeth my heated blood to rise.

"Up, warriors! Let not one abstain!
Let each of us a maiden gain,
And homeward bear as wife!" All trail
The breeze dispels of this mad rail.

With spurs they drive their horses on;
With loosened reins they onward run;
On rider's knee the maids in haste
Are lifted by their slender waist.

The maidens shriek with piercing cry;
Each to escape doth vainly try;
With streams in rear and flames in van,
Useless to struggle against man.

The fairies disappeared from view—
Having swift wings, away they flew.
But what shall of the maids become?
Sink into earth ere they succumb?

They know they cannot any more
With virgin pride learn fairy lore;
Onward they speed, and o'er the plains
The vast, dull night silently reigns

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

Dul's daughters two, fairer than all,
The leaders as their wives install;
And of the hundred knights, each one
A wife unto himself hath won.

The proud maids soon were reconciled,
And bore with ease their fate so mild;
For their old home they longed no more;
Unto their husbands children bore.

Their isle a cosey home became,
Their tents as their fair home they name;
Upon their couch in bliss they rest,
Naught lives that could their peace molest.

Their sons grow into warriors bold,
Their daughters lovely to behold;

The warrior stem shoots out anew,
In their own place sweet virgins grew.

Their knightly sons have sons again;
The leaders, too, are blessed twain;
And each becomes head of a state;
Their branches count one hundred eight.

To Hunor's branch the Huns we trace,
The Magyar springs from Magyar's race.
So fast increased the population
The island could not hold the nation.

O'er Scythia's fair and rich domain
It spread, until to-day the twain
Are known in song, as well as story,
The heroes of immortal glory.

THE BARDS OF WALES.

John Arany.

Edward the King, the English King,
Rides over hills and vales.

"For I must see"—is his decree—

"How fares my land of Wales.

"Are fresh the streams, is moist the soil,
Has grass there richly grown,

"Since washed and soaked by traitor's blood
Whose souls have lately flown?"

"And are the people happy there?"

--So Edward cruel spoke—

"As happy as the oxen are
They burden with the yoke?"

"Your Majesty, thy crown knows not
A rarer gem than Wales;
The stream and field rich harvests yield
In verdant hills and dales.

"Yea, happy are your people there,
With happiness you gave,
They live in peace, their dwellings, sire,
Are silent as the grave."

Edward the King, the English King,
Rides over hills and dales,
And where he goes the silence grows,
Death's silence there prevails.

Montgomery, the castle's name
Where tarried he o'er night;
And feasts are spread for Edward by
Montgomery, the knight.

And fish and game in plenty come
Upon the festive board,
Whate'er the lovely land can yield
Served by the vassal horde.

With viands rich and good to taste,
The board is fair to see;
With wines that came from distant lands—
From lands beyond the sea.

"Sir knight, sir knights, and will not one
Drink to my health, now here?
Will none of you, you dogs of Wales,
Your sovereign Edward cheer?"

And fish and game in plenty come
Upon the festive board,
But yet the looks of all around
No fear but hate record.

"Have you, ye knights, ye wretched curs,
For Edward not one cheer?"

Will none here sing my deeds? let quick
A bard of Wales appear."

And all the knights, the guests around
Grew deathly pale, and yet
No fear, it is upon each,
But hatred deeply set.

No voice is heard, no man hath stirred,
No single breath one hears.
When, at the door, with spectral mien,
A hoary bard appears.

"Ay, here is one, O, Edward, King,
Who dares of thee to sing.
Swords clash and armors crash, awaked
By minstrel's tuneful string.

"Yea, swords do clash and armors crash,
And blood-red is the sun,
And birds of prey descend to stay;
Edward! this thou hast done.

"A thousand of our race are slain
In gory battle lost,
Who lives to-day may sadly say:
"This is thy holocaust.'"

Then angrily the King commands:
"He shall die on the stake,
For I will hear but words of cheer!"
Then came a youth who spake:

"Soft breezes blow, yet charged with woe,
From Milford's bay; they bring
The widow's sighs, the orphan's cries
Upon the zephyr's wing.

"Welsh mothers no more slaves shall bear,
Nor bring to manhood's state."
"He, too, shall die!" the King now shrieks
With voice that breathes but hate.

But fearless, bold, unbidden e'en,
A third bard now appears,
And thus the minstrel tunes his lute,
And this the King now hears:

"Our braves have died on battle-fields;
Take heed, beware, oh, King,
There lives no bard of Wales, who e'er
Will Edward's praises sing.

"Upon our lutes their memories weep,
King Edward hear me well,
All bards of Wales for thee, have but
One song, a curse most fell."

The King in wrath arises now,
And harsh and loud his cry:
"All bards of Wales who laud me not,
Upon the stake shall die!"

All o'er the land his vassals ride
Until his ire has ceased;
And thus ends in Montgomery
The famous royal feast.

Edward the King, the English King,
Rides over hills and vales,
But round him rise red flames, as if
One fire now raged through Wales.

Five hundred bards go with a song
To meet a martyr's death,
Not one, to save his life, e'en once:
"Long live King Edward!" saith.

"What! still this blatant song at night.
Upon my London's streets

The city's mayor dies, if such
The song that here me greets."

Mute as the graves, like abject slaves
All to their houses creep,
"Who dares to make a sound shall die,
The King doth wish to sleep."

"Ho, ho! bring forth your fifes and drums,
With music fill my ear!
The bards I killed my ears have filled
With curses dread to hear."

Above the noise of fifes and drums,
Above all trumpets' blare,
Five hundred voices sing aloud
The martyr's glorious air.

AFTER DEATH.

Alexander Endrödi.

It happened long ago, what now I tell,
Perhaps it never happened; some weird spell
May have inscribed it on my window-pane,
And I, while suffering fever's heat and bane,
And lying on my couch with restless thought,
The story may have read which fancy wrought.
Again, it might not quite unlikely seem
That all my tale was but a simple dream.

The dark and gloomy night descends with grace
O'er woods, fields, hills, upon the water's face;
Mists' silvery wreaths encircle all below,
The earth benign, majestic calm doth know;
The silken, verdant grass heaves not a sigh;

Like ocean billows sways the golden rye,
Or, like the clouds which move in heaven's height,
It slowly ripples, bends, in tremblings slight.
Shadow has cast away its darker veil,
The silent light spreads over hill and dale,
And through the fragrant air, ray after ray,
Breaks the full mystery of the dawning day;
While from the water slowly doth arise
The water-nymph whose blown locks wreath the blue
eyes;

And with her distaff, made of brightest gold,
She quickly spins and weaves the thousand-fold
Fine threads that make the web of golden dream.
But all at once, as dawn's first silvery gleam
Breaks through the foliage and on the verdure's green,
A sound, a song, is heard—the most serene
That e'er was heard below the starlit sky.

Save Israfel, none could this song supply;
'Tis to his harp that tunefully he sings
Songs that seem borne from heaven on zephyr's wings.
Almighty God, with hallowed smile, amazed
As one whom charm or dream on wings has raised,
Casting aside the sorrows of his soul,
Lists to the heavenly melodies that roll.
The angels, too, are moved, and silent stand
There on the cloud-stairs of His throne called grand!
Soon tears within their eyes will brightly gleam;
And even He, the Purest, most Supreme,
As if He were by feelings overcome.
Or would to hallowed tenderness succumb,
To hide a tear just bursting forth doth seem.
The lay being o'er, saith He: "O Israfel,
How for thy song shall I reward thee, tell;
It gladdened me to listen to thy song,
Its voice has carried me far, far away;
Perhaps thou dost for my crown's diamonds long?
Or wilt thou have a star of brightest ray?"
The angel, bowing low, with doleful face,
Replieeth thus:

"O Lord my God, Thy grace
E'en boundless as Thyself; too good Thou art

To praise me lavishly with generous heart.
And should I dare to take rewards from Thee?
Gavest Thou not my heart and harp to me?
Forgive me, I wish no reward at all!
And yet (although my song's desert be small)
If still Thou thinkst rewarded I should be,
I humbly pray, my Lord, grant unto me
From time to time permission down to go
Unto the purifying flame below.
That with this song, this soft and mellow lay,
The agonies of hell assuage, I may;
Lighten the burden of hell's curse; relief
Bear those unhappy ones so plunged in grief."
"Angel," saith He, "not one of my stars gleams
As brightly as thy heart with goodness teems.
I marvel at thy heart so good and true!
What thou hast asked I give thee leave to do."

Upon a cloud, rose-hued and airy-light,
Israfel flew at once down through the night.
The cloud cleaves swiftly through the vast wall
Of the mysterious depths; shrieks that appall
Assail his ears with agonies most fell
When he at last has reached the depth of hell.
O horror! grief! O home of dreadful awe!
A sight more ghastly he ne'er dreamed or saw;
A million souls that once dwelt in men's frames
He now sees burn and writhe in scorching flames.
Misshapen demons fiery scourges sway,
And mercilessly beat the poor souls they flay;
Scorched, bleeding wounds he sees, and everywhere
From all around hears cries of deep despair.
The angel pales; but soon recovering,
He touches soft his harp's most tuneful string
And from the magic cords a song doth swell
As charming and as sweet as ever fell
E'en from his lips and lute. A marvelous balm
Pervades the depth. All listen, soothed and calm;
It seems as if all sorrows now are eased,
Forgotten is all sadness, wound and pain.
The demons' hatred, even, is appeased,
As they draw nigh to hear the sweet refrain.

The woes and shrieks change into mellow sighs,
With tears suffused are all the sufferers' eyes.
All seem to gain relief, breathe happiness,
And for a time forget their great distress;
All from their hearts the heavenly minstrel bless.

But only one, a young and beauteous fey,
Remains unmoved by the celestial lay.
She tears her dress, the thick strands of her hair;
Shrieking, she wanders through the flame-filled air.
"Camille! Camille!" heartrendingly she cries.
The angel lays his hallowed harp aside,
And, stepping up to this woe-stricken maid,
He gently asks: "Wilt thou in me confide
The cause that maketh thee within this shade
Of horrors full more than thy fellows all
Unfortunate, whose ever fearful call
Of that one name, which even my song does not
From out thy sad pain-stricken memory blot,
Whose shrieks betray the utmost direful lot?"
"I am the most grief-tortured spirit here,"
In faint and tearful voice the maid replied.
"I cared naught for myself, I did not fear
My God! I was Camille's most happy bride!
The love was boundless which to him I bore;
Eternal love to me he hourly swore.
I left him then with sorrow filled and care,
Wrapt in deep gloom and weeping in despair
That side the grave; I left my love behind.
This region's tortures I would bear resigned,
But, ah! I know that my beloved Camille
Suffers e'en more than I and ever will,
Because his love to me was holy, pure;
I feel he cannot my decease endure.
This thought inflicts more pain than hell-fire can!"
But Israfel breaks forth: "You know a span
Of time has gone by since you saw Camille;
Are you quite sure that he must suffer still?"
"All that which to his life was joy and bliss
He found in my embrace and loving kiss;
Could it be that his anguish is not sore
While he the loss of my love must deplore?"

"Your fate," saith Israfel, and shakes his head
With glory circled, "is most truly dread;
And yet believe, and heaven my witness be,
Most cheerfully I would bring help to thee.
Alas! I fear I cannot; tell me, though,
On thy soul's quiet can I balm bestow?"
And on the eyelids of the girl a tear
Glitters as she replies:

"Oh, angel dear,
Grant me, I pray thee, if 'tis in thy power,
That I return to earth for one short hour,
Or till what time the sun's first dawning ray,
Greeting the earth, proclaims the breaking day,
That I my own soul's anguish may forget,
May consolation to his heart bring yet.
Permit me once more to caress his face,
And make him happy with one fond embrace."
"Ah! foolish is thy wish; thou knowest not
How great a price thy awful wish has got.
If one small hour I grant, thou must, oh hear,
Endure hell-fire another thousand year."
"And if ten thousand years I must remain
And suffer still, thy warning is in vain.
Since my Camille I love devotedly,
What are a thousand years of pain to me?
Give me one hour! Returning to this sphere
For aye, I'll look upon that hour with cheer;
Light will my burden afterward appear."
With trembling heart the angel Israfel
Looks up to heaven from out the depths of hell;
Its glory he alone from thence can see.
He asks what may the Almighty's answer be.
"Fulfil her wish!" The answer seemeth fair;
Israfel says aloud: "I grant thy prayer."

'Tis night in summer time. A sea of light
Floods Camille's palace; splendid, gay and bright
Appears the scene. A festive dancing throng
Moves 'neath the brilliant lamps that deck the hall;
The glasses clink; music enlivens all
With joyous strains; the air is thrilled with song.
Within the hall the bounteous boards are set,

Laden with viands choice; more splendor yet
 This gives the scene. Ladies and gallants gay—
 A goodly company here laugh and play.
 In golden cups the servants bear around
 The most delicious wines that can be found;
 Behind the screen that shields the glad display
 Delightful shade prevails, wherein one may
 Frescoes behold, and statuettes most rare,
 And flowers that fill with sweetest scent the air.
 Soft canopies invite you to a seat
 Whereon a pillowed ease makes long hours fleet.
 The scene is graced with brilliant flowers, whose scent
 The air with perfumes rich makes redolent,
 And seems to be on zephyrs ambient.
 Beves of queenly women masked now pass;
 It seems a dream, a vision in a glass.

Another tableau comes before the view,
 Gay knights, in brilliant garbs of lively hue;
 Then Naiads in a tripping troupe appear,
 Dancing; the airy creatures drawing near
 Whirl now in waltzes on the floor, which seems
 A mirror as the floor of Scylla's streams.
 O! what a night of joy is this for all,
 How brilliant and how blithe a festival!
 The great hall's mighty doors are open wide
 Which to the splendid garden's parterres guide,
 The sheltered alleys and the shady bowers
 And broad walks, bordered all along with flowers,
 Whose varied hues light gently all around,
 While sculptured marble angels, garland-bound,
 Guard the approaches; to the left there lies,
 Protected, half in shade, from prying eyes
 A charming spot within a bosky dell
 Where fresh spring-fountains everlasting well.
 Within this sheltered nook two beings sit
 And to each other whisper low and sweet.
 Camille and Magdalene in them we trace;
 With fevered passion doth the youth embrace,
 'Mid laugh and talk, the form magnificent
 Of this fair girl of youth and beauty blent;
 With ardor kisses her on lips and eyes,

And, stammering like a boy, confession sighs—
 "I love thee, I am thine, my peerless prize."
 "Ah, fickle one," the girl at once returns,
 "For me no passion true within you burns.
 Thou hast forgot thy sweetheart in a day,
 And me thou wiltst forget the self-same way."
 "Nay, nay, I felt for her no faintest zest
 Since, angel mine, my eyes on thee did rest.
 Thou reignest, shinest in my heart alone.
 Thou art, indeed, my life, my dream, my own.
 O dream most happy, golden without peer,
 O dream of mine most sweet and fair and dear,
 As long as life shall last I live for thee.
 Come, give embraces, kisses give to me,
 And leave the dead at rest where they should be."
 He, speaking thus, with ardor clasped again
 The oreathless maiden.

Just at that moment, then
 A something stirs within a bush close by
 And right behind them sounds a heavy sigh.
 The girl, affrighted, whispers: "Didst thou hear?
 Some one hath spied us, some one sighed quite near,
 And see how wan have grown the moon's bright
 rays!"

Camille looks back with strained and pallid gaze,
 Intently tries to pierce night's darkness there.
 " 'Twas but a shadow sigh that cleft the air."

Sad, broken, weary, did the spirit creep
 Back to the subterranean labyrinth's deep.
 And, weeping, on her knees she straightway fell.
 "Poor creature!" pityingly said Israfel,
 "The hour is passed for which with fearful pain
 Thou now must pay for seeing him again
 For one brief hour a thousand years of woe!"
 "Ah!" cries the ghost, "had I refused to go
 And stayed amid this grief and anguish dire,
 Amid this everlasting burning fire!
 This hour which I passed through upon the earth—
 Ah me, who am so outcast of love's dearth—
 This hour was far more fearful, Israfel,
 Than any tortured thousand years in hell!"

MINSTREL AND KING.

Joseph Eötvös.

The tempest rages o'er the sea.
A boat is tossed on its wild tide
In which doth sit a hoary king,
A youthful minstrel by his side.

Upon the monarch rests a crown,
His white hair floating out beneath;
Upon the fair youth's clustering curls
There hath been placed a laurel wreath.

Sadly the old king lifts his voice—
"What is my vaunted prowess now?
I, who such glorious fights have won,
To death inglorious here must bow.

"Prone are the people to forget
Kings who have reigned and now are dead;
Only on benefactors true
Is life's immortal radiance shed!"

"Farewell my love," the minstrel sings,
"My love, I give thee now good-by;
God's blessing guard thee evermore,
For I, thy loving youth, must die.

"If once again thou singest sweet
The songs that I have taught to thee,
When mute beneath the waves I lie,
O, sometimes think, my love, of me.

"I have enjoyed this life, my dear,
So do not weep for me or sigh;
I was a lover and I sang—
That is enough for such as I."

And on the ocean madly raves
And still the tempests rage around;

The frail boat strikes upon a reef;
Monarch and minstrel both are drowned.

The storm is stilled, the ocean's face
Is smooth to see, and calm once more.
The rising moon's bright silver beam
Its placid surface gildeth o'er.

The minstrel's fresh, green laurel wreath
Floats on the water buoyantly;
The golden circlet of the king
Lies at the bottom of the sea.

BEAUTIFUL HELEN.

Michael Vörösmarty.

I.

The hunter sits in ambuscade
And, with bent bow, awaits his game,
While, high and hot, above the glade
The noonday sun doth brightly flame;
In vain he waits in shady groves;
By cooling streams the wild herd roves.

Anxiously waits the hunter yet,
Trusting good fortune soon to gain,
When presently the sun shall set,
And lo! he does not wait in vain—
But 'tis no game; a butterfly,
Chased by a fair maid, passes by.

Fair insect, golden butterfly,
O, let me catch you; on me rest,
Or lead me to what place you hie,
Where the sun sinks within the west."
She speaks, and, like a dæmon's light,
Graceful and charming is her flight.

Arising quick, the hunter cries,
"Now this is noble game, God wot!"
And straight, forgetting all, he hies
After the fair maid, lagging not;
In sportive pastime thus they vie;
He follows her and she the fly.

"I have you!" says the girl with glee,
And, having caught her prize, doth stand;
"I have you!" gayly then says he,
And on her shoulder lays his hand.
The scared girl lets her captive go,
Thrilled by his eyes' admiring glow.

II.

Does Péterdi's house stand to-day?
Does he still live, the hoary knight?
The house still stands, but in decay;
O'er wine he sits with heart grown light.
The maiden's eyes, those of the guest
Love's ardor in their glow suggest.

The wine-cup has been quaffed in toast
To Hunyadi, the fallen brave;
For his gray chief, his country's boast,
Hot tears the hero's eyeballs lave;
Freely the burning tear-drop falls
As erst his blood at Belgrade's walls.

"Here's to my good old chief's young son!"
Says the old man, "Long live the king!"
The hunter of his wine tastes none,
His cheek the warm flush reddening;
"What is this? wherefore drink'st not thou?
Up, youth, thy father follow now!

"For I could twice thy father be,
Worthy is he, I pledge in wine;
From head to heel a noble, he,
Nor will he shame his noble line!"

Rising, the youth his cup doth raise,
Moved by the old man's earnest praise.

"Long life then to the hero's son,
While for his country he doth stand;
But may his life that day be done
When he forgets his fatherland.
Better no king than one who reigns
In sloth and with oppression's pains!"

The merriment more loud doth grow;
In jovial speech the hours pass.
The maid doth on the guest bestow
Admiring looks, and thinks, alas,
"Who is he and where does he dwell?"
Yet fears to beg him that to tell.

"Thee, too, fair flower of the wood,
Thee, too, I pledge in this last cup;
Thy huntsman waits thee, if God should,
With thy gray grandsire, bring thee up,
Where in proud Buda's mighty fort
I can be found at Mátyás' court!"

He speaks and, rising, says farewell;
Outside the huntsman's horn doth call;
He cannot with his hosts now dwell
In spite of their entreaties all.
"Do not forget us; come once more,
Should we not seek you out before."

Thus modestly fair Helen now
Speaks, on the threshold standing there,
And, kissing her upon the brow,
He goes and through the night doth fare;
Still is the night, but, ah, no rest
Visits her love-invaded breast.

III.

Péterdi and his grandchild fair
Now go to visit Buda's fort;
The graybeard marvels everywhere
To witness sights of new import;
The yearning girl with sighs is fain
To meet the huntsman once again.

Great is the crowd, and joy ran high;
From triumphs new returns the king;
From wrathful vengeance he draws nigh,
Which at Vienna he did wring.
A thousand eyes expectant wait;
Fair Helen's face grows not elate.

"Where is our charming stranger, say?
What fortune did he chance to meet?
Does he return, or far away
Hunts he again the chamois fleet?"
She asks her heart, the while, in turn,
Her cheek doth pale, anon doth burn.

'Mid victory's shouts Ujaki comes,
He and the Gara friends again;
The king majestic also comes,
All the land's magnates in his train.
Old Péterdi his guest doth see;
"Long life to him; the king, 'tis he!"

"Lustre and blessing on his life!"
The countless voices shout around,
An hundred-fold, with echoes rife,
The hills and vales and ramparts sound.
Than any marble bust more white,
Silent fair Helen views the sight.

"Shall we, dear child, to Mátyás' hall
To see the hunter now proceed?
I think, for peace, 'tis best of all
Back to our home to go indeed!"

Thus speaks, with half-suspicious pain,
The graybeard; sad, they turn again.

If thou hast seen a blossom fair
Die from some canker hid within—
Thus beauteous Helen faded there,
Pained, shrinking from the loud world's din,
Passion, remembrance sore, hope dead,
Ever are her companions dread.

The brief but anguished life is done;
Fair Helen in the grave is laid
Like lily-leaves that, one by one,
In purity and sadness fade—
Once more, when endlessly they rest,
Stands in the house their kingly guest!

LADISLAUS V.

John Arany.

The night is dark and close,
The south-wind fiercely blows;
O'er Buda's tower high
The weather-cock doth cry
And sharply shriek aloud.

"Who's there, what's that I see?"
"My Lord, my King, prithee,
Be calm and sleep in peace;
The tempest soon will cease
That stirs thy window-pane."

The clouds will burst, it seems,
And issue flames and streams;
And from the iron spout
In floods the rain pours out
From Buda's towers high,

"Why murmurs then this band?
Does it my oath demand?"
"The crowd, Lord, King, naught crave;
All's silent as the grave;
The thunder only rolls."

Hearken! The chain and ball
From off the captives fall!
And each one whom the cloud
Of Buda's walls did shroud
Himself now lowers down.

"Hunyad's two sons I spy
Their fetters break and fly"—
"Fear not, my Lord; not so!
Lászlo is dead, you know,
The boy is captive still."

Beneath the fort's high wall,
A silent crowd and small
Steal quiet as the grave.
And so their lives do save,
Kanizsa, Rozgonyi.

"Increase the guard before
Hunyadi Mátyás' door!"
"Mátyás was left behind;
No captives can we find—
It seems they have escaped."

At last the rain has ceased,
The storm's rage is appeased;
All o'er the Danube's bright;
And soft, calm shines the light
Of myriad stars' array.

"Let's flee the land; why chafe?
Bohemia is safe!"
"Why be possessed by fear?"

All things are calm and clear
Between the earth and sky."

While some in slumber bide
The fugitives do hide.
If one leaf stirs they fear
That spies do follow near,
Kanizsa, Rozgonyi!

"Say, is the frontier nigh?
Slowly the moments fly."
"Now did we cross it o'er,
My Lord, and with us bore
Safely the captive boy."

While calm the sleeper sleeps
The fugitive upleaps.
No wind sighs—yet it blows,
No cloud—yet thunder rose
And lightning from afar!

"My true Bohemian, pray;
Give me to drink, I say."
"Here is the cooling cup
My Lord, King, drink it up;
It quiets—as the grave."

Now vengeance stays its hand;
The boy's safe in this land.
And here, too, in this soil,
The King sleeps after toll—
The prisoner returns!

THE FROZEN CHILD.

Joseph Eötvös.

'Tis late and cold; who totters there
Yet in the graveyard lone?
Mute is the earth, and, long ago,
The sun to rest has gone.

An orphan child it is, whose heart
Sorrow and pain make sore,
For she who loved him dearly once,
Alas, will rise no more.

The child kneels at his mother's tomb,
His tears the grave bedew;
"O, my beloved mother, thou
Wast ever kind and true!

"Since they entombed thee, dead for aye .
Are all my joy and bliss;
None in the village offers now
Thy loving child a kiss!

"And no one tells me now, 'My child,
To me how dear thou art!'
And cold and hunger give me pain;
I am so sick at heart!

"O, that I could escape the storm,
Find rest beneath this grave!
The winter is so fierce to me,
To me, poor outcast wail!"

The child in agony laments;
Fierce is the North's cold breeze,
While in the tempest die his moans,
His tears to crystals freeze.

And, shivering from the cold, he stares
Around with icy face.
Terror and fright come over him,
He feareth now the place.

For dread and quiet are the graves;
Horror glares in his eye,
The wind with force sways bough and twig,
And snow falls from the sky.

He tries to rise, but is too weak,
Falls back upon the grave

Of the beloved one who to him
Life and all pleasures gave.

But see! The child is happy now,
He feels both light and free,
For sleep has brought to him a friend
To banish misery.

His pale lips smile, his heart doth seem
To throb with gleeful joy;
For gone to his eternal rest
Is the poor orphan boy!

MISTRESS AGNES.

John Arany.

Mistress Agnes in the streamlet
Comes to wash her linen sheet;
Downward is the blood-stained cover
Carried by the current fleet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Mistress Agnes, what thing wash you?"
Boys now ask her from the street.
"Children, go away, keep quiet;
Chicken's blood hath stained my sheet."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Neighboring women then come asking:
"Where's thy husband, Agnes, say?"
"Why, my dears, at home he sleepeth;
Go not in and wake him, pray."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Mistress Agnes," says the sheriff,
"Come to prison now with me."

"O, my dove, I cannot go till
From all stains this sheet is free."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Deep the prison, one ray only
To the darkness bringeth light;
This one gleam its day illumines;
Ghosts and visions crowd the night.
God of mercy, forsake me not!

All day long poor Mistress Agnes,
Fronting this faint glimmer sits;
Looks and glares at it unceasing
As before her eyes it flits.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

For, whene'er she looketh elsewhere,
Ghosts appear before her eyes;
Did this one ray not console her;
Sure, she thinks, her reason flies.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

In the course of time her prison
Opened is, and she is led
To the court; before the judges
Stands she without fear or dread.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

She is dressed with such precision
One might almost think her vain;
Even her hair is smooth and plaited
Lest they think she is insane.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

In the hall around the table
Sit the judges in concern;
Full of pity they regard her,
None is angry, none too stern.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Child, what hast thou done? Come, tell us
Grave the charge against thee pressed:

He, thy lover, who committed
This fell crime, hath now confessed.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"He will hang at noon to-morrow,
Since thy husband he hath killed;
And, for thee, a life-long captive
Thou shalt be; the court hath willed."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Mistress Agnes, seeking clearness,
Striveth to collect her mind;
Hears the voice and knows the sentence;
Clear of brain herself doth find.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

What they say about her husband
Well she cannot comprehend,
Only understand that homeward
More her way she may not wend.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Forthwith she commences weeping,
Freely flow her tears as showers;
Like the wet from swans down rolling,
Dew-drops from the lilac flowers.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"O, dear Sirs and Excellencies,
Look to God, I pray of you;
I cannot remain in prison,
I have work at home to do."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"For a stain is on my linen,
Blood that I must wash away—
God! if I should fail to do it,
Dread things happen to me may."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Then at this appeal the judges
At each other look aghast;

Silent all and mute their voices;
By their eyes the die is cast.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Thou art free; go home, poor woman;
Go and wash thy linen sheet;
Wash it clean and may God strengthen
And with mercy thee entreat!"
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

And poor Agnes in the streamlet
Goes to wash her linen sheet;
Downward is her now clean cover
Carried by the current fleet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Snow-white long has been her linen;
Trace is none of red blood-stain;
Yet poor Agnes ever sees it,
Blood-red still she sees it plain.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

From the early dawn till evening,
Sitting there, she laves the sheet;
Waves may sway her trembling shadow,
Winds her grizzled tresses greet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

When the streamlet in the moonlight
Shimmers, and her mallet gleams,
By the streamlet's bank she washes,
Slowly beating as in dreams.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Thus from year's end unto year's end,
Winter, summer, all year through,
Heat her dew-soft cheek doth wither,
Frosts her feeble knees make blue.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

And the grizzled hair turns snowy,
Raven, ebon now no more;

While the fair soft face of wrinkles,
 Sad to see, augments its store.
 Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Mistress Agnes in the streamlet
 Washeth still her ragged sheet;
 Downward are the cover's remnants
 Carried by the current fleet.
 Father of mercy, forsake me not!

CALL TO THE ORDEAL.

John Arany.

In Radwán's wood's most gloomy part
 Benjamin Bárcz lay 'neath a tree,
 A poniard pierced his youthful heart;
 Lo! 'before God, 'tis plain to me
 Foul traitor's force hath murdered thee.

Home to his own ancestral hall
 His father bears his son's cold clay;
 Unwashed, uncovered with a pall:
 On the plain bier, day after day,
 The corpse in the cool palace lay.

As guards he calls four halberdiers,
 "Watch at this door with strictest care!
 No one must enter! heed no tears
 Of mother or of sister fair;
 To brave my will let no one dare!"

The women in their own dull halls
 Wander about, their grief suppressed,
 While he unto the ordeal calls
 All he suspects, to view the test
 Which must the guilt make manifest.

The hall with black is shrouded o'er;
The sun no radiance seems to send;
The crucifix is placed before
The corpse, while priest and sheriff bend;
The yellow tapers soft light lend.

"Let now the dead man's foes appear!"
Calls out the father, but in vain:
Those whom he names approach the bier;
The hands of none increase the stain;
He is not here who Bárcz has slain!

The father cries in accents stern,
"Vengeance on him who dared to kill;
My grave suspicion yet must burn,
My dearest may incur it still—
Who breathes may fear my anger's will."

"Let now his youthful friends appear."
Proudly steps forward many a knight.
With pain they view the hero's bier
Who fell not in the open fight—
Yet Bárcz's son bleeds not in their sight.

"Let now my vassals, old and young,
In order pass and touch the dead;
I will, must, know who did the wrong!"
All pass, while burning tears they shed—
Still at no touch the wound has bled.

"Mother and maiden, sister fair,
Go to the corpse," sounds the command.
With woful shrieks is filled the air,
The mother's grief is touching, grand—
But still the wound does not expand.

At length there comes his darling bride,
Fair Abigail, he loved so well;
She sees the dirk, her eyes glare wide,

She stands as stricken by a spell—
The flowing blood her guilt doth tell.

In tears or cries she does not bow;
Her two hands only press her brain.
What sudden thought appals her now?
It seems her heart would break in twain—
"Girl, thou this youth hast foully slain!"

'Tis told her twice, but she is still,
As if bewitched; then utters slow:
"Benjamin Bárcz I did not kill.
God and his angels hear me, though
I gave the dirk that dealt the blow."

"My heart in truth, he did possess;
He should have known it; but, ah, woe!
He still besought another 'yes,'
'Or,' said he, 'to my death I'll go.'
"Here, take my dirk, and end it so!"

Wildly the dirk she snatches forth
She laughs and weeps, the steel gleams bright,
Her eyes to glowing fire give birth.
Like a wild hawk she screams outright.
None stays her in her speedy flight.

And through the village streets so long,
Dancing, she sings from house to house.
"Once lived a maid"—thus runs her song—
"Who dealt in such wise, with her spouse,
As the cat trifles with the mouse."

BOR THE HERO.

John Arany.

The sun hath almost run his course;
Over hill and vale is shade—
Bor the hero mounts his horse,
"Farewell, sweet and pretty maid."

Over hill and vale is shade,
Chilly winds the dry twigs sway;
"Farewell, sweet and pretty maid,
Bor the hero rides away."

Chilly winds the dry twigs sway,
Lo! a singing lark is near.
Bor the hero is away,
Freely flows the maiden's tear.

Lo! a singing lark is near,
Whither goes it, whither has fled?
Freely flows the maiden's tear;
Saith the father: "Thou must wed."

Whither goes it, whither has fled?
O'er the wood hath crept the night;
Saith the father: "Thou must wed!"
But the maiden flees troth-plight.

O'er the wood has crept the night;
Ghastly seems each bush and tree;
But the maiden flees troth-plight,
Hero Bor says: "Come to me!"

Ghastly seems each bush and tree.
Life, it seems, the scene invades.
Hero Bor says "Come to me."
Spirit knight from land of shades!

Life, it seems, the scene invades.
Spirit lips now chant a song.
"Spirit knight from land of shades,
My dear spouse, take me along."

Spirit lips now chant a song,
Then a bridal train draws near.
"My dear spouse, take me along,
Thou mad'st oath to wed me, dear."

Then a bridal train draws near
Now a ruined church they pass:

"Thou mad'st oath to wed me, dear,
All are met for holy mass."

Now a ruined church they pass,
Brightly lit as e'er before;
All are met for holy mass,
Festive robes the dead priest wore.

Brightly lit as e'er before,
Brightly gleam a thousand lights:
Festive robes the dead priest wore,
"Hand in hand," the vow unites.

Brightly gleam a thousand lights,
Darkness rests o'er hill and vale;
"Hand in hand," the vow unites,
White the bride's face, deadly pale.

Darkness rests o'er hill and vale;
Shrieks an owl in wild dismay,
White the bride's face, deadly pale—
In the ruins dead she lay.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

Eugene Rákosi.

A yellow spectre, clad in black,
Haunts now Bethulia's wall,
And they who from war's strife came back,
Now from its dry and foul breath fall,
By pest, by famine overcome.

"Fair virgin, break thy water-ewer;
Sweeter than water from the lakes
Our wine; thy loathesome home abjure,
Deny God, who his fold forsakes,
And we in prayer will bow to thee!

"Let not from thy own fairy face
This ghastly death the roses tear;
Far greater is my own God's grace;
Our songs fill tunefully the air,
More pleasant than the shrieks of death!

"Forget the youth for whom thine eye
With tears is filled of vain regret;
Cast off all thought of him, and I
Will be thy lover truer, yet;
Thy face lean on my heaving breast.

"Let now the voice of harps resound
And sing the very sweetest lay;
The cup shall freely pass around
Until the dawn proclaims the day,
To battle calls the bugle's sound.

"Forget the past, my sweetest maid,
The present veils thy future days;
Toss off the glass!"—And she, full glad,
Doth raise it high with cheerful face,
While from her lips comes merry speech!

"The cup which to my lips I raise
Be thine! I drink, my lord, to you!
And to the idols of your race;
To worship them I never knew,
But now to them I raise this cup!

"Pleasure and joy and passions strong
And lust fill up thy yearning soul.
Drink, drink! Hark to this sweetest song!
Thy own God's curses now may roll
Over my former home! Drink, drink!"

"Ay, let us drink!"—"Oh, sweetest love!"
Then deathly silence reigns supreme;
A dagger shines, raised by a dove—
"Hail to Jehovah!" is the theme
Bethulia's choir sings gratefully.

CLARA ZACH.

John Arany.

The garden of the queen
Blooms over night all green;
Here a white rose, there a red rose—
Brown maids and blonde are seen.

"Dame Queen, my sister dear,
For heaven I pray thee, hear;
This loveliest red rose of thy maids
My heart I would hold near.

"Ill is my heart for her,
For her doth beat and stir;
If I should die, this fairest flower
Hath caused my sepulchre."

"Hear, Casimir, I say;
I cannot give away
Her for a hundred—I am wroth—
Some woe I dread to-day.

"Now must I wend my way
At early mass to pray.
If thou art sick, thy heavy head
Here on my cushion lay."

The queen thus goeth straight
Unto the church in state;
The lovely flowers, her virgins fair,
Attend on her to wait.

Fain would she pray, but, lo!
She cannot now do so.
Her rosary she hath forgot;
Who now for it will go?

“Go, bring it, Clara dear,
It is my cushion near,
Or in the oratory which
My daily prayer doth hear.”

Clara for it hath been
Gone full an hour, I ween;
And in the church, while she doth search,
In vain doth wait the queen.

She cometh back no more
Unto the virgin corps;
Rather would she among the dead
Lie cold and shrouded o'er.

Rather into the tomb,
Into black earth's gloom,
Than in her gray-haired father's hall
Would she her place resume.

“My child, my daughter, say,
What troubleth thee, I pray;
Come to my breast and there confide,
And wipe thy tears away.”

“Father, it may not be;
Ah, what shall come to me!
Let me embrace thy feet, and then
Cast me off utterly.”

The noon bell's strident peal
Calls to the royal meal;
Just as Felician goes to meet
His King, but not to kneel.

His King indeed to meet,
But not with him to eat.

A direful vengeance he hath vowed,
His sword gleams as with heat.

"O, Queen Elizabeth!
I come to seek thy death
For my child's wrong"—her fingers four
He cuts as this he saith;

"For mine, thy children twain,
Louis and Andrew, slain
Shall be!" But then Gyulafi stays
The sword from further stain.

"Quick to the rescue, men;
Cselényi, come!" and then
Felician soon the minions round
Seize and disarm and pen.

"Thy fingers bleed I see,
For naught this shall not be!
What dost thou ask, most gracious queen,
For this hurt done to thee?"

"For my first finger there
I ask his daughter fair,
And for the next his knightly sons'
Dread death shall be my care.

"Then for the other two
His son-in-law shall rue
And daughter; in his race's blood
My hands I will imbrue."

An evil day draws nigh;
Ill stars gleam in the sky;
Protect our Magyar fatherland
From ill, O God on high!

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

Paul Gyulai.

Three orphans sit weeping alone
And dark and forsaken the room:
Without is the night rude and cold,
Their mother, too, lies in the tomb.

"Dear Mother, O darling, pray come!"
Cries one, "I am heavy with sleep;
"Pray, sing me to sleep as you used!"
Still sighing, she calls and doth weep.

"And, mother, dear, I am so sick;
Where art thou, dost think not on me?"
The second doth moaningly weep,
And poignant her woe seems to be.

"Dear mother, my eyes seem to see,
A spirit form floating in here!"
Cries the child, and all three mingle tears.
A grave in the churchyard gapes near.

In silence the tomb opens wide,
And forth doth the fond mother come.
And stealthily now doth she seek
The children who want her at home.

She covers one gently, with care,
And one in her arm doth caress,
With lullabies soothes one to rest—
Angelic and radiant to bless!

By their bedside she watches and waits,
Till sleep has o'ertaken all three.
And then her gaze wanders around
The old charming order to see.

With deft hands she settles the room,
Their dresses arranges with care.

Then fondly doth gaze on each face,
A thousand times kisses them there.

A cock crows; her hour is near.
As morning approaches she goes;
With lingering yearning looks back.
The grave opens—then it doth close.

The grave covers all things, alas!
Love, pleasure, and hatred and pain;
But mother-love cannot be bound
By even the sepulchre's chain!

CHRIST IN ROME.

Anthony Várady.

—“And as ye go, preach; * * * freely ye
have received, freely give. Provide neither gold, nor
silver, nor brass in your purses.”—St. Matthew x., 7-9.

Dark and gloomy is the charnel cave
The rays avoid its foul and mouldy air;
The ghosts of flying time alone dwell there,
And on the stones sad legends they engrave.
O'er the cathedral's proud and mighty porch
A dreary silence reigns. The vaults of Death
Below, the saints of stone within the church,
All, all are mute. No whisper, sound, nor breath!

Lo! from the dusk a figure clad in white,
A marble statue come to life, it seems,
Glides forth. His grave, sad face, in infinite
Love and sublimity, with lustre beams;
As if devotion, hope, and faith more great
Than ever here in prayer most passionate
Found utterance, God had with life imbued:
Thus show His eyes divine beatitude.

Each vault a grave; above each grave a stone;
 Yet He their proud inscriptions readeth not:
 He goeth toward an ancient sacred spot.
 To Him, alas! it is but too well known
 That oft is undeserved the flattering praise
 Which upon stones men often thus engrave.
 Though now 'tis sad, soon brighter grows his face,
 Standing at the Apostle Peter's grave.
 He gently lays upon the stone His hand;
 The church and porch receive a mighty shock;
 The granite columns of the tomb unlock.
 The sleeping corpse beneath, at His command,
 Shakes off the dream of eighteen hundred years,
 And, stepping forth, trembling with hopes and fears,
 He recognizes in the dawning light
 His Master Great, Divine and Infinite.

He falls upon his knees and, bowing low
 His hoary head, he kisses on the feet
 And hands the scars of wounds got long ago.
 Falls on the breast, which is with love replete.
 "O Saviour mine! Master of earth and sea!
 Master of all!" * * * He beckons: "Come with me
 Come, let us find how men commemorate
 My Resurrection, falling on this date."

They leave the church. Without, the failing night
 Wageth fierce conflict with the rising sun;
 The dawn's white angel soon the fight hath won;
 A seeming blood-stream marks a demon's flight;
 With victory flushed, bringing the breaking day,
 The sun, as tribute, sends down his first ray
 On the Messiah, who, in rags arrayed,
 Stands there like one who begs for alms and aid.

"Thou clad in rags!" saith Peter, in amaze.
 But He replies: "Wealth did I ever own?
 Was I not poor, the poorest, all my days?
 Thou knowest that peace and love were mine alone.
 With these, nigh on two thousand years ago,

The world I did redeem. Come, thou shalt know
 Whither the blood I sacrificed did flow
 And what fruit from this dew divine did grow!

"Come, let me see the way our heirs now wend,
 Whence so much pain and grief rise from this
 sphere.
 Each curse and shriek which to my heav'n ascend
 Here in its cradle thou shalt surely hear;
 Let us see how is my behest obeyed:
 'Be simple, plain and with the poor be found;
 Love thou each man for his own sake, and aid,
 Sharing his sufferings when they most abound.' "

The bells ring out, proclaiming holiday,
 In regal splendor all the churches seem!
 A golden cassock which bright gems array,
 A sparkling ring and chain where beauties gleam.
 These, with a pastoral staff, where diamonds blaze,
 Mark one whom the obeisant crowd do raise
 Upon their shoulders on a throne all red,
 While on each gem a ray of sun is shed.

Standing erect, the Master waits close by,
 To watch the passing of the Magnate's show.
 "Down on your knees! Kneel down!" irate, they cry;
 A halberdier calls: "Ragmen, beggars, go!"
 Pushing Him rudely with his coarse, base hand.
 That touch * * * a drop of blood from out His
 side
 Falls to the earth. "And who is this so grand?"
 "Know you not? 'Tis Christ's Vicar sanctified!"

"But Christ was poor!" "In wealth His Vicar rolls!"
 "Christ walked afoot!" "But borne aloft by men
 Is he we saw, who Christendom controls!"
 "And Christ drove not away the beggars, when
 They came to him. He still allayed their groans
 And cured and blessed them, filling them with hope:
 Blessed even those who threw at him with stones."
 "Well, He was Christ; but this—this is the Pope."

"Come, Master, let us go. Around us all is gay:
We are not wanted here." The twain then go their
way.

Evening has come. The priests go home to dine;
In all refectories bounteous boards are spread,
Laden with delicacies and fine wine,
All the world's good things to their splendor add.
An appetizing fragrance forth doth flow,
Inviting to their doors a hungry horde.
At one of these the Master knocketh low.
"Give, and it shall be given thee," said the Lord.
"To hell! Go hence, ye lazy beggars all,
Wait for the kitchen-scrap, were you not told?"
In golden letters graved is on its wall;
"One shepherd there shall be then and one fold."

And, sick at heart, He goes away, and sees
Upon the walls the works of masters old,
Which many pictured deeds of saints unfold,
Martin, the Saint, who gave his cloak away;
Elizabeth, who alms did never spare;
The loaves and fishes famous from His day;
The fig-tree, cursed because it did not bear;
And then the Lord Christ, toiling 'neath the cross.
How beautiful all this! He, at a loss,
Asks Peter: "What is this place? Tell me! Come!"
And he replies: "This is the Jesuits' home!"

Without, upon the hot stones of the street,
A mendicant and wretched crowd await;
Tarrying till, feasting o'er, they get their treat,
Their thirst and hunger all the time are great.

One of the crowd, a most unhappy wretch,
Standeth alone, while tears roll down his face.
Into this crowd, which hardly man can sketch,
Stopped the Messiah, with bland, Godlike grace.

"What ails thee?" asks He of this wretched one.
"I for my children sinned. Denied to me
Was absolution!" "Sure, 'tis known to thee

That God forgives!" "Yea, but when feasting's done,
 I shall to-day for this get naught to eat,
 Naught for myself or for my children sweet."

Now come the priests * * * The banqueting is
 o'er * * *

"Then let us go," the beggar said; "for we
 Will be driven off." But Jesus Christ doth say:
 "I have no home." "Then come along with me.
 No bread have I, but where thy head to lay,
 That which I have I will divide with you."
 The Master at this bidding happy grew.

Therewith the mendicant conveyeth Him
 Through many a devious, dark, and lonely street.
 A hundred sounding bells their ears do greet,
 Which celebrate Christ's rising. Eve grows dim,
 And far above, upon the distant sky
 Bright, gleaming stars shine forth to beautify,
 Flags float unfurled; from every quarter round
 The hallelujahs (seeming satire) sound.

"This is my hut," the beggar now doth say;
 Within, four almost naked children cry.
 The Master then his cloak doth cast away—
 Five bleeding wounds his person glorify.
 His forehead bleeds, the thorns one may descry:
 "Know me," He calmly saith, "Lo! it is I!"

"O Master, I believe! My hands I fold
 In reverent prayer! I love and I believe!
 For ours Thou art! From Thee we now receive
 Aid in this wretched home, so bare and cold!
 But not for wealth or earthly joy crave I.
 These are but vain and paltry. Grant me this:
 Before Thy bleeding, nail-scarred frame to die.
 That were, indeed, to me the greatest bliss."

In grief profound the Master then doth speak.
"Yea, he is right. His bliss, indeed, excels
Who on his soul's clean wings to Heaven is borne;
Not his who on the earth uncertain dwells."
* * * "Come with me, then, and testimony bear
That precepts holy, for which wrong I bore,
For which, two thousand years ago, I died,
To-day are scouted from the rich man's door;
That on this earth, redeemed by grace divine,
The hut and sepulchre alone are Mine!"

MIDNIGHT DUEL.

John Arany.

Bende, the hero, holds his nuptial feast,
The first day this; it lasts for weeks at least.
The music plays, trumpet and bugle sound;
Dancers blithely move and fast.
Bende calls: "This cup's the last!
My dry, parched lips shall soon have found
Fair lips where sweets abound!"

The hero by the bridesmaids straight is led
Unto the chamber where these sweets are spread:
Silence and gloom the castle-halls endow.
Lo! by the couch a steel-clad knight
Standeth, whom Bende knows by sight,
While, from his visor, o'er his brow,
A weird light falleth now.

"Bende, I come to fight thee once more;
I was the victor, and not thou, before.
Let us begin anew; the bout was rough;
Ha, ha, again thy armor don,

And servile hirelings trust not one.
This maid is surely prize enough,
To make our struggles tough."

The knight doth rise—"What, ho! quick bring my
sword
And harness!" "Whither goest thou, sweet lord?"
"To fight for thee!" Soon in the armory hall
The fight is heard—the weapons' clash,
Armor on armor's conflict crash,
Cries, groans and curses that appal,
And foemen's feet that fall.

The fair bride cannot even close her eyes;
Alarmed about her spouse, she doth arise,
And with her trembling hands a lamp doth light.
Then goeth forth her lord to seek
And, by his side, till dawn doth shriek.
Where, as though dead, in grievous plight,
He lieth through the night.

Bende, the hero, holds his nuptial feast,
The second day of mirth has almost ceased,
The music sounds, the wine cup passeth free,
Bende doth reckless seem and gay;
He dances, drinks, in a forced way;
And the fair bride—what thinketh she?—
Shall this like yes're'en be?"

That night the hero drinks of wine too deep
And by his men is borne to heavy sleep;
His pretty bride doth fear his couch to share,
But lest her secret she disclose,
Straight to another couch she goes,
And in her fear she breatheth there,
Crossing herself, a prayer.

Bende awakes at midnight, sober, pale:
There in the door a knight stands, clad in mail.
"Ha, Robogány!"—Reluctantly he cried,
"Come, thou destroyer of my love;

To fight, the hour now strikes above;
Till thou hast conquered me, thy bride
Lieth not by thy side."

Again that night is heard a fearful fight,
And Bende seemeth dead at morning light,
Nor can he rise till noon-day waxeth late;
Till, when arrived hath every guest,
Of him his servants go in quest—
"Where art thou, lord? the people wait:
Haste to the banquet straight."

Bende, the hero, holds his nuptial feast,
But on this third day sadness hath increased;
It seems as if the music mirth outran,
The dance drags wearily and slow,
Most of the guests make speed to go:
Never a nuptial feast began
In blood without God's ban.

The kindred of the pair, a bishop one,
Ask what has happened, what misdeed been done.
Bende is silent, but his bride doth weep,
Shakes like a dewdrop in storm-stress,
Confesseth she dare not confess
Then, when all else are sunk in sleep,
Biddeth the guard watch keep.

Unto the armory then, a strong guard haste;
And Bende laughs—"The honey I will taste."
And hurries late into his lady's bower,
Just as the barnyard chanticleer
His second summons soundeth near,
And when above, from the high tower,
Tolleth the midnight hour.

"Knight Bende, come; this last bout now maintain,
The morn shall see thy nuptial bonds in twain;
So once more come, and if my dying groan
Thou hearest not, then will I slay

Thee and thy soul most sure, I say.
Let the false one her sins atone,
And all her life bemoan."

Bende, the hero, with eyes aglow
Hastily to the armory doth go,
And there a fearful sight the guards descri;:
Their master raves; with naked blade
The air he pierces, smites a shade,
He yells and curses; three men die,
Who to control him try.

Chained in a dungeon, out of sight,
Bende doth still shriek, rave and fight;
The fair bride wedded none shall ever see:
"The first I was not worthy of,
The next did not deserve my love:
Lord Bishop, may it fall to me,
One of Christ's brides to be."

BURIAL.

Michael Tompa.

Through the night a silent woman hies;
In her trembling arms an infant lies;
One is quite alert,
Sleep the other sways;
Both are orphaned here,
In a strange land's ways.

Sad the moon its way through heav'n doth take,
With a scream the dreaming babe doth wake;
And to still its cry
On its mother's breast,
In deep tones of pain
These words are expressed:

"My poor little orphaned one, be still;
Not much longer travel now we will;
For a new world waits;
Peace abideth there,
And the homeless ones
Find a home to share.

"There, as at thy birth, thou wilt be free;
Peaceful neighbors will encircle thee.
There in narrow bounds
Safe thy nights will be;
If on thee one treads
Thou shalt never see."

Night to Ostrolenka's confines drear
Returns with shadows of despair and fear.
Who alone doth stand
In the graveyard's gloom?
Ah, her only child
Here she would entomb.

"On this field of blood my husband fought;
Here for thee, sweet land, his fall was wrought:
For a sire like this,
In a cause so dear,
Surely doth the son
Claim a refuge here.

"Take him; I give willingly; I know
Not in rags, nor hoary will he grow;
Henceforth aimless he
In the ancient home
With a beggar's staff
Will not need to roam.

"Better that I know him in the grave
Than to bow to tyrants as a slave;
Yea, let him be dead;

Better is it so
Than that he should learn
Cringing to stoop low."

And the funeral dirge the tempests blow,
Like a mourning army's strains of woe;
While her loving child,
Crazed, she doth entomb;
At the awful deed
All is storm and gloom.

Nightly, at this grave so piteous here,
Doth the mother quietly appear;
In its new-found home
Like a night-bird wild,
She doth visit still
Her dear sleeping child.

KONT.

John Garay.

Thirty knights toward Buda march.
Well prepared to die are all.
And in front of them there strides
Kont, the hero, strong and tall.

Heroes they and noble men,
Patriots striving to be free;
Their conspiracy betrayed
By the recreant Vajdañ.

Facing Buda's angry King
Calmly, proudly, there they stand;
In their eyes resentment glows
And the power of sinews grand.

From his throne the haughty King
Utters wrathful words like these—
"Bloody traitors, straightway fall
Here before me on your knees!"

In revenge and ire he spoke;
Each then scanned his comrade's face,
Till the thirty all to Kont
Questioning glances did retrace.

And he cries: "Not so, O King!"
As he shakes his hoary head,
Even as the tree-tops shake
When o'er them the wind has sped.

"Nay, O King, by Heaven nay;
Thou the traitor art most great,
Since unto this land thou'st brought
Grievous curse and heavy weight.

"Blood and life and land hath spent
Freely for thee and thy throne,
And requited is with hate—
Why is known to God alone.

"Either we our ancient rights
Will by strength of arm regain,
Or, dear comrades, we will fall
Fighting for it might and main.

"But, since thou hast wronged our land,
None of these will bend the knee;
Nor will Kont of Hedervar
Ever, tyrant, bow to thee."

Thus did Kont, the hero, speak,
Filled with wrath and courage now;
Rather would he go to death
Than before the tyrant bow.

Wrathfully the King replies—
Great and fearful is his ire—

"Death be thine, as dire a death
As thy treason hath been dire.

"Death be thine, who even here,
Stubborn leader, dost incite!"
And behind the thirty knights
Stands the headsman dark as night.

Pales the crowd; the hero stands,
Likewise does his knightly ring,
While the stern eyes scan them o'er
Of Zsigmund, the tyrant King.

Now the thirty nobles pass
Singly to the place of doom,
Till the headsman, tired, paused,
Soon his rude work to resume.

With the calm, still air around
From them not a murmur blends;
But from out the watching crowd
Now a smothered groan ascends.

Who is this that now appears,
Last of thirty, last of all?
He, the glorious one, is kept
Till he sees his comrades fall.

As the pride of ancient woods
Stands he, like the giant oak;
And the very headsman quails,
Fears to deal the fatal stroke.

Waits the oak the woodman's blow;
Thus the hero stands to wait,
Gazing in the headsman's eye—
Kont, the powerful and great.

As a hero, as a man,
Thus it is he fain would die:
Patriot he, not criminal,
Standing on the scaffold high.

For a mean and paltry life
Criminals their God deny;
To the hero death but comes
Glory's wreaths to beautify.

"My death and the death of these
Is a bloody martyrdom,
Whence the land will gain much good,
But to Zsigmund curse will come!"

Thus the hero spake; the day
Darkens at the headsman's blow;
So with thirty nobles died
Kont, the brave and mighty foe.

With the calm, still air around
From them not a murmur blends;
But from out the watching crowd
Now an ominous cry ascends.

And the tyrant Zsigmund's blood
Freezes straightway in his heart:
"Since thy sentence is unjust
Thou the people's prisoner art!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEE.

John Arany.

Beneath the window's shade
A whitsun rose doth bloom;
Its lovely buds begin
To open and perfume.
To choose from them doth come
A blue-eyed maiden fair,
Flowers for the bridal wreath
Which she next morn must wear.

There on a leaf doth sit
And sighs a little bee:

"O, pretty bride, I pray,
This one bud spare to me.
Just when it opened first
I chose it for my own."
"O, foolish little bee,"—
Light is the maiden's tone—
"Thou wilt find roses here—
An hundred and not one.
Come when they open fresh
To greet to-morrow's sun;
But do not ask of me
This loveliest rosebud there."
Then saith the little bee:
"Sweet virgin, blonde and fair,
God bless thee now, I pray,
With lover fond and true.
O, do not pluck my love
Is all I ask of you."
"Pluck it I surely shall,"
The blue-eyed maid replied.
"Without that blossom fair
I will not be a bride.
Into my bridal wreath
I'll weave it first of all,
So on my wedding morn
Me, decked thus, they will call."
She stretched out for the bud
Just as she made reply.
Straightway the little bee
Upon her hand did fly;
To kiss her hand in love
Was all the deed he meant.
"Pshaw, murderous little thing!
To sting me thou art bent.
The rosebud I have broke,
Here now it is for thee."
"Fair bride,"—the bee thus spoke—
"What use is it to me?
Rather preserve it thou,
And keep it in its place,
Else might thy bridal wreath
Miss its sweet fragrant grace."

In bitterness he spoke,
For, though his form was small,
His love indeed was great,
The rosebud was his all.
He said and set his sting
Beneath the fair bride's eye,
Who wept to feel the pain,
While he lay down to die.
He laid him down to die
Upon the odorous leaves
Of a rosemary tree.

Meanwhile the pretty maid
Doth scream in pain and woe;
To plight her wedded vows
Next morn she cannot go.

Until the moon grew full
Swollen her eye remained,
And when at last it healed
Her lover's faith had waned.

JUDITH SIMON.

Joseph Kiss.

At Simon's house—he is a Jew—each year
A tiny infant lies upon the bier;
A tiny coffin, scarce a yard in length—
Poor little worm, for life it had no strength.

Judith, his wife, hath hair worth gems of gold.
Weeping, her hands smooth out each braided fold.
She takes the shears—ah, pity that 'tis so!—
Then to the rabbi stealthily doth go.

“My hair, far-famed in seven lands, I shore;
My beauty famed shall now exist no more;

'Tis wept away. O, tell me, priest, one thing
May ever I a child to manhood bring?"

The holy man his eyes lifts from his book,
And Judith chills beneath that piercing look.
"Ah, now a child you wish. Was't so before?
Where, tell me, is the first child that you bore?"

Whiter than snow turns Judith Simon's face;
In her two hands she hides it in disgrace,
And 'mid her sobs, in whispers doth confess—
"I slew my babe. I am a murderess.

"Its father, my betrayer, left me lone,
A weak young maid, in shame to weep and moan.
I drew the deed upon a stormy night—
Ah, if within the graveyard sleep I might!"

The holy man consults his book to see
What punishment for such a crime might be.
"Rise Judith, rise; cast off thy mourning veil
For thy great sin that was of no avail.

"Greater its price; to this atonement bow;
But hast thou strength to make an awful vow?
This I forbid; that you should ever kiss
Your own sweet child—should know a mother's bliss.

"Go now, be wretched till you make amends.
On your child's wedding day the penance ends."
At Simon's house—he is a Jew—'tis bright
As for a wedding; 'tis the naming night.

While Simon chants aloud the psalms there flow
From Judith's eyes the burning tears of woe.
An hundred times her babe she longs to kiss,
And lifts it, but she dares not risk such bliss.

At Simon's house—he is a Jew—'tis still,
And shades hang over every window-sill.
Her hands doth Mistress Judith wring and cry
Despairingly, "Ah, must this one likewise die?"

"My forehead burns, it burns; dear mother, feel;
If you would kiss it surely well would heal."
"Keep still, dear child, and quiet slumber take;
Close now thine eyes—Oh, God, do not forsake!"

"Parched are my lips, dear mother, is it this
Which keeps you, dear, from giving me one kiss?"
Purple with anger Simon's face doth grow:
"Untrue art thou, my wife, untrue, I know!"

"I have heard many rumors; all are true.
Deceitful is the soul that dwells in you,
If not as mother, surely then as wife.
I now disown you, by my dear child's life."

The years roll on; they come and still pass by.
At Simon's house the festal mirth runs high.
Guests crowd the rooms, the wedding feast is spread
To Nathan, Simon's daughter now is wed.

In yonder nook a beggar woman stands,
Pushed right and left by careless strayers' hands;
Impatient, wistful, through the crowd she breaks,
To see the lovely bride, a prayer she makes.

Now comes the bride. The rabbi loud doth pray.
The beggar woman wails, "One moment, stay!
My child!" and round the bride her arms doth throw,
In death her first and last kiss to bestow.
Thus ends poor Judith Simon's life of woe!

THE LAST CHARITY.

Alexander Petöfi.

A single mother bore these two—
The poet and the angry fate—
And thus this life they journeyed through.
Sworn friends and ever intimate.

Trees then, as now, grew all around,
And many rested in their shade;

It served the minstrel, too, who found
A branch, of which a staff he made.

These were the only friends he knew—
The beggar's staff, the angry fate.
All else were faithless and untrue,
But each of these was his true mate:

But what had of his lute become?
Do minstrels not possess a lyre?
Ay—ay—he had one, too, not dumb,
That gave forth strains to charm and fire:

Once of his lute he grasped the string—
Once in a stormy, thundering night—
And mute became the thunder's ring
To hear his song far up the height.

And when the angry, murky sky
Had listened to his song divine,
It looked with smiling, starlit eye
Down on the bard in calm benign.

But, lo! when hunger to him came
He went the sons of men to greet,
Thinking the hardest heart to tame
With strains so marvellously sweet.

'That which had lulled the tempest's roar
And made the dark sky smile again,
In mighty chords he did outpour
With mellow and melodious strain.

But what the storm and sky obeyed
Falls utterly men to impress;
And when his songs in vain he played
The shamed lute breaks in pained distress.

Such is the lyre's unhappy tale,
But of the bard's career who knows?
None can tell when misfortune's gale
Brought his long suffering to a close.

Before a younger race he stood,
After the lapse of many years;
The grizzled locks beneath his hood
Had scanty grown through cares and fears.

"A few small pence for charity!"
His piteous, faint voice then demands,
While, like a sere twig, quiveringly
He stretches forth his trembling hands.

Then sympathetic voices ask:
"Who art thou thus with grief bowed down,
Whom fate hath set so hard a task
And on whom God doth seem to frown?"

He pleads again and tells his name;
"A few pence," when, O, strange to hear!
The answer comes "Stop, child of fame,
Thou dost not need to beg; good cheer!"

"Thy name shines brightly as, by night,
The starry heaven glows in fire,
The songs men once despised, delight
The world which now applauds thy lyre!

"Hail to thee, great one; haste to change
Thy rags and be in velvets dressed.
A bounteous board we shall arrange,
A laurel wreath on thee shall rest!"

"I thank ye for this speech so fair,
But hunger's pangs I feel no more;
For velvet garb I have no care,
But wear these rags which long I wore.

"A goodly thing it is to see
The laurel wreath a proud youth crown.

But sprouts and leaves can no more be,
When sapless trunks are crumbling down."

"But still a few pence I require,
And grateful for them I shall be;
The coffin-maker waits his hire
Who fits my final home for me!"

THE STONE SAINT.

Ladislaus Torkos.

Where through the glade a streamlet flows
A carved stone saint stands 'neath green boughs;
Around stretch meadows rich with grain,
O'erhead the lark its praise avows.
The busy peasant wields his scythe,
The treasure of the fields doth glean;
The earth is glad, the heaven is brightly blue,
The while the saint still smiles serene.

O'er the horizon darkness broods
And clouds on clouds above appear;
The storm comes on, and with him brings,
As comrades, death, destruction, fear.
The tempest rages; man and beast
And timid birds seek sheltering screen;
In swelling moans the streamlet calls—
The while the saint still smiles serene.

With thunderous clamor rules the storm.
The rains pour downward, ice congeals;
With death-pale face a woman comes,
With wail that loudlier still appeals.
Kneeling, she cries: "O holy saint,
To guard the orphan's portion lean!"
Her heart doth throb, her hot tears flow—
The while the saint still smiles serene.

There is no mercy, neither grace;
 The elements still blindly waste.
 With maniac shout and bloodshot eye
 The woman springs away in haste;
 With foaming lips she curses loud,
 Spits on the saint and smites him clean;
 The tempest howls with dire force—
 The while the saint still smiles serene.

The thunder rolls; one lightning flash—
 The maddened heart is still for aye;
 Mute, motionless, she lieth there,
 The wide, glazed eyes behold not day;
 In the cold breast all cares are tombed
 Where peace hath made his calm demesne;
 The pain, the curse, the moan are o'er—
 The while the saint still smiles serene.

THE STEPDAUGHTER.

Louis Tolnai.

Calm is the evening, lulled are grass and tree,
 From Bana's pond songs echo cheerily;
 While the flax-beaters pound
 From Bana's pond one hears
 Full many a new and well-known ditty sound.

"Now, girls, good girls, who beat the flax-shears
 here,"
 Begins Eliza, "to my song give ear."
 Their strokes become more slow
 Upon the pound's damp flax
 "Yes; now, Eliza, let thy cadence flow!"

"Upon a berry bush no rose we find,
 To no stepdaughter's lot was ever kind.

How sad she did not wait—
 Poor Sarah whom I sing—
 How sad she spoke to Aleck, her fit mate!

"Her hateful stepmother felt envy's thrill;
 She was a witch, a demon if you will;
 One stormy night and dread
 She took poor Sarah out
 And in a well next morn they found her dead!"

A frog exclaimeth from the marsh near by:
 "Who saith so in his soul doth lie;
 She so disgraced her name,
 'Twas known the village through;
 And so I killed this girl who had no shame."

Then on the shore a willow's bough is stirred;
 "God knows that I am pure," sings a sad bird.
 "For, being wicked, she
 Did my true love desire,
 And so in envious spite she murdered me."

THE HERO'S GRAVE.

Michael Vörösmarty.

His battle's o'er, the warrior gray
 To his retreat now wends his way.
 Scanning with hopeless weary gaze
 His youthful and adventurous days;
 His youthful years and loves are done,
 His fights are fought, his victories won.

Fatigued, disabled, dreams alone
 The son of wars' and laurels' own.
 Vague are his dreams, unsound his sleep;
 His soul alone its strength doth keep,
 He yearns to rest beneath the ground,
 In marble and in song renowned.

After the long day follows night,
The cloud-veiled moon withholds its light.
At midnight when sad dreams appall,
A voice sounds through the ancient hall,
The bugle calls to war once more
The old man with his strength's proud store.

The bugle sounds forth loud and shrill;
The night its strident echoes fill;
And boldly he pursues the sound
For pleasure bids to danger's ground;
Pursues the loud, awakening tone
Through deathly quietude, alone.

He hears the distant battle's clash—
The shriek, the turmoil and the crash;
The noise of serried ranks that break,
The battle-song that night awakes:
Swords clang, drums beat, the horse doth fly,
Its wounded rider trampling by.

Still on and on the hero hastes
Through dim night's wild unpictured wastes;
The din has ceased, the field blood-red
No more resounds with war-song dread.
And sudden silence straightway falls
Where late the noisy fight appalls.

A third time is the bugle blown,
Then sadly dies its lingering tone;
A sudden lightning flash makes clear
A pedestal the warrior near—
The hero's grave o'er which doth stand
A sorrowing statue—Fatherland.

So after many a strife and quest
The hoary hero here finds rest;
His venturous and victorious days
The night succeeds that lasts always.
His soul gains rest, his valor long
Lives on in everlasting song.

CHRIST.

Joseph Kiss.

Nigh holy Calvary, a beauteous spot,
In meadows green, beside a shady lane,
I live within a straw-thatched wooden hut,
And cheerfully my loneliness maintain.
The dawn His face doth goldenly make shine;
Methinks He smiles on me kindly, benign!
Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

With single heart and an abiding faith
A village painter wrought this image rude;
Self-taught, his painful art could not but be
Pathetically awkward, simple, crude:
Dew, frost and rain the painting washed away
The eyes alone are bright, He smiles all day:
Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

Thou can'st be happy here, thou suffering God,
Who hast with death atoned for mankind's sin;
Not heard are here the moans of those downtrod
And poor and pleading; silent is all din
Of human cries. Sweet scent and song arise
To Thee, instead of Misery's groaning sighs,
Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

The world which I have known, the world out there
Is otherwise, is sadly otherwise!
Why shall I speak? Thou art of it aware,
For Thou omniscient art and wholly wise:
Still smite the Pharisees their hollow breasts,
Still Pilate, smiling, sends to death the best—
Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

The sons and the sons' sons of those who cried:
"Crucify, crucify Him!" still abound.
The ancient plea which ancient sorrow sighed
Throughout the world doth sadly still resound.
Come, awful Judgment, on the world descend;
Of shameless and successful sin make end—
Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

THE BELLS OF STRASSBOURG.

Anthony Várady.

As though his words, who on the earth did pray
Turned into stone upon their heavenward way,
The venerable Strassbourg minster stands
And by its ancient wall respect commands;
And from the bosom of the lofty tower
Prayer charmed to earth by some mysterious power—
The melody that once infused it rolls,
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

It marks deciduous centuries growing old;
It marks them with regard, calm, earnest, cold;
In any newborn age that meets its face
It findeth nothing strange and no new grace.
Only as if a mournful plaint were pressed
Out of the stony and most rugged breast—
The olden pain of centuries—there rolls
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

While crowns and sceptres fell into decay
And nations without vestige died away.
As though upgrown from earth, untouched of time,
And knowing that its mission is sublime,

It stood erect, that coming tribes might see
The lessons of eternal truth that be,
And while they live proclaim with voice that rolls,
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

While on its brow a century new doth rest
And looks around from the cloud-mantled crest.
While at its foot another people 'bide,
Have labored, joyed, destroyed, created, died.
From past to future still its voice doth sound—
Its olden voice, so mournful yet profound,
That over all the wheel of change still rolls,
That all things lie, it tolls, it tolls, it tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

And on a night begirt with calm and cloud,
Just as the old year doth prepare his shroud,
All his bells clang aloud in unison—
No human hands—none knoweth how 'tis done!
By unseen agency it seems to touch the spring
Of all earth's sorrow, and to all men's eyes
The tears of grief spontaneously arise,
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

THE RUBY PEAK.

Ladislaus Névy.

The chamois hunter tracks his gante
O'er mountain peak and vale the same;
O'er highlands, by the calm blue mere,
Where browse the goats and dappled deer,
And where the sheep girl's song sounds near.

The hunted chamois speeds away,
In silence dies the maiden's lay,
The lake reflects the heaven's light,
Love in the eye is mirrored bright;
"Dearest, be my sweetheart this night."

The eager youth says yearningly:
"My little maiden, come with me;
Be mistress of my humble cot,
Where in the woods I cast my lot;
A paradise, 'twill be, I wot."

The playful maiden answers straight:
"To gain this hand the cost is great.
Behold, on yonder mountain's brow,
That ruby which doth glisten now;
That ruby is the price, I vow."

Bright gleam the chamois hunter's eyes;
None, as a marksman, with him vies.
His arrow spans the bent bowstring,
Then, like a lightning flash, doth wing,
And quick the ruby down doth bring.

"I have it! Nay, where hath it sped?"
The ripples of the lake show red!
The water fairy smiling cries:
"Come for the stone; see, here it lies;
Surely the bride the gem will prize!"

Into the deep descends the youth,
No more to rise again, in sooth.
The mermaid who doth own the place
Loves him, and in her charmed embrace
Holds him; the ripples leave no trace.

The bride doth wait and wait in vain,
Her bosom filled with anxious pain.
With dread her broken heart is rent,
Till, all its hope and treasure spent,
To seek the youth she also went

THE KING AND THE POET.

Cornelius Abrányi, jr.

From the fort's ramparts o'er the placid sea,
Where, with a nymph-like smile, the country lies.
The king beside his bard sits silently,
Watching the sunset in the western skies.
Up from below the evening zephyrs bear
A sound, half song, half water's murmuring flow;
A half-unconscious sigh breathes on the air,
The soul's responsive secret answer low.

At length he speaks, and thus the king doth say:
"Behold, how beauteous all things are and fair!
None on the harp such melodies could play
As might compete with this quiescent air;
Ah, in such songs a king's self-unconsciousness
Is lost and soareth to an unknown sky;
To be but mortal causeth sore distress!"
The poet answers: "Sire, we all must die!"

Again the other: "Listen well, I pray,
And note my wishes when I shall be dead:
High on the peak which looks far every way.
Where weary eagles to their rest are led,
Where the chance lightning, if it come at all,
Strikes only rocky headlands bleak and bare;
Where no malign earth-vapors can appall,
Let me be laid in Death's last slumber there

"Let some old mountain-cavern be my grave.
Which ever echoes to some hidden voice,
At whose command there issues many a slave
To do their ruler's will and ask his choice:

My sword in hand, my crown upon my head.
While all my battle-flags my pillow form,
So the pale moon, looking on me with dread,
Shall touch the harp to weave my dreamful charm.

"And after I have closed my dying eyes,
Those whom in life I loved shall come with me:
My dog, my falcon, my true steed, my prize,
And none on earth their owner yet shall be:
And last of all the one who ruled my heart,
With whom alone my kingship was forgot,
Upon whose breast no care with me had part,
My fair young queen behind me I leave not.

"So, when the grave-pit yawns, with them I go
To dream, to sleep, until the spirit-hour
Allows me revel till the cock's shrill crow
Driveth me back to Death's uncanny power.
The land o'er which I ruled shall never know
For one year's term a single joyous day;
All shall be dark and dismal, full of woe!
Now, poet, what is thy wish; prithee say!"

The poet answers: "When I die, my king,
I wish a peaceful valley for my grave,
Where gracious forest streamlets ever sing
And where the songbirds come to drink and lave;
Where joyously they start their jocund lay,
A rivalry with zephyrs murmuring low,
And where the wanderer, resting on his way,
Sits down and sings a song ere he doth go.

"And those I loved, to whom it will be pain
To know at last that I am called by death
Although entombed, to them shall yet remain
My heart, my songs, which were my heart's true
breath.

May life for them be beautiful and long,
May fate disburse to them all choicest store;
My falcon free shall soar on pinions strong,
My steed shall hear commanding words no more.

"And her I loved, and from whose kisses sweet
I drew the inspiration of my song,
I would not have my loss with tears to greet,
But wait for me, nor deem the waiting long.
Nay, may she not my very grave-place know,
Yet, resting there by chance, pluck up a flower
And dream that from my heart its root did grow
When sleep brings dreams of love's eventful hour."

MISS AGATHA.

Joseph Kiss.

Her father was a country judge, and all
His property—a farm and homestead small—
He left to her; and, like her father, she
From court of law is never wholly free.
Like him, in suits she takes supreme delight,
And has one claim for which she still must fight.

Strange is her claim, and such as of it hear
Involuntary smile or drop a tear.
To those who list she tells her piteous tale,
Expecting them her grievance to bewail;
And sympathetic say: "Your wrong is great—
Heavy the cross imposed on you by fate!"

'Tis years since first her sad complaint to lay
Before the councillors, she made her way:

"Before my garden is my murderous foe,
The wild stream Körös, who has, long ago,
To rob me of my heritage begun,
And will not cease, I fear, till he has won."

To humor her the council, when they meet,
Resolve to send some officers to greet
The angry stream, and ask it to forbear,
Since when they have of nicknames had their share;
Albeit their eloquence was spent in vain,
The stream was at its wild work soon again.

Then to the county chief judge she doth wend
With a petition which her own hand penned;
Many quaint characters it doth contain,
She deems that thus importance it may gain;
And less the quill's maided work prove vain,
To press her work in person she is fain.

Her ancient fur-trimmed cloak doth form her gear,
Before the judge she could not else appear;
A large gold chain adorns her withered neck,
Long elbow gloves her hands and arms bedeck;
Old-fashioned courtesy marks her greeting now;
Her mother in such wise did doubtless bow.

"Your Excellency"—then her tears break out;
His Worship feels uneasy, shifts about,
Soothes her, and calls her kindly, "my dear child,"
He must make ending of her anguish wild,
The county her endangered place will buy,
Pay her, and all her loss indemnify.

Miss Agatha springs up—"Of no avail,
My ancient property is not for sale;
No wealth or price for it could make amend;
This little garden is my only friend;

The quiet nursery of my memories dear
I cannot, will not, part with; it is here.

"Each sod endeared to me is, in good sooth,
Reminds me of things precarious, of my youth,
Of spring time, such as since I have not seen,
And of the song which only once, I ween,
The nightingale within the heart doth shed—
A living message from my love, long dead.

"By moonlight in my garden, wet with dew,
A rosebush once was planted by us two;
And then he went. At freedom's call he rose.
Where his grave is to-day—God only knows.
Last at Kapolna's battle he was seen,
Alas!—and yet the rosebush still blooms green.

"I will defend the spot where now it stands:
Give my petition back into my hands.
Straight to the king I now will go,
Who will secure to me my right, I know,
He will command the county to protect
Me, a poor orphan, and my claims respect."

On autumn's yellowing leaves the dewdrops play;
Miss Agatha grows older every day;
Scarce in her locks can one dark hair be found,
Where formerly black tresses did abound.
Her once bright eyes to dimness she had cried.
Her trembling hand the pen can hardly guide.

Morose she hath become; she is not seen,
As formerly, oft in her garden green;
With pain alone the ruin she can view
With fear the murderous Körös thrills her through.
Still flows the stream which washeth strife away.
Endangering the rosebush day by day.

On one spring eve, beside her rosebush there,
Yearning she dreameth of the past so fair:
Its scent thoughts of him who doth await
Their meeting; memory calls up straight
The song of nightingales heard sweet above
And recollections of her fond true love.

By stealth, her neighbors kind and true unite
Dig up the rosebush by the roots at night;
And, yearly, prompted by sweet charity
Plant it unto her dwelling-place more nigh;
Her many tears have made her blind. I wot:
Gone is the garden—but she sees it not





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